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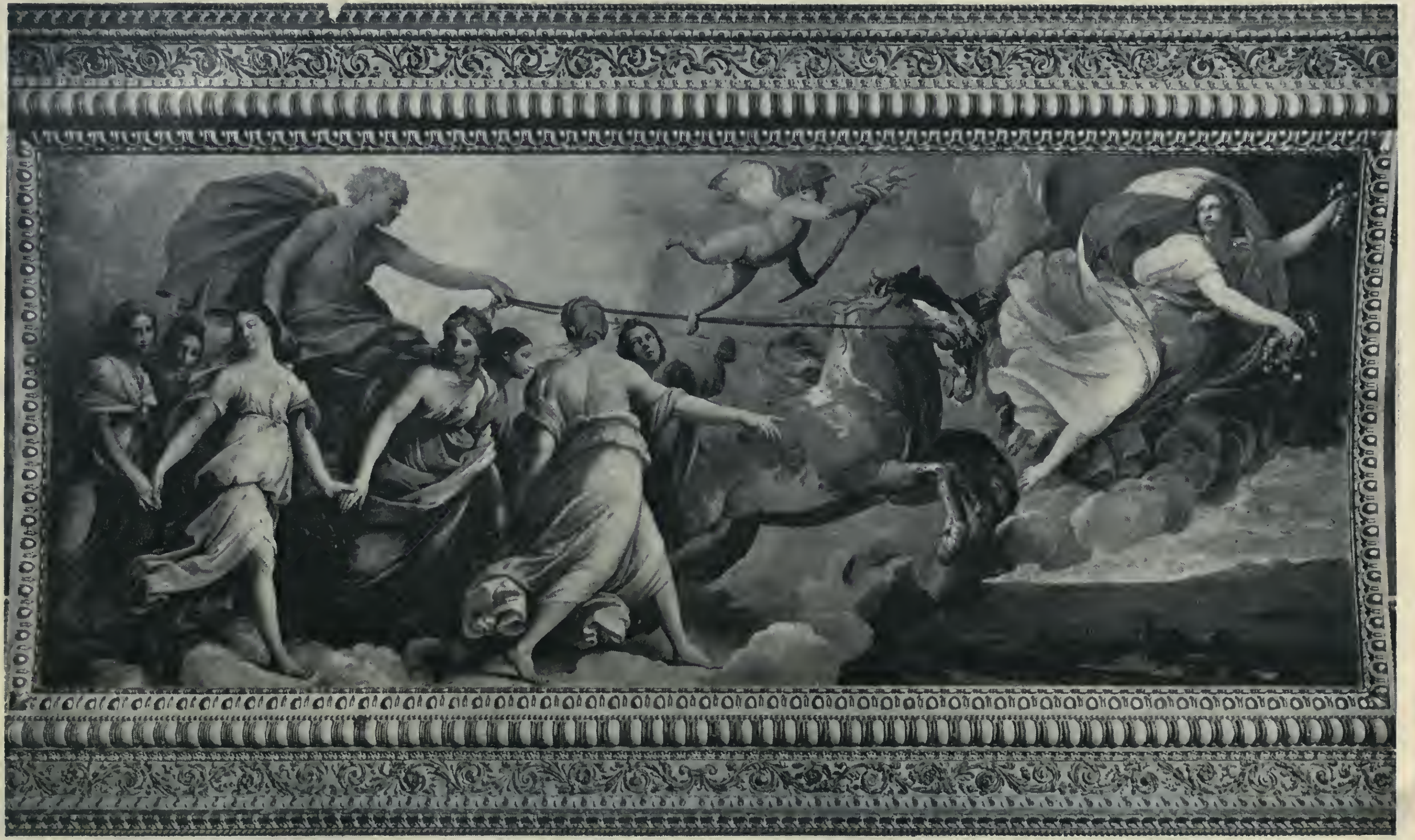

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

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VOL. V.

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. MAY, 1895. No. 1.

SHIPBUILDING IN QUEBEC.

BY HENRY FRY,

Ex-President Dominion Board of Trade.

Long before Canada was transferred from French to English rule, the value of Canadian woods for shipbuilding purposes had been discovered by the colonists. Indeed, Mr. LeMoine tells us that a 74 gun ship of war had been built at Quebec. There were also a few small merchant vessels built. Red pine was then the favorite wood for the purpose.

Under British rule, shipbuilding at Quebec prospered, and French-Canadian mechanics became very expert at the work. The vessels were then of small tonnage, as they were all the world over. A 500 ton ship was considered a very large one, and, within the memory of the writer, ships of 300 tons were employed largely in the India and China trades, while the great timber trade between Quebec and the United Kingdom was chiefly carried on by brigs of from 150 to 250 tons. In 1810, twenty-six vessels, having a tonnage of 5,836 tons, were built at Quebec, the average being only 224 tons. In 1812, thirty-seven were built: but then came the war with the United States, which paralyzed the industry for some years, and even in 1820, only seven vessels were built.

Between 1842 and 1852, the number of ships annually built at Quebec varied from 37 to 70, with an aggregate tonnage of from 13,785 to 41,505 tons. The duties levied in Great Britain on Canadian timber were then 10 shillings per load of 50 cubic feet; and, in order to evade these, two monster ships were built on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, of solid logs, to be broken up on their arrival at port. One of these never reached its destination. There was always, however, a prejudice in England against soft wood ships, all English-built ships being built of white oak. Canadian ships, from first to last, suffered from this prejudice. While English-built ships were classed A1 for twelve years, the most that "Lloyd's Registry" would grant for Quebec ships was a seven years' class, and this, of course, regulated their market value.

For a time, Quebec ship-builders turned to Canadian oak. It was very strong, but, as a rule, it was found to be affected with "dry rot" in about five years, and, after a time, it was finally abandoned. Except for a few parts requiring great strength, such as stem, stern-post, keelsons, and beams, tamarac (or as it is called in the Maritime Provinces hackmatac) was found to be far superior for the purpose, combining, as it does, strength and durability. All the best modern Canadian ships were built of this fine wood. Red pine was occasionally used for ceiling and planking, and yellow pine for decks. Canadian rock elm is a magnificent wood for the bottoms of ships, as it is always under water, and Lloyd's allowed it to be used in English ships of the 12 year grade. Experience has proved that ships built of tamarac, being more buoyant, were far better suited for heavy cargoes than oak-built ships. Some good tamarac ships have been found sound and tight, when twenty, thirty, and even forty years old. In 1852 there were twenty-five ship-building establishments at Quebec, and eight or ten floating docks.

In that year, a notable event in the history of the art occurred. "Lloyd's Registry" sent out to Quebec Mr. Thomas Menzies, a gentleman of high character and great ability, to act as special surveyor, and after his advent a marked improvement occurred in Quebec ships. Upon payment of a fee of 25 cents per ton, he specially surveyed a ship from the time her keel was laid until she was launched, and this entitled her to be marked in the Society's books as "built under special survey," and this gave her an enhanced value in the market.

The principal ship-builders in 1852 were Allan Gilmour & Co., W. G. Russell, John I. Nesbitt, Thomas C. Lee, G. H. Parke, T. H. Oliver, E. F. Jean Pierre Brunelle, Edouard Trahan, Wm. Cotnam, Baldwin & Dinning, P. Labbé, G. Lemelin, J. & J. Samson, J. E. Gingras, Pierre Valin, and Hippolite Dubord.

The business, however, was conducted in such a way that few of the actual builders made any money in the long run.

With the exception of Gilmours and Russell, they had no capital, and were entirely dependent on "fournisseurs," or capitalists, who advanced the necessary funds, charging heavy commissions, which, in ordinary times, ate up all the profits, but sometimes left the capitalist not only minus his commissions, but part of his advances also.

The ordinary commissions were five per cent. on advances, with seven per cent. per annum interest; four per cent. on sale; two and a half per cent. for procuring freight; and two and a half per cent. for collecting it. Add to these the fact that the ships often lay several months in Liverpool for sale, and were then sold on four or six months' credit, and it will be seen that commissions and interest together often approached twenty per cent., —enough to ruin any business.

Seeing this, the Government at last was induced to bring in a bill giving the advancer a prior lien on the ship as soon as her keel was laid. Parliament passed it, but it had no appreciable effect on the commissions charged.

When the writer first arrived at Quebec, in January, 1854, there was a boom in ship-building. Gold had been discovered in Australia, and a rush of emigrants from Great Britain followed, causing a heavy demand for large, fast, clipper sailing ships. Boston, St. John, N.B., and Quebec yards were full of orders for such ships. There were no steamships running to Australia in those days, and there was no Suez Canal. Such ships as were for sale in Liverpool were bought up at very high prices—as high as £12 stg. per ton being paid for uncoppered Quebec-built ships. Everyone that could raise or borrow money rushed into ship-building. The scene in the Quebec yards on a fine winter's day was then a very animated one. The songs of the French-Canadian shipwrights, when raising frames or carrying planks, the whirr of the saws, the blows of the mallets, and the vim of the men, all working with a will, were very pleasant to the eye or the ear of the onlooker.

Several of the ships then building were of 1,800 tons register. Some of the builders wisely sold their ships on the stocks at high prices. One, the

Ocean Monarch, built by Baldwin & Dinning, was sold, when half finished, at $53 per ton, and, as she was of 1,887 tons, she realized over $100,000, and was said to have left her builders a clear profit of $20,000.

Those, however, who preferred to trust to the Liverpool market, were grievously disappointed. The business was overdone, and before the close of the year a panic set in, and colonial ships fell to £7 per ton. The failure, too, of W. Edward Oliver, of Liverpool, a large dealer in Quebec ships, inflicted heavy losses both on builders and advancers. In the summer of 1854, Quebec had launched fifty large ships; the business had given employment to fully five thousand men, whose families represented nearly one half the population of the Ancient City and Levis.

Mr. C. R. Coker succeeded Mr. Menzies as Lloyd's surveyor, and as a marked improvement took place in the quality of Quebec-built ships, the society gradually relaxed some of their arbitrary rules, and gave the ships a higher classification.

One year was added for "salting on the stocks," making eight years A1; another was added for hardwood treenails (wooden bolts), and some minor improvements, making nine years A1, and one builder (Baldwin), obtained ten years for building under a shed. The shed, unfortunately, caught fire in one of the great St. Roch's conflagrations, and both it and the ship were consumed. No other builder repeated the experiment, and for many years nine years was the highest class granted by Lloyd's register, although English built ships were granted thirteen and fourteen years.

Another great improvement was carried out by the Gilmours, and McKay and Warner, viz., double diagonal ceiling. The writer had two ships, the *Rock City* and the *Cosmo*, built in his way, and often proved the enormous increase in strength it afforded, but Lloyd's gave no additional class for it although Mr Coker pronounced the *Cosmo* the best ship ever built in Quebec. One builder—Pierre Brunelle, a French Canadian—stood pre-eminent both for his models and workmanship. Mr. Coker assured the writer that he had seen work done in Brunelle's yard quite equal to any done in Her Majesty's dockyards, and Captain Orkney, of Greenock, who commanded one of Brunelle's ships, the *Brunelle*, reported that she was one of the fastest wooden sailing ships in the world, as he had seen her make fourteen knots. Brunelle, however, died a poor man, as did most of his compatriots.

In the sixties, ship building revived, and in 1863 Quebec turned out no less that sixty new ships, ranging from 1,673 to 231 tons. The business of advancing now chiefly fell into the hands of one firm—Ross and Co.—and they did much to assist the builders, for instead of sacrificing the ships on their arrival in Liverpool, they fitted them out and ran them in the India, Australia, Manilla and California traders, and in this way several of the builders made a competency, while Ross & Co. also, made large commissions. Among these builders were McKay & Warner, P. V. Valin, J. E. Gingras, and J. E. Samson. Lloyd's, too, agreed to give three years of additional class to ships "doubled on the stocks," enabling them to obtain a maximum of thirteen years, but it came too late to materially affect the business.

But now two great revolutions in the art of ship-building were maturing.

English ship owners realized that, though iron ships were more costly at first, in the end they were more economical and profitable than wooden ships. Lloyd's gave an iron ship a twenty year class, and at the end of that time, if she had escaped serious accidents, she was almost as good as new, and, in the meantime all the repair she required was an annual coat of paint, and perhaps new decks. But wooden ships constantly required repairs, and every four years had to be resheathed with copper or yellow metal, and besides incurred the risk of dry rot. Then came, in the seventies, the compound engine, which so economised fuel that steam ships were enabled to compete successfully with wooden ships, all over the world.

Then the manufacture of steel had been so improved and cheapened by the Siemens-Martin, or open hearth process, that in 1877 a ductile material, far superior in strength to iron was used, and after severe tests, Lloyd's agreed to allow a reduction of twenty per cent in the sizes of scantling required for iron ships. The result of this was that steel ships were not only cheaper than iron, but carried far more dead weight as cargo. In 1879 the Allans built the *Buenos Ayrean* entirely of steel, and the Cunards followed with the great *Servia*. Ten per cent. of the ships built in Great Britain were at once constructed of steel. To-day ninety-seven per cent. are built of that material.

The price of steel, too, continued to fall after 1873, and to-day ship plates are quoted at £4 12s. 6d. to £4 15s. per long ton, less than one half their price in 1873, so that large steel sailing ships have been built at £10 stg. per ton, ready for sea with an East India outfit, a price which does not exceed the cost of a nine year Quebec-built ship coppered and with a complete outfit.

The final result is that wooden ship building in Quebec is dead beyond recall; the yards are deserted; and every trade in the Ancient City feels it deeply.

But why should not Quebec build and engine steel steamships?

The best answer to this question may be found in the history of the great "William Cramp and Sons, Ship and Engine Co., of Philadelphia," which has recently been published.

William Cramp, the founder, commenced wooden shipbuilding in a small way at Philadelphia in 1830, employing less than one hundred hands. His early ships rarely exceeded 300 tons, but in forty years he built 207 vessels. In 1872, seeing that the substitution of iron for wood was inevitable, he formed a joint stock company, with a capital of $500,000, to build iron ships. The company, up to this date, has built, or is building, 75 iron and steel ships, including 26 war ships; and in addition 141 marine engines have been constructed.

The company's capital is now five million dollars; the building yard and accessories cover thirty-one acres of ground; the company owns five wet docks, a dry dock 462 feet long, a marine railway, an ordnance plant, and a great floating derrick capable of lifting 125 tons. It gives employment to 5,600 hands, and its weekly pay roll amounts to $54,000. It is now finishing two ocean greyhounds, the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*, of 10,700 tons each, to compete with the *Campania* and *Lucania*.

Again, a few years ago not a single iron or steel steamship had been built in Ireland. To-day, one firm alone, Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, the former the son of a Yorkshire physician, the latter a German, trained in Manchester, are said to employ close upon ten thousand hands, to whom about $70,000 a week is paid in wages. The works have thirteen building slips, on which some of the finest and fastest steamships afloat have been built, including the now celebrated *Teutonic* and *Majestic* of 9,500 tons each, and the firm has a world-wide fame. In 1892 they launched 68,000 tons of shipping, the largest amount of tonnage turned out of any one yard in the world.

Now, I propose to show that Quebec is better situated to-day for steel ship building, not only than Philadelphia or Belfast, but in some respects, even better than Glasgow.

The steel plates, frames, beams and rivets for these ships are not produced either at Philadelphia or Belfast. They are rolled at a distance from the ship yards and are transported, in one case by railway, in the other by railway and water.

1. Ocean freight rates have been so reduced by competition that they are now almost nominal, and thus distance is a matter of no consequence. Any quantity of ship plates, angle iron, beams and rivets can be landed at Quebec from England in ten days, at $2.50 to $3 per ton, a rate which will hardly exceed the cost of transporting them from the rolling mills to Philadelphia or Belfast ship yards.

2. Then, steel is cheaper in England than it is in Pennsylvania. Contracts could now be made for the delivery of any quantity of steel plates at Quebec during 1895 at the extraordinarily low rate of $25 to $26 per long ton, which is probably at least 20 to 25 per cent. cheaper than they can be laid down at Philadelphia. Moreover, a steamship or sailing ship built in Quebec for the British market will earn more than the cost of the transport of her materials by carrying a cargo of grain or deals from Canada to Europe. The Federal Government will, of course, admit everything free of duty, as is now done on all shipbuilding materials.

3. Quebec has, too, in another respect, a great advantage over every shipyard in Great Britain or Ireland. Every steamship built in these yards must use Quebec yellow pine for decks, staterooms and all her interior fittings. I say *must* because no other wood has been found so suitable. Messrs. Farnworth and Jardine of Liverpool, in their last annual circular, dated 1st February, 1895, admit that other woods have been tried, but that, notwithstanding its high price, none have been found as satisfactory as the best Quebec yellow pine. Teak has been tried, but it is too costly. Pitch pine has been tried, but it is too resinous and too hard for the best joiner work.

4. Then as to workmanship. There is no one who has watched wooden shipbuilding in Quebec, but must have been struck with the skill and intelligence of French-Canadian mechanics. It is true that a good deal of slop work was done in Quebec ship yards at one time, but this was not the fault of the mechanics, but of their employers, who insisted on cheap work. Many Quebec-built ships have now been running twenty-five and thirty years, and are quite capable of doing good work in the hands of Norwegians, who have bought the most of them; and as to joiner work, anyone who has seen the fittings of the steamers *Quebec* and *Montreal*, running between the cities of the same names, or the finishing of the best houses in the province, will admit that it is first-class in every respect. Cramp's men had to begin a new apprenticeship to steel ship building, but they rapidly learned it, as Canadians will learn it. Any number of skilled foremen can be imported from the Clyde, as James Goudie was. Though a native of Quebec, he was trained at Greenock, and he was the first to build a successful ocean steamship, the *Royal William*. What has been done in Quebec can be done again.

5. Then as to the rate of wages, a very important matter. Here again, Quebec has a great advantage. On the Clyde, mechanics are paid from $1.25 to $1.75 per day. But in winter thousands of good mechanics in Quebec would gladly accept $1 per day for regular work. Indeed the writer has seen many fine wooden ships built in Quebec at 60 cents per day, and in the winter of 1859-60, during a time of great depression, he had the *Devonshire* built at 50 cents per day, and the work was well done too. But we don't want to see good work done at such rates now. One dollar per diem will give Quebec

a great pull, *provided there are no strikes.* Then Quebec has at least three dry docks all ready to hand, plenty of yards at a cheap rental, and plenty of wharf room for finishing the ships. In the Clyde the rents of ship yards are very high.

6. But it is useless for individuals with small capital to attempt steel ship building. It would end in speedy failure; commissions would eat up all the profits. Co-operation through limited liability companies is the only means. Costly machinery of the very best type is necessary. In the Clyde yards we may see machines handling and turning 50 ton shafts as easily as a small wooden spar is handled at Quebec—machines cutting and punching steel plates as rapidly as a tailor handles his scissors and needle, and machines boring cylinders 100 inches in diameter as easily as a man bores a small wooden pump. Even with the present facilities such large steamships as the *Titania*, the *Lake Huron*, and the *Polynesian*, have been efficiently repaired at Quebec, though their damages were, in each case, very extensive. The little town of Owen Sound in Ontario, has built and engined a steel steamship for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, —the *Manitoba*, (which Sir Donald Smith pronounced quite equal to the three steamers the Company imported from the Clyde), and besides has built two cruisers for the Federal Government. If the late Senator James Gibb Ross were alive, he would certainly start a steel ship-building company in Quebec, and make it a success. Such an enterprise would give bread, clothing and fuel to thousands of industrious men, who are now either idle or are compelled to leave their homes in search of work.

Steel ship-building has proved a profitable business to many. The late Sir William Pearce (John Elder & Co.,) of Glasgow, died a millionaire, and Sir Edward Harland, of Belfast, is believed to be a very rich man, though both started in the business with little or nothing but energy and brains.

But it will be said that the business has been greatly overdone, and that there is now no demand for steel steamships. This is only partially true. It is a fact that "tramps," *i.e.*, steamships of small power and large carrying capacity, with no regular employment, have been built in far too great numbers, and that their competition has greatly reduced the rates of freight all over the world. But this does not apply to the great steamship companies employed in the eastern trades, nor to those whose ships carry mails and enjoy subsidies. Thus, the great Peninsular and Oriental Co. of London has now on the stocks no less than 50,000 tons of steel steamships; the Cunard Co., and the International Navigation Co, each have two monster ships nearly finished: the Hamburg and American Co. have recently built four large steamships, and the North German Lloyd Co. six.

Some of the companies, too, are making fair profits: thus, the P. and O. Co., in 1893, paid 5 per cent. on its preferred stock, and 10 per cent. on its deferred stock, equal to 7½ per cent. on the whole of its paid up capital; the Royal Mail Co. (West Indies and Brazil), paid 5 per cent.; the British India Co., 10 per cent.; the Castle Co. (Cape of Good Hope, etc.), 5 per cent.; the Union Co. (New Zealand), 6 per cent., and the Mercantile Co., 7½ per cent. If further proof is needed it will be found in the following figures. There will, too, always be a local demand for steel steamships in Canada.

SHIPS BUILT IN 1893.

United Kingdom...........	836,000 tons.
Colonial and foreign........	191,000 "
	1,027,000 tons.

SHIPS BUILT IN 1894.

United Kingdom.....	1,046,000 tons.
Colonial and foreign........	277,000 "
	1,323,000 tons.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY AND ONE OF ITS OPERATORS.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

JUST thirty years ago, came to a close the terrible fratricidal struggle between the Federal and Confederate forces of the United States. To many of the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE the momentous events of the period covered by Abraham Lincoln's first term of office as President, from March, 1861 until the same month four years later, are known only through the pages of history. To many more these same events constitute a very sad and even bitter memory, for they recollect with shame and indignation how many there were in this "Canada of ours" who wished well to the Confederates, and hoped that the South might succeed in its unrighteous endeavors to break up the American Union, to form a separate nation, a result which had it been attained would have perpetuated the vile system of African slavery which Britain had, years before, abolished in her colonies, at the cost of many millions of pounds sterling.

For long years before the outbreak of hostilities between the Northern and the Southern States, negro slavery was a very troublesome political question in the Legislature of the American Republic. In the North there was a very strong party whose platform was absolute and complete emancipation for the negro. They recognized no property in human flesh and blood, and were prepared to abolish slavery throughout the Union without any compensation whatever to the slave-owners. They asserted that the system was contrary to Divine precepts, in the first place, and inimical to the good of the Commonwealth, in the second, and, therefore, that men who held property as slaves had no moral right on their side, and, therefore, no legal claim upon their country to be compensated for the loss of such property, should the Legislature of the United States declare for the total abolition of slavery in the Republic.

DR. A. M. ROSS.

There can be no room for doubt as to the soundness of this doctrine, so far as the moral aspect of the case is taken into consideration; but as to the legal right of the planters and other employers of slave labor, the case is very different. They had acquired their "property" under the sanction of the law, and it can be easily understood how enraged they became when told that this "property" should be taken from them without any compensation whatever. A resident in the Southern States to be even suspected of a leaning towards the abolitionist platform, was scouted by nearly everyone, and he was most unceremoniously "sent to Coventry," not alone by his acquaintances, but also by his relatives.

Such was the state of feeling in the Southern States towards all those who sought the extinction of slavery. The supporters of slavery made no distinctions in their hate. They did not stop to enquire how far this or that supporter of emancipation for the negro was prepared to go, or to ask any questions on the subject; it was enough that a man disapproved of slavery as an institution, and was anxious it should be abolished, for them to hate him with an intensity of hatred it is hard now to understand.

"Abolitionist," "The Underground Railway," were hated terms to the Southern planter; and all those in any way connected with one or the other, or both, was "anathema maranatha" to those who were directly or indirectly connected with the slave traffic

It was in 1838, that the Underground Railway was organized. It is not possible to give a better account of what this institution was than to quote the description of it given by Ascott R. Hope, in his recently published, delightful volume, "Heroes in Homespun," wherein is told the story of the abolition of slavery.

"The first formal organization appears to have been in 1838, with Robert Purvis as the leading name, and Pennsylvania as the chief scene of operations. Perhaps the fact of Levi Coffin having published a large volume of reminiscences, may have given him greater prominence than is his due—not that he assumed special distinction. Where concealment was of so much importance, the beginnings of the undertaking are naturally lost in some obscurity; and it seems hard to say for certain where or when arose the familiar title of that great secret society which for many years carried on an active business in forwarding black goods from the South to the North. Many, if not most, of its members were Quakers—perhaps the only instance of cautious Friends mixing themselves up with a secret society—but no mediæval brotherhood of cloaked or masked conspirators could have more romantic records."

"This much is clear, that Philadelphia became the chief centre of the work, that "city of brotherly love," where surely the oppressed slave might look to find friends—and he did not look in vain. Here was formed a Vigilance Committee of earnest abolitionists, who, for more than a quarter of a century, found no lack of work in ministering to the needs of fugitives in the same spirit as inspired Levi Coffin. Most of these adventurers came destitute and helpless, with everything to be done for them. They had to be fed, and often to be clothed, as the first step to be cleansed from the disgusting slough of their slavery; many had to be nursed, worn out by excessive fatigue, or bringing with them unhealed wounds which they had received in some desperate struggle on the road. They had to be passed on to Canada; or, if they chose to run the risk of remaining in the Free States, to be directed to some comparatively free asylum, and put in the way of earning a livelihood. Imposters had to be detected, traitors guarded against, spies watched. In many cases help was given to get the lucky runaways' families out of bondage after them. From first to last, it is stated, more than twenty thousand persons were thus aided to freedom in one way or another. And all this charity was done, perforce, secretly, without the resources of subscription lists, bazaars, or published reports appealing to benevolence, by the unfailing free-will offerings of men who had no other earthly reward to expect than hatred, and sometimes violence, from the mass of their fellow citizens. Yet the time came when some of these faithful servants of humanity lived to find themselves set in the light of that honor which they never sought."

While its work lasted, naturally the Underground Railroad could lay no accounts of it before the public. Even in their communications with each other its chief officers saw well sometimes to write in riddles; they would talk of forwarding "valuable stock," or "a package of merchandize," or advise a correspondent of the safe dispatch of "two large and two small hams,"—phrases quite well understood by those meant to understand. Private records, however, were kept; not indeed from the first, when it was hardly foreseen to what importance the business would grow; and afterwards, in the darkest hour that came before the dawn, fear of mobs, for a time, kept the philanthropic confederates from trusting much to paper. But for many years the fugitives' stories were carefully collected and preserved. This was mainly the doing of William Still, a colored man himself, who as one of the most active managers of the Philadelphia depot,had the privilege to see many travellers, to receive from their own lips the most interesting, and, in many cases, exceedingly thrilling accounts of their struggles for liberty, and to learn who had held them in bondage, how they had been treated, what prompted them to escape, and who that were near and dear to them they had left in chains. Their hopes, fears, and suffering were thus recorded in a book.

Levi Coffin, mentioned in the foregoing description, was a Friend who made the abolition of slavery the object of his life.

Still living in Toronto is a man who played a very prominent part in the efforts made to set the negro free. Alexander Milton Ross, M.D., was born in Canada in 1832, and when he was just turned sixteen went to the United States. His first object, as he says himself, was to acquire a broader and fuller knowledge of the workings of human slavery in the United States, and also to study for the medical profession, "to enable me to earn the means to prosecute what was, even at that period, the leading aspiration of my life,—the abolition of human slavery."

Among the early friends made in New York by Dr. Ross, for it was in that city he settled, was Marshall S. Bidwell, whose name has figured prominently in Canadian history. By Mr. Bidwell he was introduced to Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and many other notable men. He has recollections of Clay, the celebrated "Harry of the West," Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, Daniel Webster, and hosts of others whose names are associated with the great struggle for human freedom which eventually rent the American Republic in twain, and caused a conflict in which was arrayed brother against brother, not only figuratively, but literally, and where human life and earthly treasure were sacrificed in a manner at which the world has not yet ceased to wonder.

This is the state of things Dr. Ross found after a six years' residence in the country; and he tells the story in forcible words:—

"The outlook was dark and unpromising, but my faith in the justice of the cause was steadfast, and my hope in the future undimmed by the prevailing political fogs, and the treachery of politicians and dough-faced friends.

"In thirteen great States of the Republic, human slavery existed, and throughout these States, men, women, and children were bought and sold, just as cattle and swine are bought and sold at the present time. They were deprived of all human rights:

beaten, abused, outraged and killed at the will and pleasure of their owners. Husbands were sold and separated from their wives, and children were sold and separated from their parents. In fact, four millions of men, women and children, in the slave States, possessed no rights that their masters were bound to respect. Slavery was the dominant power before which all other interests were subordinate. The coarsest, blackest, and most brutal tyranny prevailed over that vile South Sodom. No word of pity or relief came to the oppressed. No one dare utter a word aloud against the institution of slavery, except at peril of life. To teach a slave to read was punished with death. A reign of terror prevailed. From the sanctum of the editor, the pulpit of the preacher, the desk of the teacher, the counting-house of the merchant, not a voice was heard on behalf of four millions of human beings held in cruel bondage from which there appeared at that time no hope of relief. The poor slaves were silent and hopeless. If they looked for help to the so-called Free States of the Republic, they were met by the command "Servants obey your masters." If they fled from bondage, the Federal Government stood ready to act the part of a policeman for the slave masters and send the fugitives back to slavery. In a majority of the Northern States, a mean, cowardly, servile spirit prevailed, that bowed and cringed before the haughty slave master."

Having got fairly to work in the State of Mississippi, Dr. Ross neither spared himself or others in the crusade he had undertaken, and it was not very long before he found himself in a most dangerous situation. It will be better to tell the story in his own words.

"I had been at work about two weeks, when a difficulty occurred which, but for the faithfulness of a negro, would have ended in my death at the hands of an infuriated mob. During one of my visits to a plantation, I met a negro slave of more than ordinary intelligence. His master was a man of coarse and brutal instincts, who had burned the initials of his name into the flesh of several of his slaves to render their capture more certain in case they attempted to run away from this merciless wretch. I saw several of the victims of his cruelty, whose backs would for ever bear the marks of his branding irons and lash. He was a veritable 'Legree.'

"On one of my excursions over his plantation, I was accompanied by the above-mentioned. During our rambles, he gave me a history of his life and suffering, and expressed an earnest desire to gain his freedom. . . . . On the following day I again visited the plantation, and selected this slave for my companion.

"He informed me he intended to start for Canada as soon as he could communicate with a brother, who was a slave on a plantation a few miles distant."

Dr. Ross gave him the necessary information how to proceed after crossing the Ohio river; also the names of friends who would assist him on his journey in the States of both Indiana and Ohio. All this occurred one Saturday evening. On the following Monday, while Mr. Ross was enjoying his evening meal at his hotel, the landlord accosted him, saying that Colonel L. wished to see him. "I immediately," writes the Doctor, "went to the room where I was told the colonel was. As I entered, the colonel, in a loud and brutal tone, said: 'That's him, arrest him.' Upon which a man stepped up and said: 'You are my prisoner.' I demanded the reason why I was arrested; whereupon the colonel . . . . . charged me with being a 'd——d abolitionist.' He said he would have my heart's blood because I had enticed away his nigger 'Joe,' who had not been seen since he went out with me on the preceding Saturday."

Certainly the position Dr. Ross found himself in was not an enviable one; he was not only a prisoner, but had, at the suggestion of the colonel, been handcuffed, and was surrounded by a crowd of men who would not have scrupled to tar and feather him, if not actually to take his life.

After a little time, permission was given Dr. Ross to say what he had to urge in extenuation of his offence. Addressing the excited people in a quiet manner, he said: "Gentlemen, I am a stranger here, without friends; will you, like brave men, grant the only request I have to make; that is a fair trial before your magistrate?" This very reasonable request was granted, and Dr. Ross duly appeared to answer for his offence. It was fully proved against him, and he was in no small fear of what would come next, when a great commotion occurred at the door, and a shout was raised: "Here's Joe: here's Joe." Into the court-room walked Joe, and going up to the colonel, he told him that, wanting to see his brother "powerful bad," he had gone without leave to the neighboring plantation on Saturday night, meaning to return next day, but that he met with an accident, and could not return until the Monday: then he heard of the arrest of Dr. Ross on the charge of assisting him to escape from slavery. Of course, Dr. Ross was, on such evidence, at once discharged. The sequel to the story is that Joe, and his brother, who was waiting for him in hiding on the plantation, went off the same night, and succeeded in baffling pursuit and eluding capture.

This was in 1859. Two years later Dr. Ross came across Joe as a free man in Boston, and learned from him that his brother was in Canada, where he was residing as recently as 1890.

Another notable adventure of Dr. Ross occurred in Delaware, when he was aiding a female slave to escape, having her, indeed, in the buggy with him, driving towards the home of Mrs. Cox, whose residence for many years was one of the principal depôts of the "Underground Railroad." Mrs. Cox resided at Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, just over the border between that State and Delaware. While yet in the latter State, Dr. Ross became aware that he was being pursued, and presently such very forcible arguments as pistol bullets began to fly around him. Nothing daunted, Dr. Ross, rising in his vehicle, noted the distance his pursuers were from him, and then drawing his own revolver, allowed them to approach sufficiently near him to be within pistol shot. He fired four times at their horse, killing it with the last shot, and was thus enabled to make good his escape and convey his charge safely to the house of Mrs. Cox. The fugitive remained there for some time, and finally Dr. Ross brought her to Canada.

Whilst in Nashville, during another period of his crusade, he aided no less than seven slaves to obtain their liberty, and had the satisfaction of waking up one morning and finding himself famous; for a reward of no less than $1,200 was offered for his arrest. Dr. Ross then thought it was time to go; and, after many perilous adventures, succeeded in making good his escape, and taking with him to a place of safety a female slave.

It has been previously stated that among the abolitionists were those who held conflicting views on the subject of abolition. This is what Dr. Ross says on this matter:

"While there existed among all true abolitionists a sincere desire to aid the oppressed people of the Slave States, there was much diversity of opinion as to the means to be adopted for their liberation from bondage. . . .

"It is almost needless for me to say that, while I sympathized with every man and woman who desired the freedom of the slave, my views accorded with those who believed human slavery to be such a monstrous wrong and injustice, that any measure, no matter how violent, was justifiable in so holy a cause as the liberation of those held in bondage.

"The principles that animated, impelled, and controlled my actions as an abolitionist, may briefly be summed up as follows:—

"1. That every innocent human being has an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"2. That no government, nation, or individual, has any right to deprive an innocent human being of his or her inalienable rights.

"3. That a man held, against his will, as a slave, has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.

"4. That it is the natural right of a slave to develop this right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty."

These may seem strong words; but what had Dr. Ross witnessed? He had seen a negro woman branded with hot irons because she had refused to become the mistress of her owner; he had seen a woman flogged to death; he had seen in the papers from day to day strange advertisements for slaves who had made an effort to obtain their freedom.

Dr. Ross forcibly remarks: "The newspapers of the Slave States, in 1855-6-7, teemed with advertisements descriptive of runaway slaves. One has been 'lacerated with a whip'; another, 'severely bruised'; another, 'a great many scars from the lash'; another, 'several large scars on his back from severe whipping'; another had an iron collar on his neck, with the prong turned down; another had a 'drawing chain fastened around his ankle'; another 'was much marked with a branding iron'; another, a negress, 'had an iron band around her neck," etc., etc. All these brutalities were permitted, if not authorized, by law, were frequent, and not prohibited. 'Mary has a sore on her back and right arm, caused by a rifle ball'; another, 'branded on the left jaw'; another 'has a sore across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk of the goodness of God'; 'Sam has a sword-cut, lately received, on his left arm'; 'Fanny has a scar on her left eye'; 'the letter A branded with red hot iron on her left cheek and forehead'; another 'scarred with the bites of dogs'; 'Runaway—A negro woman and two small children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a red-hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M'; 'Rachel had three toe nails pulled out.'"

Is it any wonder that Dr. Ross used strong terms? The wonder is, not that he was so vehement, but that the majority of people were so supine.

Dr. Ross was a warm friend of John Brown, the apostle of liberty to the slaves. Unlike most of those who, while admiring Brown's character, deem his attack on Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, unwise, if not absolutely Quixotic, Dr. Ross approves of all Brown did, and naturally looks upon him as a martyr to the cause he advocated. Undoubtedly he was, to a certain extent; but no unbiassed mind can declare Brown's conduct of his plans, which culminated at Harper's Ferry, as being anything else than in law an armed insurrection against the State.

The following is a copy of John Brown's farewell letter to Dr. Ross Whatever our estimate of Brown may be, he certainly met his death like a man.

JAIL, CHARLESTON, Va.,
December 1st, 1859.

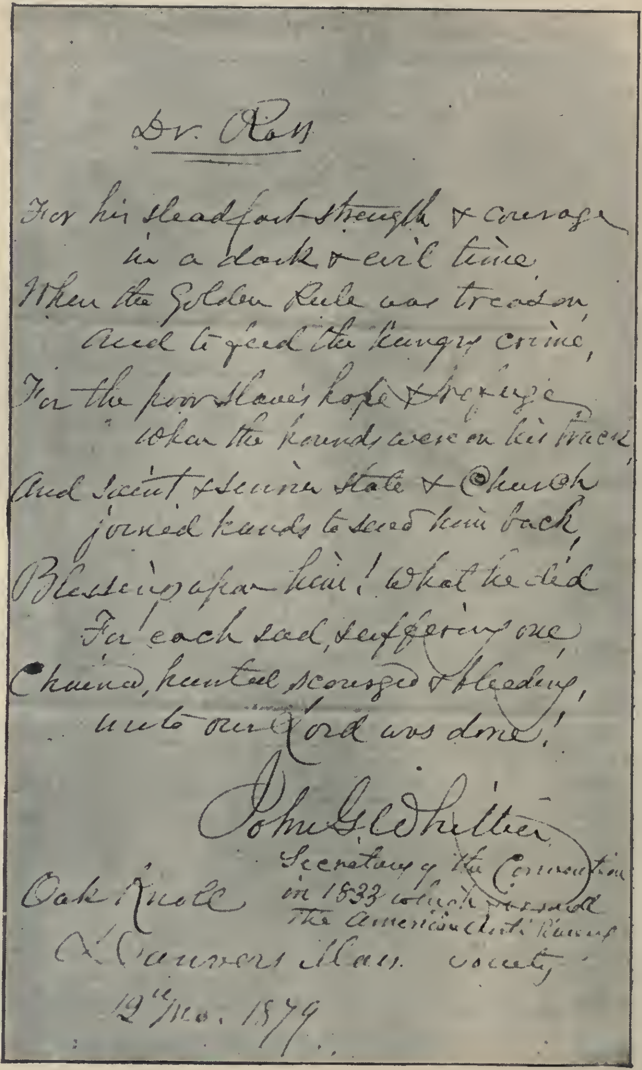
"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Captain Avis, my jailor, has just handed me your most kind and affectionate letter. I am sorry your efforts to reach this place have been unavailing. I thank you for your faithfulness, and the assurance you give me that my poor and deeply afflicted family will be provided for. It takes from my mind the greatest cause of sadness I have experienced since my imprisonment. In a few hours, through infinite grace 'in Christ Jesus, my Lord,' I shall be in another and better state of existence. I feel quite cheerful and ready to die. My dear friend, do not give up your labors for the 'poor that cry, and them that are in bonds.'"

Farewell; God bless you,
Your friend,
JOHN BROWN.

The study of Dr. Ross, in his comfortable home on Simcoe-street, is a somewhat remarkable apartment, for therein are stored treasures, relics and antiquities which it would take many pages fully to describe. Against the eastern wall of the room, which is about fifteen feet square, are ranged tiers of bookshelves, which contain a well assorted and valuable library of works devoted to history, theology, medicine, law, and many other subjects. Hanging on the other walls are many valuable engravings and etchings, together with clippings from old newspapers, published in the Southern States, offering rewards for the capture of runaway slaves. These clippings are pasted onto large sheets of card-board, and are duly framed and glazed. Among the engravings is one of "La Derniere Priere," the Roman Forum, the Arch of Titus, the Parthenon, and the Coliseum. Then there is a picture of a negro auction sale. On the auctioneer's block stands a young negress, holding a baby in her arms, while just in the background is the woman's husband. Dr. Ross tells you the result: the mother was sold for $1,500, going one way; the husband brought about the same sum, and went in another direction from his wife: while the child was taken from its mother's arms, and disposed of for "two gallons of old rye whiskey!" This is no fiction; it is a hard, stern truth, and came under the personal notice of Dr. Ross.

Over the fire-place is a trophy of swords, carbines, rifles and other implements of warfare. Surmounting these is a pair of mail gauntlets, of the time of Charles I., and just beneath them a circular shield, embellished in *repousse* work, bearing date 1538. Leaning against the wall is a pike, one of those belonging to John Brown, with which he intended to arm the slaves in his proposed attack upon Virginia. Among the swords and guns, is a rapier of the period of Charles I.—a marine sword, fashioned like the short swords used by the Roman gladiators: this particular weapon was in use in the British Navy in 1776. Besides these, there is a cavalry sword which was picked up on the field of Waterloo by Major Maclaren, of London, Ont., who was present at the action; he presented it to Dr. Ross. Then there are swords and a carbine used at the siege of Plevna, and also two specimens of the former weapon which formed part of the armament of the English fleet at the famous battle of the Nile. There are relics of the Cromwellian times: of the Knights of Malta; of Napoleon I.; of Francis I. of France, who was contemporary with our own King Henry VIII; of the American Revolution; and of the chivalrous Indian Chief, Tecumseth, and of the war of 1812. It would take a goodly sized pamphlet to do adequate justice to the remarkable contents of this pleasant study, where Dr. Ross now spends most of his leisure, and where he delights to entertain his friends, and to indulge in reminiscences of the scenes he has witnessed, and the men whom he has known. He points with pride to a certain chair, and tells you that John Brown sat in it when he visited Toronto. Yet with all his pride in his collection of arms and other curiosities, he values nothing more than an ancient spinning wheel which was brought from the newly formed United States, in 1783, to Kingston by Mrs. Grant, who was one of his ancestors, and whose husband died from wounds received during the war of 1812. Dr. Ross is as staunch a British subject as he is a stalwart reformer, and is pleased to relate that he is descended from the U. E. Loyalists.

Among Dr. Ross's many friends was J. G. Whittier, the Quaker poet; and this sketch of his life, his work, and his present surroundings, may be brought to a close by producing a facsimile of a poetical tribute from Whittier to Ross.



Dr. Ross

For his steadfast strength & courage
in a dark & evil time,
When the Golden Rule was treason,
And to feed the hungry crime,
For the poor slave's hope & refuge
When the hounds were on his track,
And saint & sinner State & Church
joined hands to send him back,
Blessings upon him! What he did
For each sad, suffering one,
Chained, hunted, scourged & bleeding,
unto our Lord was done!

John G. Whittier
Secretary of the Convention
in 1833 which formed
The American Anti Slavery
Society

Oak Knoll
Danvers Mass.
12th Mo. 1879.

THE EARLY ARTISTS OF ONTARIO.

BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

In a paper, an excerpt of which appears in the Proceedings of the Canadian Institute, was presented the conditions affecting the beginning of art in this country.

The purpose of this sketch is to refer to the artists themselves, and an introductory paragraph will perhaps help us in this.

European art came with European settlement, and flourished while the traditions of the old world lived. True, as Mr. Davin has said, the designs which formed the sign manual of the Indian chiefs, and their graphic picture-writing on birch-bark, might, by some, be considered the dawn of Canadian art. A good deal of this "art" is still to be found emblazoned on the skins which line the lodges of the prairies; while the remains of pottery, copper, arms, and the like, show traces of a still higher culture and no inconsiderable development of technical skill, in a previous age. All this was perhaps rather the end of a phase of art in a decaying race than the beginning of it in Canada. Indian art is childish and uninfluential.

But the paintings that remain, executed in the early days of European settlement, show that there was a noticeable overflow of art and artists into Canada. Some eminent names have been registered with pencil and pigment, beginning with Lady Simcoe, (whose sketches of Canadian scenes are to be brought again to Canada,—reproduced after a hundred years of absence), down to the last exhibition held under the patronage of what may be called the Old Régime. This was in 1847, and its chief promoter was the late Mr. Howard, of Howard Park.

The strongest influence favorable to art during that period was created by Sir Perigrine Maitland and his talented wife, while his aide-de-camp was a painter of excellence.

But those acquainted with the history of our country know that the political conditions existing then were not permanent, and were by degrees forced aside to make way for others favorable to the better recognition of the growing national opinions and spirit. That era may be properly called the Colonial Era. The new era gives some slight evidence of a national character, which every loyal Canadian will gladly welcome and judiciously encourage.

The first native Canadian to gain eminence in the profession was Paul Kane; to him, therefore, I give first attention. In speaking of him, Nicholas Flood Davin, in his "Irishmen in Canada," says: "Art began early to attract some attention. Ireland, which had done so much in other walks for the infant nation, was destined to give it the first impulse toward art, Michael Kane and his Dublin wife accompanied Lieut.-Governor Simcoe to Canada. Having left the army, Michael settled in York, where, in 1810, his son was born. The new arrival was christened Paul. The child's growing mind could not fail to be influenced by the picturesque Indian figures then still to be seen haunting the Don, while Indian trails ran where King and Yonge-streets are to-day.

"In the preface to his travels, Kane, in 1844, accounts for his resolve to devote himself to painting a series of North American Scenery and Indian Life, by saying: 'The subject was one in which I felt a deep interest from my boyhood I had been accustomed to see hundreds of Indians about my little village, then York, muddy and dirty, just struggling into existence.

"Yet York was not a favorable place for a youth of genius to grow up. The district grammar school was the only introduction into the world of knowledge, thought, and art. Here was Mr. Drury, an eccentric drawing-master, who taught the future artist the elements of what was to be his ill-paid craft, His artistic bias was regarded in the light of want of application and distaste for steady industry. The circumstances of the community, says Prof. Wilson, were indeed too frequently inimical to the fostering of settled habits among its youth. Dr. Scadding has remarked of those early days, that there was a constant contact of the sons of even the most respectable families with semi-barbarous characters. From Indian guides and bad specimens of French voyageurs, a restless spirit was imbibed by the youth. The vague Nor'west, a sort of savage land of Cocayne, a region of perfect freedom among Indians, was imagined, and to reach which Lakes Huron and Superior had to be traversed. In this way, young Kane's mind was familiarized with the idea of that expedition across the continent to the green shores beyond the mountains, of which he has left so many memorials by means of his pencil and pen."

Let us leave him for a moment.

Many names might be recalled that have left no visible trace of their presence, beyond the free drawing lessons that served but to save from extinction amongst us the idea of an art that lived in the home land.

The first name that left any impress behind it was that of E. C. Bull, a portly Englishman, of free speech, and a splendid pencil draughtsman. He taught in Upper Canada College and the Mechanics Institute; Henry Martin was one of his pupils.

A Mr. Bullock opened the first stained glass works in Toronto, early in the thirties, the windows required for the first St. James' church giving, perhaps, the opportunity for this. Mrs. Jameson thought of them as vile in taste and coarse in execution.

Saunders was a fairly clever landscape man of the usual painstaking manner in attention to detail, but Hoffner Meyer, son of the London engraver of the same name, was the first man to make, in this country, a genuine place for art of high excellence. Many of his water color portraits are to be met with in Toronto, and beautiful examples of a refined and elevated taste they are.

The artist temperament that chafes under codes, and observes with a restless contempt the hollow formalities of customs on stilts, finds agreeable reaction in its Bohemia; hence, the eccentricities that are so often noticeable in the fraternity. Hoffner Meyer was no exception to those social exceptions, which in the older days, were all but the universal rule. Lowe, his associate, who was a clever engraver, reproduced many of his portraits of the Chief Justices, Bishop Strachan, and others.

It is here, however, we must take up our Canadian lad, Kane, who began to give us pictures of our own country. We quote again from Mr. Davin—"When pearls are scattered at people's doors, they don't believe them to be pearls, unless they are puffed by an organ of somebody interested in them. Kane, therefore, left Toronto for Cobourg, where he earned enough money to pay his way, and to start for the States, where he hoped to make sufficient to enable him to visit Europe, with a view to studying under the great masters.

"His father promised to assist him He was full of hope, and his life-dream was bright: but in the midst of his musings upon the glories of art and its renown, a letter from his father tells him that, owing to difficulties, his Italian excursion will be prevented.

"This did not deter him from his

purpose, however. He wandered from city to city, and finally, in 1841, he sailed from New Orleans to Marseilles. He spent four years in Europe, studying and copying the works of the men of old, in Paris, Geneva, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Naples, Rome; the galleries of all he studied, in order that he might come back to be a true father of Canadian art.

"While in Naples, he was offered a trip in a Levantine cruiser, and was thus enabled to visit the shores of Asia and Africa. He was on his way to Jerusalem with a party of Syrian explorers, when he and his friends were deserted by their Arab guides, and were obliged to make their way to the coast. On his return he endured great hardship: but he landed on the African coast, and this consoled him, as he was able to boast that he had been in every quarter of the globe.

"He brought back a mind enlarged by observation, by communion with great artists, and well stored with pictures of famous scenes. The indomitable energy that had won for himself, unaided, these opportunities, says Dr. Daniel Wilson. was now to be displayed in far different scenes. In the preface to his 'Wanderings of an Artist, amongst the Indians of North America,' he remarks: 'On my return to Canada from the continent of Europe, I determined to devote whatever talents and proficiency I possessed, to the painting of a series of pictures illustrative of the North American Indians and scenery.' His romantic experiences are related with graphic power and the fidelity of an artist, in his 'Wanderings,' published by Longmans, in 1859. Afoot, in canoe, across the great barriers of the west, from Oregon to Puget's Sound, his busy pencil was at work. Sir George Simpson, Governor of Hudson's Bay Company, had given him commissions for a dozen paintings of savage life—buffalo hunts, Indian camps, councils, feasts, conjuring matches, dances, warlike exhibitions, or whatever he might consider most attractive and interesting. The Parliamentary Library at Ottawa possesses a collection before which the visitor never fails to linger long.

"His most liberal patron was the Hon. G. W. Allan, to whom he dedicated the narrative of his 'Wanderings?' He intended following up this volume with another volume, but failing eyesight forbade it, and forced him ultimately to lay down his brush, as well.'

Mr. Davin says his career was "one of the most creditable in Canadian annals. Though he studied our scenery and Indian customs at first hand, he did not wholly give himself up to nature. The Indian horses are Greek horses; the hills have much the color and form of those of Ruysdale; the foregrounds have more the characteristic of old pictures than of our out-of-doors."

My memory of a veteran artist, is of a gruff and moody man, embittered by the sparing gratitude of a people, for whose information and pleasure he had sacrificed his life. "Better break stones by the wayside; your work will then be appreciated," was the encouraging comment he gave to young artists.

Krieghoff painted French-Canadian life and scenes not nearly so well: but the material was popular, and he became wealthy.

Hamel obtained celebrity for truthful likenesses. He painted portraits of the Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry. In later years he settled in Quebec.

Of the hurried visitors to our shores, Gush has left behind him more and better work than any other. Lock, a water-color landscape painter, and Wandesford, in portraits, have left their trace; and so with the giant Carpendale, a few of whose chalk drawings of animals are still to be found in Toronto.

Let us go back a generation for a bit of history. At Down Hall, in the village of Down, Kent, England, in

1810, was born Daniel Fowler. A few notes on the early life of our late *confrere* are necessary in order to rightly view him in the midst of Canadian artists. From eight till eighteen he was at Mr. Cogan's private school, where he had many distinguished school mates; Disraeli was one of them. Intended for law, and articled in Doctor's Commons by his father, this pursuit was most distasteful to him. His father's death freed him from his articles, but gave him, at twenty, the charge of a widowed mother, and of a large family, of which he was the oldest. It was now that his taste for drawing, which had made him popular in the school, and which diverted the tedium of the law office and later cares, gained him the patronage of Mr. Harding, the eminent water color artist and draughtsman. He bound himself for three years, giving five hundred pounds as fees. It cannot be told what the influence of associations really may be, but there is a delightful freshness in observing Mr. Fowler, who was taught by a man who, with a lead pencil, studied nature, and afterwards, in the studio, painted in color his pictures from those sketch notes, himself advocating color notes from nature, or pictures painted altogether in plain air. This independence of character, we think, gives the key to the manly and original distinction of all his later work.

Like Paul Kane, he visited Italy, then, as for many generations, the shrine of every young artist's reverence. He had much to say of his study in the Academies, and even in the streets of that country—streets which are really open air schools in themselves. The story of his work in Italy, and afterward in Switzerland, also of his sketch tours through Germany, and his own Island home, to gather the abundant picture pabulum with which Europe abounds, will be well told in his autobiography, which is soon to appear, edited by his daughter, Annie Rothwell.

Mr. Fowler had many intimate friends amongst the noted artists of Britain. Hulmandel, the engraver, and Mr. Leav, the eccentric art virtuoso, seem to have influenced him, the one toward the serious foundation work in drawing, the other toward the audacious superstructure, which gives us the racy color sketches and fine tone passages of his pictures.

He hated teaching. Though when with Mr. Harding, important pupils were turned over to Mr. Fowler by their master, and in subsequent seasons the demands of a growing family, suggested the wisdom of his consenting to accept pupils, he could never entirely conceal his impatience with the task, confessing in later years to be far happier holding the stilts of a plough, than looking over a lady's hand.

Several members of his family had died of consumption; his own failing health, therefore, demanded a change of location. Foggy London was exchanged for Surrey suburbs. But a more decided change was necessary; accordingly, in 1843, he came to Canada. Ranging over the Provinces to the western boundaries of Upper Canada, he chose a farm on Amherst Island, near Kingston; and then, for fourteen years, was the London artist lost in the Canadian farmer.

In 1857, a visit to the old land, meeting old studio friends, and breathing that inexplicable art atmosphere, revived in the now healthy man the impulse to paint pictures.

A room in the farm house becomes consecrated to the tenth muse, and the driving lines are laid down for the fitches.

Pictures by him appeared in the exhibition held in the Parliament buildings, Toronto; and wherever a coterie of artists gathered, he or his pictures were sure to be amongst them. His recognition in Montreal can best be told in Mr. Jacobi's words; but not having these, we give the substance of his narrative. About the year 1862, the artists held an exhibition at which prizes were given in the various departments, and that for "best water color, any subject," had been awarded to Mr. Jacobi. That man of clear discernment objected to the decision, declaring that a Hollyhock piece by Fowler was, in his judgment, better than his own, and insisted upon the transfer of the prize to that picture. His insistance, as president of the group of artists, succeeded in obtaining for Mr. Fowler an equal recognition with himself, and the prize, two hundred dollars, was divided between them.

Mr. Fowler was a man who loved righteousness and hated iniquity; and, moreover, having a good opinion of his own merits, he could not appreciate the receipt of a half prize; and so, coming immediately to Montreal, he entered the studio of Mr. Jacobi, and in a somewhat peremptory manner demanded an explanation, expressing a supreme disapproval of compromises that withheld the proper honor from work by any artists, whether known or unknown. Mr. Jacobi referred him in his usual, genial manner, to the committee of awards, whither he went to get satisfaction. In an hour he returned, entered the studio, strode up to Mr. Jacobi with extended hand and beaming face, gave a grateful and enthusiastic hand-shake, apologized for his former rudeness, and expressed in no measured terms his appreciation of his new friend's greatness of heart and manly advocacy of the work of a stranger.

This Hollyhock piece is the one that subsequently received the bronze medal at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. From 1863 to 1876, the years our Provincial exhibits contained professional artists' lists, Mr. Fowler's work always appeared.

On the formation of the Ontario Society of Artists in 1872, he became a member, and his bright, rich harmonies contributed their patrician refinement and style to the advantage of the Society's annual displays.

At the organization of the Royal Canadian Academy, his name, with the approval of the Princess Louise and the Governor-General, was placed upon the list of Academicians. He passed away in 1894, We shall miss him from our picture reunions very greatly indeed.

We have already said that most of the artists were birds of passage. Peter March Hunt, a good painter of small size portraits, Macgregor and Jackson made brief stay. Westmacott remained; his niece, the talented Esther Kingsley, has, in a measure, caught the mantle of her uncle's skill and knowledge in design.

Sawyer, of Kingston, was a worthy man and a good painter, and has left, in many a home here, the impress of his genial manner and manly work

Cresswell, of Seaforth, in marines and landscape work, has been influential in giving strength and dignity to Canadian art. Perre opened a bright chapter in our more recent art.

Mr. Berthon takes us back to earlier days. George Theodore Berthon was the son of Rene Theodore Berthon, and was born in Vienna in the year 1806. Berthon, the elder, was an artist of no mean order, and achieved great distinction in his profession. He studied under the celebrated French artist, David, and was regarded by the great master as one of the most promising of his pupils. Shortly after the birth of George Theodore, the elder Berthon returned to Paris, and was patronized by, and received great attention from Napoleon I. The younger Berthon showed, at a very early age, great aptitude for portrait painting, and as soon as his school days were over, he travelled over Europe to the various capitals to perfect himself in his art. About 1840 he went to England, and there married Zelie Boisseau, by whom he had one daughter. Mrs. Berthon died in 1847. Mr. Berthon married, the second time, Claire, daughter of Mons. J. P. de la Hayd, who, for twenty-seven years, was French master at U. C. College. In 1844, Berthon settled in Toronto. His earliest friend was Colonel Forlong, who had formerly been in the 43rd Regiment, and was present at Waterloo. Berthon devoted himself wholly to portrait painting, and excelled in pastel work. He also gave a few lessons in painting. Among his pupils was Miss Macauley, who afterwards became Mrs. Homer Dixon. Of the portraits executed by Berthon, that of Chief Justice Robinson he always considered his master-piece. Of other portraits by him may be mentioned those of Hon. G. W. Allan; Lieut.-Cols. R. L. & G. T. Denison; Col. E. W. Thomson, executed for the Board of Agriculture, of which Col. Thomson was chairman; W. H. Boneton; Principals McCaul, Barron and Stennet. Mr. Berthon died Jan. 18th, 1892, aged 86 years. Mrs. Berthon still survives.

Mr. Berthon's modesty was equal to his talent. A Montreal paper asked me on one occasion for a sketch of one or two prominent artists, and choosing him as the subject of one, Mr. Jacobi being the other choice, I was amazed to find that he possessed no photo of himself; and this was coupled with his refusal to sit for a drawing. After one or two friendly interviews, however, a fair drawing was made, which, I regret to say, I greatly fear cannot be found.

IN A DESERTED GARDEN.

After long absence under alien skies,
   One comes at last to the familiar gate,
   To find it broken from its place, where late
A faded woman watched with patient eyes.

Here, in the peaceful hour of evensong,
   She stood, one hand grown thin with years and pain,
   Shading her eyes, to see if through the lane
Should come the feet for which she waited long,

And now have come; and up the path sunk deep
   In clover, growing rank, and tangled grass,
   To the deserted house they slowly pass,
Where, 'cross the sill, a vine's long tendrils creep.

Tireless, the wild bees hum above the leaves;
   The lilac's breath is sweet upon the air;
   While here, across the window bleak and bare,
The meshes of her web a spider weaves.

And level with one vacant, broken pane,
   A crimson poppy lifts her velvet face
   To seek again in their accustomed place
The kind old eyes that once looked thence, in vain.

The rose that clung to this decaying wall,
And with its fragrance filled the humble room,
Lies prone upon the ground ; its clustered bloom
Concealed among the thistles rank and tall.

The pansies here in their forgotten bed
Grow thin and pale, since the unhappy years
When bent a woman, blind with hopeless tears,
To gather heartsease for her soldier dead.

Here hide beneath a briar's spreading gloom
The sweet white buds she kept with tender care,
Lest one who loved them for their beauty rare
Might miss the welcome of their starry bloom.

Near this neglected wall, in other days,
The homely herbs produced their odorous sheaves ;
Now over all the wild clematis weaves
Her tendrils, with their slender blossom sprays.

Amid the tall dock and the nettle glows
The purple banner of an iris bright,
Who leads again her scattered ranks to fight
Against their host of million rooted foes.

And here a mound of leaves, somewhat apart
From which, on many slender, curving stems,
There hang, each swinging free like threaded gems,
The dainty blossoms of the bleeding heart.

These lilies that with piercing fragrance brim
These chalices of angels, spotless white,
She loved the best ; and these her ling'ring sight
Her last, when all the earth to her grew dim.

* * * *

The sun behind the western clouds hath sate ;
The gath'ring gloom dispels the twilight brief,
And hides the face of one, who, sick with grief,
Stands where *she* waited, by the broken gate.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

THE PENALTIES OF GENIUS.

BY B. ST.G. LEFROY.

In that somewhat curious book, *The Man of Genius,* the famous Italian, Professor Cesare Lombroso, has unfolded his theory as to the physical, or rather pathological, origin of the phenomenon of genius. His conclusions upon the subject, briefly, but I think accurately, summarized, are that it is the result of a degenerative psychosis of the epileptoid group, connected, or possibly identical, with the psychoses of moral insanity, in other words, that it is the expression or product of a deceased condition of mind, bearing the character of insanity.

With the vulgar, at least, this view of the matter is, to a great extent, not a new but a very old one, as many popular sayings attest; but Professor Lombroso has invested it in a scientific garb which bestows upon it an air of dignity and profundity, of which, with one or two obscure exceptions, it was previously destitute.

To the ordinary reader his arguments do not seem to be wholly satisfactory. They are based upon inferences drawn from what appears to be a somewhat disorderly collection of incidents and remarks in the lives or writings of an undeniably imperfect list of real or reputed men of genius. Old tales of doubtful authenticity are unquestioningly accepted as evidence upon which a defunct genius may justly be convicted of insanity. The author acknowledges the extreme difficulty of distinguishing the true genius from the perfectly sane man of talent on the one hand, and from the mattoid on the other. He gives us no information as to the relative extent to which those peculiarities, which in men of genius he considers as certainly indicative of insane tendencies, prevail amongst the multitude against whom neither the possession of genius nor of any positive mental abnormalty can be alleged. No doubt this omission was unavoidable. The statistical investigation of genius has not and cannot be attempted, but this fact does not confer a greater authority upon chance observations of a very limited number of persons, or doubtful gleanings from biographic literature, than they would otherwise possess.

These partial objections may not be of such importance as I am disposed to consider, and, in any case, the book is one with which none but specialists can adequately deal. Yet I find some justification for them in the fact that the high authority of Maudsley is opposed to Lombroso on this question. The former, while admitting that some forms of insanity occasionally mimic the phenomena of genius, is careful to maintain the absence of any real connection.

He says: "Albeit it might be said, by one not caring to be very exact, that the genius of an acutely sensitive and subjective poet betokened a morbid condition of nerve element; yet no one, after a moment's sober reflection, would venture to speak of the genius of such men as Shakspeare and Goethe as arising out of a morbid condition." Again: "A no less important difference between the highly-endowed nervous constitution of the genius, and the morbid, nervous constitution of the hereditary madman, will appear when we look to the reactive instead of the receptive side. . . . . The acts of the genius may be novel, ... but they contain well-formed design. . . . A large genius is plainly not in the least akin to madness." (*Pathology of Mind, 3rd Ed.*, pp. 301-303.)

Of course we all know Lamb's *Essay on the Sanity of True Genius;* but I fear that he is not a useful witness on either side.

The principal design of this article is not, however, to combat Professor Lombroso's hypothesis, but to select, from the mass of material so conveniently collected in his book, with such additions as may occur to me, a few instances which may serve to illustrate the heavy price at which genius is compelled to purchase its proud preeminence, and by which some readers of this Magazine may be led to remember, and perchance, if opportunity should present itself, to pay that slight tribute of love, care, and forbearance which is the sole personal recompense in our power to make to those who have so labored for humanity, and blessed it as no other men could have done.

We are only too prone to forget our debt to the great men of genius; to forget that it is they who have built for us the ascending courses of the towers of knowledge up which we slowly but steadily gain our way,—some of us nearing the summits; many of us, unfortunately, still lingering near the base; that it is they who have given us, distilled from their own bitter sorrows, or sublimed in the furnace of their own tortured souls, the nepenthe which may soothe ours; that it is they who so often have been the Pharos lights guiding our race in safety across the threatening surges of social revolutions, and the pillars of fire which have preceded it in its struggle onwards, through the darkness of destiny, up the slow ascent of civilization.

The burden of the peculiar infirmities to which men of genius seem so frequently to be subject, must, of necessity, press with considerable weight upon their families and friends; and, accordingly, a certain measure of sympathy flows spontaneously from us towards these last, who also may be considered as sufferers, in their own way, for the sake of humanity.

Of the special afflictions which the possession of genius may bring in its train, an excessive sensitiveness is probably the most characteristic. Lombroso quotes Montegazza to the effect that "The slightest breeze, the faintest breath of the dog-days, becomes for these sensitive persons the rimpled rose-petal which will not let the unfortunate Sybarite sleep." To Musset, Flaubert, Schopenhauer and Carlyle, even the ordinary noises of town life were well-nigh unendurable. Of Jules de Goncourt, his brother Edmund says: "He suffered from noise as from a brutal physical touch." Urquiza fainted if the perfume of a rose became perceptible to him. The sight of one of Raphael's paintings is said to have caused, in an ecstasy of joy, the death of the painter, Francia. Flaubert was distressed by any movement or restlessness in his presence. Many, Dickens, Kleist, and Schiller, for instance, in addition to the common troubles of their lives, have been as keenly affected by the fictitious misfortunes of the children of their imaginations, as if these had been their actual offspring. When Flaubert was describing the poisoning of Madame Bovary, he himself exhibited some of the physical symptoms attendant upon actual poisoning.

The meteorological changes which others usually regard with indifference, are often to them a very serious matter indeed, affecting, sometimes even temporarily destroying, their powers of thought and expression. Alfieri wrote: "I compare myself to a barometer. I have always experienced more or less facility in writing, according to the weight of air; absolute stupidity in the solstitial and equinoctial winds, etc." Napoleon was disagreeably affected by the least breeze. Milton was conscious of a decline in his power between the autumnal equinox and that of spring. Schiller writes to Gœthe in November, 1817: "In these sad days, beneath this leaden sky, I have need of all my elasticity to feel alive, and do not yet feel capable of serious work."

Few, if any, men of genius have escaped the visitations of that drear guest — melancholy. Lombroso remarks that "The tendency to melancholy is common to the majority of thinkers . . . . to feel sorrow more than other men is the crown of thorns of genius," and that even Gœthe, of all men, has left it recorded that "he could not recall that in all his life he had passed more than four pleasant weeks."

This fact is, perhaps, more susceptible of *a priori* explanation than others which are commonly associated with genius. The pleasures and distractions, the objects of eager desire and pursuit, which make life tolerable, or even acceptable, to mediocrity, probably bear a very different aspect when viewed from higher intellectual elevations. Genius has a greater power of seeing things in their true proportions, and of estimating their relative importance. The sense of surrounding mystery, of "the enigma of life, and the riddle of this painful earth," oppresses its possessors. Knowing more than others, they doubt more, and for that reason; hence, in the world of action, they may often seem incompetent, distrustful, uncertain. They fear to advance in any direction, for infinite consequences and possibilities haunt and embarrass them; whilst mediocrity steps forth, confidently and joyously, towards the mirage which attracts it.

The lives and writings of men distinguished by genius abound with illustrations of this melancholic tendency. Many of us are familiar with the wail of Leopardi; with the more reasoned pessimism of Hartmann; with the bitterness of Swift, and the convinced despair of Schopenhauer. We feel that when James Thomson wrote *The City of Dreadful Night*, he was, indeed, building a shrine to "dead Faith, dead Hope, dead Love." We have the sad testimonies of Coleridge; of De Quincey; of Senancour; of Rossetti; of Shelley; of Poe; of Baudelaire, who speaks of having his abode in "an oasis of horror in a desert of Ennui"; and, above all, we have, in that strange history of a troubled soul, the *Journal Intime* of Amiel, the most authentic evidence, and the fullest demonstration and analysis, not only of the result, but of the causes which tend to produce this feeling in the complex mind of genius.

We have revealed to us there the irresistible domination which it may obtain over a contemplative and introspective nature, and the extent to which it may reduce to silence and apparent impotence an intellect originally powerful. To Amiel, in his later days, "happiness is a conventional fiction, . . . ! the supreme aim of life a lure and deception! The individual is an eternal dupe, who never obtains what he seeks, and who is forever deceived by hope."

It is long since it was written that "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth." So it was then, and so it is still.

Since it appears, then, to be inevitable that, for the feet of genius, the path of life must be strewn with thorns which can never wound others, let us be chary of censure for trifling eccentricities of conduct, and tolerant of, even though we deplore, infirmities of character, which may have their origin and excuse in causes which possibly do not exist for ourselves.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

NOTHING reveals so well the limitations of a critic's temperament as any attempt he may make to pass a judgment on, or utter an appreciation of, such men as Stevenson. Almost every leading publication on the continent has already some utterance on the subject of his genius, and almost every one, no doubt,differs strangely, according to the sympathies of the men who wrote the criticisms. Had an ordinary writer of a set type and definite register passed away, there would be no such divergence of criticism or of appreciation. For instance,one might easily forecast the general judgment on Dr. Conan Doyle, (who is, in a measure, akin to Stevenson in strength,) had he been taken as an example or a comparison: or again, were it Mr. Andrew Lang, whose sprightliness at times approaches that of the genius who lies buried on the mountain, we should all have the same to say of him. The degree of admiration might vary, but the judgment would be the same in essence. But the many-sided Stevenson seems to have appealed to all of us in different ways. He has a message for every man who reads him, whether the reader be an Ibsenite or a romanticist, a realist or a symbolist. There was no English-speaking thinker, or reader, whatever his convictions, who did not love and revere the Scotch genius. He entered our hearts through many different doors, and, once installed there, he was never cast out. He was always doing something to stimulate our love and reverence, for the personality of an intensely lovable man, of a man who seemed to have lived more, gotten more out of life than anybody else, lurked in all his masterpieces. An English poet has happily defined that personality as a mixture of Ariel, of Puck, and of the Shorter Catechism. In his more exquisite fictions he writes with the conviction that life, rightly understood, is a dream, with a moral in it somewhere.

It is difficult to realize that this man's daily life was, more or less, a prolonged search for health; that he was tortured with physical pain through the greater part of his earthly existence. Never, after he reached manhood, it is said, did he feel his blood pulsing with a wild exultancy, or could he rejoice in the glory of physical strength. Yet, in all his manifold writings, so virile, so cheery, so intimate, the querulous note is never once struck. There is a confession in "Memories and Portraits" which reveals to us the tragic side of his existence, but it has not the faintest murmur of self-commiseration. It was a passage infinitely sad to those who loved him while he lived, but I think that it was written to cheer his readers more than to make them grieve.

Stevenson's message to his contemporaries was that life is worth living. Every other great mind of the present generation, except the late Walter Pater, who spoke to tens where Stevenson spoke to thousands, brought to the thinkers of to-day a message of a different nature, and no doubt it is Stevenson's utterance, "Be of Good Cheer!" that makes some critics, enamored of sadness, give him a minor place among the great men of the century. He has been called a reactionary because he persistently considered life as a pageant, whereas it is our modern fashion to look upon it as a problem.

Perhaps Stevenson realized, as thoroughly as any of us, the truth that all our civilized humanity is morally a beggar's procession. We go forth clad in rags and jags, most of us, with a few—a rare, unappreciated few—in velvet gowns. But the knowledge of this did not make him cynical, like Maupassant, or bleak as a mountain peak beaten by winds, like Ibsen, or grave and sad at heart, like Thomas Hardy. His humanity impregnated everything he did; it is ever of the zest of living that he sings; he called on the fiction writer to chronicle the romance of man, to deal with individuals and not with types, to depict the stir of the divinely created soul, rather than the vibrations of man-made conditions. His wonderful style enabled him to give his thoughts such perfect expression later, but the ego which lay below it was greater still.

The most human in his sympathies among English writers of the century, with the exception of Dickens, his intense delight in the human pageant is the quality which gives such unity to all his manifold writings. It made him a great story writer, a great essayist, and a great critic, and, except in matters of great technique, a great playwright. His published critiques are all too few. His portraits of Burns, of Villon, and of Samuel Pepys, do not support the statement that he was a reactionary; he had absorbed modern creeds, and they had broadened his powers. Analysis is the trump card of the modern novelist; and there were few better analysts than he; his insight was exquisite and his humor was all potent.

His romances are a strange mingling of the new and old standards of production. As Henry James has put it, with his delicate felicity, he added psychology to the romance. He preserves the ancient gusto of narration in all his novels, and the shorter stories, which are even more artistic, but he unites with it modern analytic insight and a purely personal sympathy. In his critiques, his relish for humanity in all its aspects stirs us; but the cool, incisive judgment of the man is equally striking. He delineates the malady of soul that destroyed Robert Burns; he defines the secret of Villon's genius—that rare poet and housebreaker of ancient Paris—and he leads out before our delighted intelligence, Pepys, the gay Londoner, with his jaunty step and inquisitive gaze. Even in the little essay "On Some Portraits of Raeburn," an art criticism on a painter unknown to a majority of his readers, is something to be read and re-read, if only for the etching of Robert McQueen, Lord Justice Clerk:

> "If I know gusto in painting when I see it, this canvas was painted with rare enjoyment. The tart, rosy, humorous look of the man, his nose like a cudgel, his face resting squarely on the jowl, has been caught and perpetuated with something that looks like brotherly love. A peculiarly subtle expression haunts the lower part, sensual and incredulous, like that of a man tasting good Bordeaux, with half a fancy that it has been somewhat too long uncorked. From under the pendulous eyelids of old age, the eyes look out with a half youthful, half-frosty twinkle. Hands with no pretence to distinction are folded on the judge's stomach. So sympathetically is the character conceived by the portrait painter that it is hardly possible to avoid some movement of sympathy on the part of the spectator. And sympathy is a thing to be encouraged, apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with materials for wisdom."

Could anything be more Stevensonian than this paragraph. It illustrates his genius for expression, the human sympathies of the man, and his creed as a thinker and writer. Sympathy and gusto: these are his qualities. To what other writer of to-day would the nipping art of the old Tory appeal so keenly. Here he is writing of a real man: but to none of his imaginary characters does he give less verity. The field he chose for himself was ever the realm of the make-believe, and somehow those improbable, and, at times, impossible pictures of his are generally more convincing than the word paintings; the fine imaginings of the most bigoted veritist. You can live in and realize and sympathize with almost any episode of Stevenson's pen, much more easily than you can participate in the most real episode in any novel of Zola or Howells, great novelists though they are. It is partly due to his style, partly due to his deep, searching knowledge of men, and most of all due to the sympathetic genius of the man himself. The secret of the kingship which, since his death, everyone seems to have acknowledged, was his position as the bard of our impulses. Our acts are petty, but our impulses soar to heaven,and Stevenson's art was epic in that it voiced all these wildings of our hearts.

His first successful book, "Treasure Island," written in 1883, when he was thirty-three years of age, he gave to the world because of a query of a boy of his acquaintance, as to why nobody ever writes anything interesting like Robinson Crusoe. By fits and starts, this tale of incredible adventure grew into being, and was dedicated to the boys. Grown folk, who still have the heart to be boys, will ask a share in the dedication for some time to come, though it has the old penny dreadful themes of buried treasure and pirates, and there is enough of blood in it to satisfy our most sanguinary impulses; but, withal, there is such a wealth of human insight in its characterizations that it would be clearly unjust to cast "Treasure Island" into the limbo of boy's tales. The same qualities grew even more mellow and broadened as the years went on, and that wonderful group of novels of adventure which includes "Kidnapped," and "The Wrecker," and "David Balfour," grew into goodly proportions. And, all the while, another group of books which ministered to our contemplation as much as the other did to our taste for adventure, was also coming forth. "The Master of Ballantrae," which some believe to be his greatest work, appeals to both sides of one's nature, in a fuller degree than the other novels of adventure. "Virginibus Pueresque," the volume of essays at first intended to embody the emotions of life at twenty-five, brings us possibly into closer intimacy with the reflective side of the man than any of his other works. With it are to be classed the novels written to body forth a moral idea, like "Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Prince Otto," confessedly not his greatest works of fiction. The little masterpiece, "Will o' the Mill," is, however, to me at least, his very greatest romance. For subtlety and sympathy and grace he never wrote anything that quite equals it.

The story of the miller lad in the mountains, who loved the stars and the cities of the plain, and who learned, as youth faded away, that real joy consisted in the dreams which we do not attempt to realize, has a strange significance in these days when the cry is to seize on every sensation and realize it. Eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, cry the geniuses of France, even though the fruit turn to ashes in the mouth; but all the great tragedies in the world and in the world's poetry come of the failure of life to rise to the level of our dreams. Stevenson was a man condemned by ill health to a life in which physical activity had no great part, but he came of an adventurous, courageous ancestry, if this verse of his speaks true:—

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sire and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: '*In the afternoon of time*
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along its sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.'"

He had a spirit that longed to be in the storm and stress of things, but, as St. Paul said, the flesh was weak. And, so dreaming of mighty deeds, as we all dream, of the energy and swiftness, and the gusto of execution which were denied to him, he learned the lesson of "Will o' the Mill,"—that the real delights of these things was in dreaming of them—in contemplating the fruit rather than in plucking it.

Goethe says he wrote his "Werther," which many a German maiden has wept over, to lift the load of sorrow and hopelessness from his heart. He advanced the theory that, when a grief tortures one, the sure relief is in voicing it. What holds good of the phantom of hopelessness and grief, may hold good of other wraiths that are joyous and fairer. It may be that this physical weakness of his, which was so sad, not only gave him his exquisite knowledge of the human soul in its ethereal essence, but spurred him on to voice his dreams of action and mighty impulse.

There is a little volume by Robert Bridges, entitled "Overheard in Arcady," which, in the guise of excellent fooling, puts forth more incisive and truthful criticism than will perhaps be found in a score of weightier tomes. In the dialogue entitled "The Household of Robert Louis Stevenson," will be found a number of excellent sayings about our author, put into the mouths of some of his best known characters.

"In all his studies of character, Stevenson has been more subtle than most modern writers, because he has grasped this idea of the complexity of our motives and actions: he never draws a chalk line between good and bad, but shades the one into the other so gradually that we are in doubt of the relative quality of an action," is one of Mr. Bridges' truest comments, and it will be found to hold good of any character in all his novels. His latest published tale, "The Ebb Tide," which grows too lurid at times to be exactly healthy, has three character studies, of different types of scoundrels, that will linger in one's mind long after the general form of the story is a mere blur. The Yankee skipper, Davis, who could be guilty of the most overt acts of villainy, and yet cry, in what he thought was the last moment of his life, "Oh! God, take care of my little kids," is certainly one of the most effective of Stevenson's creations. It is such tender dealing with the rags and patches in our moral beggar's procession that shows his modernism; he cannot be altogether a reactionary, since he gets down to the basis of things in this way. He has preserved the tradition of Scott and Dumas—that is, the narrative tradition of telling a story with a boy's indifference as to whether it reflects the conditions of society in such and such an era. In Dumas, at least, it is his endless power of invention, and not the poignancy of any of his character studies, that makes him great; and even with Scott, whose feeling for human nature was deep and strong, it is a matter of incident rather than of a character. The oft spoken comparison with these two great geniuses narrows to a certain extent our view of Stevenson's achievements. His powers of invention, great though they were, seem insignificant in comparison with those of either Scott or Dumas. The delineation of character is the chief factor that makes his novels delightful and memorable.

Stevenson was distinctly a man of the present day, and no belated wanderer from the romantic pastures of a bygone generation, in that he placed character above incident, and set so much store upon style. How he came to write the most articulate English that has been written by any novelist in this century, he has told us:

> All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene, or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words.

> And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that, too), as that I had vowed that I would learn to write.

A man's style is, in some degree, the register of his heart-beats. If he have any gift for writing at all, it is the expression of himself. There is a hard apprenticeship, that may be life-long, before a man can learn the use of his tools; but, though he become an absolute master of language, he must have a beautiful mind and beautiful ideas before he can write a beautiful style. A man must really live and absorb some of the glorious impressions that life, with all its sorrows, can give, before his speech can be even silvern. Having this in mind, there is no greater fallacy, or one more frequently uttered, perhaps, than the statement that such and such a man is all style and no ideas. Luckily for the world's good sense, this reproach has been uttered against Stevenson merely in a veiled way. We may be certain that in learning how to write he was learning how to think and feel, and that the treasures, which in after years were given to the world in his precious volumes, were stored up in these years of his apprenticeship.

A purely technical criticism of Stevenson's works discovers, no doubt, that the defect of his novels is in their endings. It is the defect ever prevalent in that class of romance which he himself designated as "the dramatic novel." Incident follows incident with lightning rapidity. Pelion is piled upon Ossa, and suddenly some great episode clears the sky, and everything subsides peacefully into its ordinary condition. A dramatic romance obeys the laws of progression that rule a June thunderstorm; and the sudden ending is ever a surprise that rather flattens the effect of the whole. "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," "The Ebb Tide," and most of Stevenson's novels, end in this way, although in the instance of the first-named novel, he adopted the prerogative of Dumas, and announced a sequel to it, which is perhaps the only satisfactory way of ending a good dramatic romance.

It has always been remarked of Stevenson that women play an almost infinitesimal part in his books. It would seem that his perfect knowledge and sympathy with mankind did not prompt him to deal lavishly with womankind. In the same essay on Raeburn which has been quoted above, he explains this diffidence of his:

> "To say truth, either Raeburn was timid with young and pretty sitters, or he had stupefied himself with sentimentalities; or else (and here is about the truth of it) Raeburn and the rest of us labor under an obstinate blindness in one direction, and know very little more about women, after all these centuries, than Adam when he first saw Eve. This is all the more likely because we are by no means so unintelligent in the matter of old women. There are some capital old women it seems to me in books written by men. . . . . But where people cannot meet without some confusion and a good deal of involuntary humbug, and are occupied, for as long as they are together, with a very different vein of thought, there cannot be much room for intelligent study, nor much result in the shape of genuine comprehension. Even women, who understand men so well for practical purposes, do not know them well enough for the purposes of art. Take even the very best of their male creations, take Tito Melema, for instance, and you will find that he has an equivocal air, and every now and again remembers he has a comb at the back of his head."

Stevenson, in fact, thought he did not know women well enough for the purposes of art, and fought shy of them in his novels. When he did treat them, however, he went, it seems to me, to Shakespeare for inspiration. We find him once or twice putting girls into boys' clothes, and telling us with a great deal of humor and delicacy of the incongruities that so arise. In "David Balfour," he gave us a Rosalind and a Viola, and most men who read the book contrive to fall in love with both of them. Then there is Ollalla, that strange creature of whom we know both too much and too little. Even with her he has avoided any crucial episode which shall test her actual character or substance.

Before leaving the subject of his singularities, the immense influence the sea had upon his genius may be remarked. It was forever in his dreams; the fascination of its ebb and flow enchained his fancy; it symbolized for him that change and rhythm of existence and aspiration he has dwelt on sadly and humorously in the essay "Probably Arboreal." The sea-faring ancestry he has spoken of endowed him with this passion for the ocean; and to the instinctive loneliness of the thinking Scotsman the sea always makes an exquisite appeal. "The Merry Men," which is disappointing as a narrative, has the stamp of gold simply because of this sea-ecstasy of his.

Stevenson was ever a man in love with youth, in a more actual sense even than that other great stylist, Walter Pater, of whose passion for what was growing and impulsive William Sharp has told us. Pater sought the spiritual essence of youth, but Stevenson added to this a delight in the physical abandon of that period in one's existence. Half seriously he deplored marriage as an act that robs one of the first wildings of the heart, and resigns one to a callous and comfortable view of things. Since his death, Mr. Sidney Calvin, a dear friend, has told us that Stevenson always hoped for such a sudden and early death as that which took him from us on December 3rd.

"'I have no taste for old age,' he wrote last spring, when he realized that his life might, after all, be prolonged to the normal span. 'I was meant to die young, and the gods do not love me.' And again, 'I do not like the consolations of age.' 'I do not enjoy getting elderly.'"

And long ago he wrote his own epitaph:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Gladly did I live and gladly die,
  And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'*Here he lies where he longed to be;*
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill.'"

After these words we cannot look upon his death as a tragedy.

The question of whether or not he is one of the immortals cannot be settled now. It must be left with posterity, and somehow or other some writers have got into the habit of regarding posterity as either strangely ignorant and unappreciative, or too divinely gifted to care for the rare and golden things we cherish. What we are certain of in Stevenson is that he saw and felt as few other men have done; that he expressed his impressions and feelings with all the intimacy and charm that have made Montaigne immortal; that he could stir the impulses of the humblest of his readers and stimulate the thoughts of the greatest of them. His face, a weird "browny" face it seems at times, is expressive and tender and shrewd; the sweet kindliness of one who knows every man in all his aspirations and weakness and yet loves him, is in the glance that so many artists have depicted, just as it is in every sentence he wrote; and above all he was an artist who loved symmetry and delighted in the mysteries and harmonies of words. If posterity does not appreciate these qualities let us wash our hands of posterity.

THE HOME OF THE OUANANICHE.

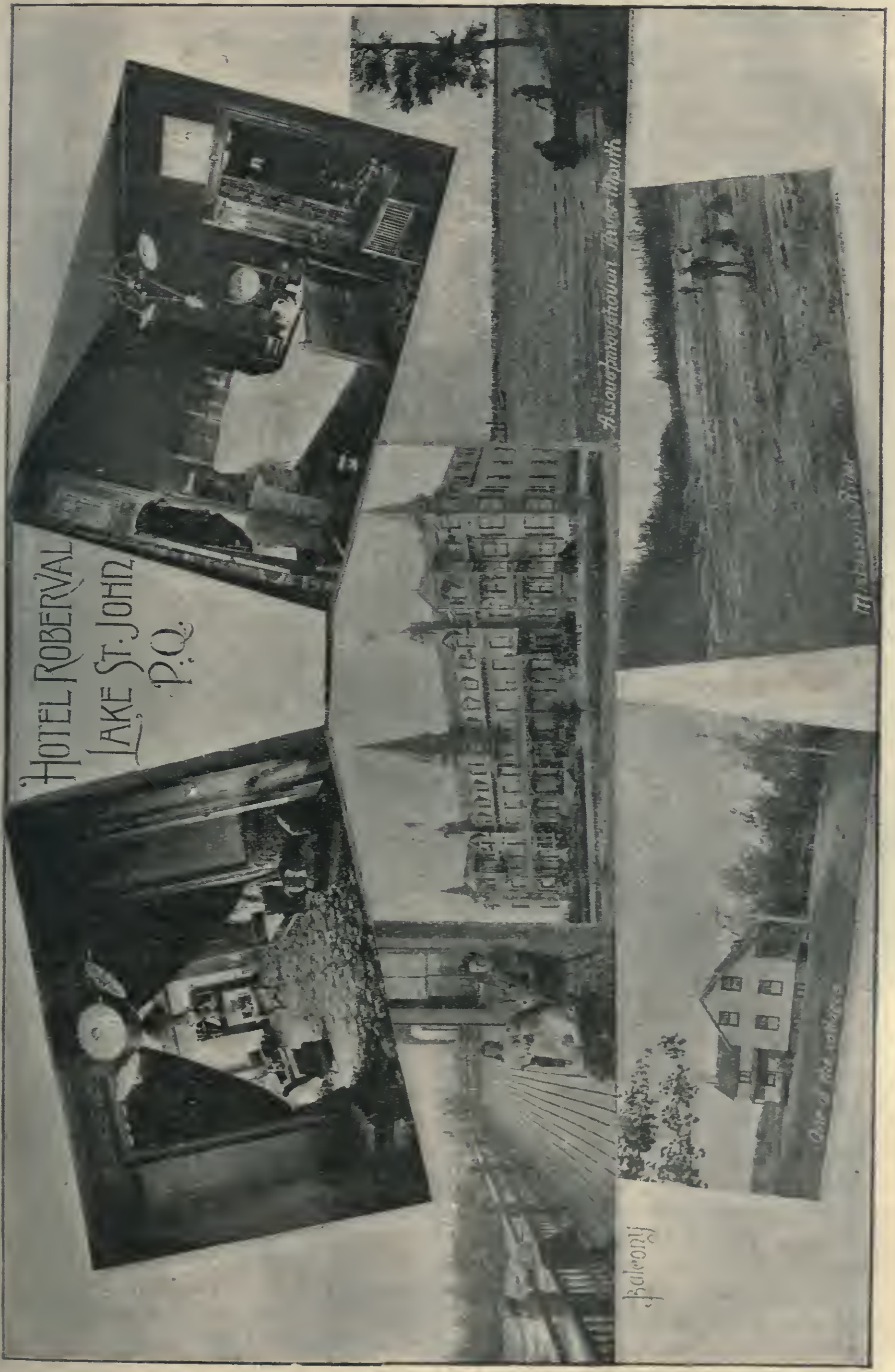
BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CONSIDERING that the name "ouananiche" is not yet to be found in any of the dictionaries, it may be well to anticipate enquiries as to its signification, or, at all events, a challenge as to the propriety of the orthography. Written phonetically, either as *whouna-nishe* or *wannanishe,* it will be immediately recognized by readers of modern angling literature, and by most of those who have visited its habitat in the Lake St. John country, as the Indian name of Canada's distinctively fresh water salmon. The 1892 edition of Webster's dictionary employs for the name of this fish the form "winninish," which but poorly indeed represents the sound of the spoken word as uttered by those amongst whom the name originated; and the only other respectable authority for which would appear to be its use in the report of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the Dominion of Canada. I can only believe that it is altogether due to an oversight that Mr. Smith has permitted the perpetuation of this orthography in reports bearing his name, for in the statutes of Canada the form employed is "ouananiche." It might prove tedious to the general reader to advance at any length the reasons which exist for the maintenance of the original form of the written word, and besides, I have already treated the subject somewhat fully in the paper entitled "The Philology of the Ouananiche, a plea for the recognition of priority in nomenclature," which was read for me by my friend Dr. George Stewart, F.R.G.S., at the thirteenth annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, in May 1894. The Jesuit missionaries in Canada first reduced to writing the Indian pronunciation of this fish's name, and such absurd results have followed the attempts of vandal linguists to anglicize the original written word, according to their varying ideas of phonetic rule or opposing notions of aboriginal pronunciation, that I have had no difficulty in collecting more than a score of different forms of the word. And there have been almost as many contending theories of the origin of the name and of the species, and as many fanciful conceptions of the geographical distribution of the ouananiche, as there are differing spellings of its name. The popular idea of the derivation of "ouananiche" for a long time past has been the pretty conceit, and deceit as well, that it was formed from *ouanan,* said to be the Montagnais word for "salmon," and *iche,* a well-known Indian diminutive. And so I believed some years ago when it was told me by traders at Lake St. John accustomed to the Indians, and acquiesced in by the red men of few words, themselves. Since that time I have had frequent opportunities of learning by experience how absolutely meaningless is usually the musical Montagnais affirmative *haha,* and how difficult it seems for them to say "no." Meanwhile, the common error as to the derivation of "ouananiche" has been copied and repeated far and wide, and makers of books have fallen into it as late as 1894. Patient study of the Montagnais language, aided by the best living authorities on the subject in the persons of the Oblat Fathers, Babel and Arnaud, life-long missionaries to the Indians, I have found to be the only satisfactory means of arriving at the facts in regard to this and other

Indian matters. The Montagnais name of salmon is not *ounan* at all, but *ouchachoumac* or *ushashomek*, and this name is sometimes applied by the Indians to the specially large and dark-colored specimens of ouananiche that are found in the deep waters of northern lakes, and more nearly approach the salmon of the sea in size and appearance than the fish of the running streams. The word *ouanans* or *unans* means, originally, "there," "just there," "in that place," or "look there." It is pronounced "wannan" or "whonnan." The ouananiche are frequently seen swimming about so close to the top of the water, in search of insect food, that parts of their dorsal and caudal fins protrude above the surface. This circumstance may easily suggest the origin of their name. I am told, both by the missionaries, and by Hudson Bay agents who have lived for years in Labrador, that the ouananiche are as often called "ouanans," without the diminutive, as with it, by the Indians of the far east and north. Maybe the fish there are of larger size. And perhaps the almost universal employment of the diminutive form of the word in speaking of the fish, where civilization is pushing its way, is because it is no exception to the general rule in angling that big fish are so comparatively few and far between.

A good deal of nonsense has been written of late years respecting the origin and identification of the ouananiche. The common habit of speaking of it as a land-locked salmon is simply a common error. Land-locked it assuredly is not in the Lake St. John waters, where it is best known and most commonly fished, despite the absurd statement in a recent American publication that some upheaval of nature has raised an impassible barrier at Chicoutimi, a fall of some 60 or 70 feet in height, imprisoning the salmon above, preventing them from returning to salt water, and forcing them to become landlocked salmon. As a matter of fact, there is no such barrier in existence. Nor would it be impassible for ouananiche on their way to the sea, so long as water flowed over it, even if it did exist. The Lake St. John fish have the freest of access to salt water, if they chôose to avail themselves of the opportunity. This, in all probability they seldom do. But specimens are not infrequently found in the lower waters of the Saguenay.

The ouananiche is believed by leading scientists, such as Professor Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., to represent the original and purest form of the *salmo salar*. It has probably always remained in what was doubtless its original fresh water habitat, while its congener, known to us as the salmon of the sea, annually deserted the fresh water of its crystal Eden, impelled by a craving after the fleshpots of the briny deep, and so increased in physical development. There is, at all events, a fair element of probability in this theory. There is none at all in the contention that the ouananiche was simply, in bygone ages, a salmon of the sea, with the anadromous habits possessed by the common *salmo salar*, but which has since become landlocked, either by preference or compulsion. No such supposition as this latter could possibly fit the case of the ouananiche found in the upper waters of the Hamilton river, in the interior of Labrador, above the great falls, for certainly no fish could have ascended these from the sea. Mr. A. P. Low, who headed the Geological Survey's exploring party of 1893-94, through the interior of Labrador, kindly sent me a skin from a ouananiche caught above the falls of the Hamilton, and it is identical with that of the ouananiche of Lake St. John. This, and the further fact that Mr. Low found the ouananiche in nearly all the rivers that he visited flowing into Ungava Bay and Hamil-


Hotel Roberval
Lake St. John
P.Q.
Assouapmouchouan River Mouth
Balcony

ton Inlet, show how serious an error was the common belief that the ouananiche was peculiar to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Mr. Connolly, formerly Hudson Bay Company's agent at Fort Nascapee, has also told me of the presence of ouananiche in the Hamilton River, and so has the Rev. Father Babel, O.M.I. Father Babel, various representatives of the Hudson Bay Company, and several surveyors of the Crown Lands Department of Quebec, have also told of taking the same fish in most of the larger streams on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, below Tadoussac. Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, in a monograph published in 1892, tells of finding the ouananiche in one of these north shore streams. It has not been found, as yet, in any of the Labrador rivers flowing into Hudson or James' Bay, but with this exception, it may be said that the home of the ouananiche extends throughout the entire Labrador peninsula. The secrets that have hitherto been locked up in the bosom of the vast interior of this country will shortly, no doubt, be made known by the publication of Mr. Low's report.

But there is much that is of deepest interest to lovers of nature, to sportsmen, and to tourists, in that part of the home of the ouananiche which is easily accessible by rail, steamer and canoe. Eight hours' journey, by rail from Quebec, brings one to the heart of this country, the shores of the beautiful Lake St. John, which was the subject of an illustrated article in The Canadian Magazine of August, 1894. And the railway runs through a most picturesque country of mountain, river and forest scenery, right across the Laurentian mountains, traversing a territory of considerable concern to the fishing tourist, dotted as it is by the comfortable lodges of Canadian and American clubs of anglers. The earliest visitors each year to the home of the ouananiche are the anglers that proceed hither to fight the fish in Lake St. John itself as soon as the ice leaves the lake. This is usually about the beginning of May. The fishing along the shores of the inland sea, and in the mouths of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan Rivers, which flow into it from the south, continues good to the end of the first week in June, or thereabouts, according to the season, for as soon as the waters of the lake commence to fall, the fish run into deep water, or into the rapids of the lake's feeders and outlet. This outlet, generally known as the Grande Décharge, is a favorite fishing ground for ouananiche from early in June until the middle or end of July. Sometimes they may be taken here to the end of the season in September, but after July they are usually scarce and small. Then they must be sought in the great tributaries of Lake St. John—northern rivers that take their rise at the height of land separating the St. Lawrence watershed from that of Ungava and James' Bay, and some of which are from 300 to 400 miles in length. Later still, in the very end of the season, the best fishing grounds are between the two principal falls of the Metabetchouan river, south of the lake, at five or six miles from its mouth.

Nowhere, perhaps, does this highly valued game fish display his fighting powers to better advantage than in the seething rapids of the Grande Décharge, immediately below the *grande chute*, or in the heavy waters surrounding Isle Maligne, unless it be at the foot of some of the magnificent falls of the rivers above referred to, such as *la cinquieme chute* of the Mistassini, *la chute au diable* of the Peribonca, 35 miles from its mouth, or *la grosse chaudière* of the Ashuapmouchouan. Very wild and beautiful are all these cascades, and the angler who hooks a four or five pound ouananiche in the rapid water immediately below any of them, has generally a quarter of an hour at least of pretty lively work before him, ere he brings his fish safely to net. Sometimes the latter will leap into the angler's canoe, and will generally leap out of it, unless killed immediately upon being removed from the hook. Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., who was for some time governor of Massowah in Egypt, and who accompanied me in 1892 on a trip up the Peribonca as far as Lac Tschotagama, states that the cataracts of the Nile are as nothing compared with the *chutes* and rapids of these great northern Canadian rivers. And in the course of an "Introduction," which the brilliant author of "Tempest-Torn," and "Dodo and I"—for Col. Haggard, like his brother, is a successful novelist—has written at my request for the forthcoming "Book of the Ouananiche and its Canadian environment," he compares "the elasticity" of the ouananiche,—"the india-rubber, gutta-percha, racquet-ball nature of his backbone,"—with Rudyard Kipling's description of Britain's well-remembered foeman, the Fuzzy-wuzzy of the Soudan. "Like that Hadendowah Arab," says Haggard, "the ouananiche is distinctly an 'india-rubber idiot on the spree.'" One of these fish when hooked, had been known to leap out of the water a dozen times in succession, in the vain endeavor to disengage himself from the hook. At one side of the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, a beautiful cataract, twenty to twenty-five feet in height, is a deep pool, some twenty feet in diameter, contained in a rocky basin the verge of which is about half-way up the falls. This pool serves as a fish-ladder for the ouananiche in surmounting the *chute*, on their way to their spawning grounds above. Not infrequently they will take the fly while resting in this pool prior to their final plunge over the summit of the cataract.

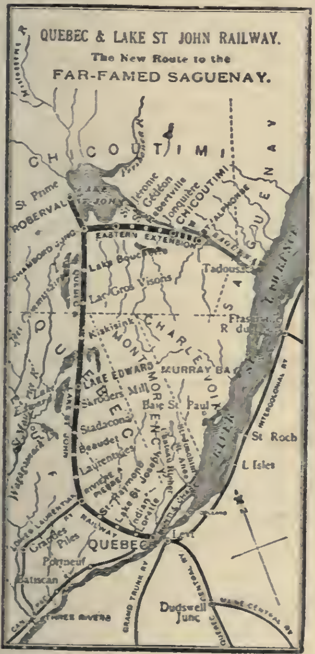
2.—MONTAGNAIS INDIANS (at Pointe Bleue.)

And then a battle royal ensues! For very often, despite the utmost efforts of the angler to limit the field of hostile operations to the pool in which he met the foe, the latter will succeed in taking a header out of the water of the basin, and leaping into the angry rapids at the very base of the falls, twelve or fifteen feet below the rocks upon which the fisherman is standing. Then it is a miracle indeed if he succeeds in keeping his tackle intact and in saving his fish.

Those familiar with the land-locked salmon of Maine, locally known as *salmo salar*, variety *sebago*, may be interested in knowing that it is identical with the Canadian ouananiche. Some authorities have drawn distinctions between them, and argued that difference in their life histories would seem to justify their claims to be regarded as distinct varieties. There is no more structural difference between them than there is between either of them and the salmon of the sea, or of anadromous habits. All three are simply and purely *salmo salar*, and neither the so-called variety *sebago*, nor yet the Canadian ouananiche, is a variety at all. Once recognize such distinctions, and similar ones, as Professor Garman recently wrote me, "would make a different variety of the men in a crew out on a voyage, returning with modified complexions; or a new species of those going out smoothfaced and returning with whiskers."

Instead of seeking for proof as to distinctions of variety in the anatomy of the fish, superficial observers are apt to suppose that they find it in difference of habit and habitat. There is a wide difference between the habits of the ouananiche of Canada and its congener of Maine. But not more so than between those of an Englishman in India and another in Canada. And while careless observers insist upon a supposed difference of variety between the gamy ouananiche, rising to the fly at all times during the season, in Canadian waters, and the land-locked salmon of Maine, seldom taking a surface lure except in the early spring, and usually remaining in deep water, like our own well-known lake trout (*Salvelinus Namaycush*), that keen observer of fish and fish-life, and leading authority upon all piscatorial subjects, Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N.Y., upon the occasion of his first visit to the home of the ouananiche, quickly pointed out the reason for the different habits of the fish in the different waters, by showing the wide difference in temperature between the waters of Maine and those of Lake St. John. So, there is no doubt that it is because of the enervating character of the warmer, quieter water and more luxurious environment of the Maine fish, that it affords so much less sport than the Canadian ouananiche. The very excitement and unrest of the latter's surroundings render inactivity impossible to him, while the physical exertion necessarily employed in his constant struggles amid the mighty forces of turbulent waters, insures to him the possession of that courage, agility and strength that make him the recognized champion of the finny warriors of inland Canadian waters. In his native rapids he knows nothing of the life of indolence and luxurious ease that conduces to enervation and effeminacy.

The home of the ouananiche contains a great variety of fish life other than *le petit saumon*, as the French settlers about Lake St. John call the ouananiche. Pike and pickerel, ouitouche or chub, the great lake catfish, perch and whitefish, *fontinalis* the trout of the brook, namaycush the trout of the lakes, fresh water smelt and carp, and the newly-discovered *Salvelinus Marstoni*—the beautifully marked trout classified by Garman, and named by Cheney after the editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*—these are a few of the inhabitants of the waters in the home of the ouananiche. Marston's namesake is found in land-locked lakes that lie higher than Lake St. John, and fresh water smelt in Lake Kenogami. Perch, carp, chub and whitefish are found in almost all the waters; and the great lake catfish, in both Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini. Ouananiche do not exist in Mistassini Lake, nor the *salvelinus namaycush* in Lake St. John, or the rivers flowing into it. But the latter is found in Mistassini, and in all the large lakes scattered through the territory north of Lake St. John. Brook trout are very scarce indeed in *la Grande Décharge*, and are rarely found in Lake St. John, though they are very plentiful in some of its tributaries, and in all the lakes and smaller streams to the north. Pickerel or doré are taken in most of the waters tributary to Lake St. John, and the pike of this region are monsters, fish of twenty to thirty pounds each, being frequently taken in Lake St. John and its outlet, while anglers have been caught there running from forty to fifty pounds, both in the Peribonca River and in Lac Tschotagama.



In most of this north country, at least as far as the height of land separating the Lake St. John waters from those of Hudson Bay, the forest is of very luxuriant growth. Towards the north-west, in fact, recent surveys have brought to light an immense tract of splendid woodland and promising soil for agricultural settlements, stretching away for some distance north of the height of land in the direction of the southerly point of James' Bay.

The plants and wild flowers of these somewhat high latitudes do not differ much from those of the district of Quebec. Thus, in the late summer, and nearly a hundred miles north of Lake St. John, I have gathered the graceful little twin flower that bears the name of Linnæus, from its low-spreading, matted vines; the blue harebell, from its high rocky abode over some clashing waterfall; the solidago or golden rod, and Michaelmas daisies; the wood sorrel and large blue flags; the *ledum latifolium* or Labrador tea; the white and red berries of the box-leaved winter green, known as the *fraise a l'ours* or bear-berries, as well as pigeon berries, raspberries, and blueberries in great abundance. And where raspberries grow in greatest profusion in this north country, that is upon a *brulé* or burned over district, bears may generally be found as well. The angler and tourist in the home of the ouananiche should always have a rifle, for he may be face to face with bruin at any moment, and is traversing the hunting grounds of the Montagnais Indians, upon whom the Hudson Bay Company officials in this territory depend for their supply of pelts. And in ascending the rivers that form the highways and only means of communication through this vast country, the angler has for his guides the best hunters and woodsmen and canoemen in the world. There is an Indian reserve at Roberval, and he can engage his men at the hotel where he puts up and obtains his supplies. They belong to a remarkable race of men, and their folk-lore is intensely interesting. They have legends and superstitions enough to fill volumes. But they have lost the barbarous traits, by which they were at one time distinguished, thanks to the heroic devotion and self-sacrifice of the Jesuit missionaries of two hundred years ago, and of the no less saintly Oblat Fathers of the nineteenth century, who have transformed into law-abiding citizens, men whose hands had not only been imbued with the blood of their fellows, but whose hunger had been appeased with the flesh of human victims. These Montagnais Indians are a racial curiosity, and worthy of the closest study on the part of ethnographical students. What we know of them and of their country from the reports of their missionaries, constitutes a mass of valuable information. Mr. W. H. H. Murray and Mr. Gilbert Parker have not been slow, in the preparation of recent novels, to seize upon this material, and thus to indicate what a fruitful field for furnishing the warp of romantic fiction remains to be developed in "The Home of the Ouananiche."

A SEA PRIESTESS.

Oh, happy, happy sea, whose song
Rings thunder loud, yet sweet withal;
Enchanted isles beyond far call,
On whose white strands the surges roll;
Listen who leads thy chant along—
A maiden voice, a poet soul.

Wild winds that lift the long, dark waves,
In song thy voices sink to peace.
Listen, Old Sea!
Listen, and hear the moaning cease
In emerald valleys of the deep;
And clear above thy thousand graves
Music shall lull long pain to sleep,
Since one who loves thee made the song.

—Edward A. Raleigh.

OLD JOHN'S EASTER LILIES.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

THEY were very fragile and very sweet, and he wore them in his buttonhole Easter morning. They attracted the notice of the whole meeting, and divided the attention with the sermon, taking, it must be admitted more than their fair and just half.

John Murray was not an old man in years. His was only a comparative old age. He had a son, who was taller than himself, and who, having passed the "little John" of his boyhood, was designated "Young John," while neighbors and friends, life-long companions, and natural enemies, called the father "Old John." It is a habit in some parts of the country. It carries no disrespect, and it may or may not be a judgment upon parents for giving their children names that are designations but no distinction.

Old John had never been known to wear a flower in his buttonhole before, and the congregation wondered itself restless over his sudden departure, while three people in the house of worship were sick at heart on account of those pretty, modest, fragrant little lilies of the valley.

Now, it all happened very simply, and this is the story of the little white flowers.

Saturday evening, the two Johns were sitting in their big, gloomy dining-room at the farm. The widow Snider, who, in the homely country phrase, "did for them," was at one end of the table. She was sharp of feature and tongue; tall, gaunt, grey-haired; by fate a housekeeper, by profession a Methodist, and by nature a gossip.

Old John was polishing his glasses and reading a paper by turns. Young John was tracing the design on the side of the wood box-stove. He was twenty years old, thin and pale, with an air of repression about him that prompted some people to call him lonesome. It had been said by many that it was "too bad his pa couldn't have seen his way clear" to giving the boy a mother. But that was when he was younger and really neglected. Sometimes young John heard of it, and he hated the people from that out.

Of late, though, the boy had been anxious about his father, for he had bought new clothes, fidgetted around in uncomfortable collars, worn bright ties, blackened his shoes, and given other evidences of that sprucing up which, in widower or widow, in maiden or youth, has always its own distinctive and quickly-accepted meaning. What was worse, the housekeeper had been at it too. Now, John had nothing in particular against the housekeeper. She cooked well, and mended carefully. She had boxed his ears when he was younger, but he didn't hold spite for that. He wisely argued that probably he had given her as much trouble as she had given him. What he could not bear to think was Mrs. Snider's being called Mrs. Murray, and mussing around among his mother's things, and driving to church on Sunday beside his father in the top buggy. He had gone so far once as to imagine he saw them go. He had opened the gate, and just as they were passing out, she had leaned out, and said, "Mind the pudding doesn't burn." He hated to speak to her for several days afterwards, which was very inconsiderate, seeing she hadn't said it, nor driven off in the top buggy either.

To tell the truth, there was no occasion for the housekeeper's improvement in dress It was merely a reflex of old John's. Mrs. Snider naturally thought that when her employer made up his mind to take another partner, he could not do better than marry her, and as widows numbered only two in the whole district, and old maids were rather a bad crop, she felt quite easy in her mind regarding him. She never for a moment seriously thought of his marrying anyone else, and had transplanted all her rose-bushes to the Murray garden, from the Snider fifty acres back in the country.

"Has Sam come in yet," Mrs. Snider asked old John.

"No, an' its time, too, the lazy young scamp. He jest fools his time away. He's no need to be so long. He'd only got to call for a few little things to the store, an' git my bonnet," grumbled the widow.

"He hed to get Bess shod," said young John, who liked Sam.

"And he's got to call at the post-office," added old John, whose weekly paper was overdue.

"Well, there he is now," exclaimed the widow, starting away from her sewing, "an', of course, his tea's as cold as a stone, but what could he expect. Here, you, Sam," she called from the open door, "bring in them things."

Sam, the English emigrant lad, who worked for skimped meals and scanty wages, handed in some packages of groceries, and then a big white paper bag.

"Thet's yer 'at—that is," he commented, with a grin.

"Is that all there is?" snapped Mrs. Snider, piling the bundles up on one arm, and holding out her free hand towards the buggy.

"Yes'm," he began. "No'm," he added hastily, as he found a box, "ere s the tea;" and then Mrs. Snider trotted off.

While she was away, Sam stood searching in the bottom of the buggy, and presently pulled out a basket and a little pasteboard box. He carried one in each hand, with clumsy carefulness.

"What's them?" asked Mrs. Snider, reappearing.

"They're for the boss," said Sam. "And I'm to 'and 'em to him myself," he added, as he found his way blocked by the housekeeper.

"What's this? what's this, now?" called old John, starting up to the door.

"Sam gravely handed him the box and the basket.

"Who gave 'em to you?" asked old John.

"Mrs. Green, the post-missus; an' I wasn't to give 'em to nobody but you."

"Dear me," said the housekeeper, bouncing off into the kitchen on some mysterious errand.

Young John looked surprised, and then smiled.

Old John's face was flushed: his eyes looked foolish, and he giggled seriously as he said to Sam, "Well, all right; now you be off, and put out yer horses, or you won't git any tea."

The lumbering farm boy closed the door, and clogged down the steps, with an air of having done his duty and earned the dime the postmistress had given him to look after the interests of the basket.

Old John minced over to the table with his precious bundles, undid the fastening of the lid, and espied the dozen white eggs that were lying in a pretty little vest of pink cotton wool. Then he opened the pasteboard box, and out fell a spray of lily of the valley. That did surprise him. Flowers weren't used much for Easter offerings in his section of the country. Eggs were considered more the thing.

Young John's eyes were filled with admiration for the flowers, and a fear of their consequences. He had sent a red rosebud to the nicest girl in the world, and it seemed to him, as he looked at the lilies, that roses were very commonplace beside lilies, and Easter was the lily season, and he was a ninny. Altogether, he was very uncomfortable.

The housekeeper stood at the kitchen door, and she sniffed as old John caressed the flowers with one blunt brown finger, and then laid them tenderly down. It was quite plain to young John that Mrs. Snider's quarter of an hour was quite as uncomfortable as his, and he took several moments of unchristianlike, but very human, pleasure in watching her face darken and curl into scorn.

The happy recipient of the Easter tokens seemed to feel himself in the seventh heaven, and quite alone. He fondled the eggs and smoothed the flowers, giving vent to little wayside expressions of "Oh!" and "Ah!" on the going from one to the other. At last he leaned back and said, "How beautiful!" A cough from his son, and another of Mrs. Snider's assorted sniffs from the doorway, brought him back his senses, and took away his delight.

"I'll have a dish for these aigs, Mrs. Snider," he said, with an air of determination to get away from the embarrassment.

He said it very loftily, but Mrs. Snider pretended not to hear; so old John ambled off to the pantry, ignoring his housekeeper with an indifference that dissolved her pique in her great desire to be useful enough to keep her position. She hurried after him, and held a large plate while old John counted out the eggs and carefully arranged them in concentric circles.

He carried the basket away with him, stopping at the door to say over his shoulder, "You might jest put that bokay of mine in water." "You'll know jest how to fix it, so it'll keep," he added, with a shrewd little smile.

"Pretty, ain't it?" he queried a little later, as she settled the stems in a tumbler.

"Yes, but they ain't so sweet as the ones that's let blow in their own time," she replied

"Them's fine aigs," he sighed again.

"Ours is jest as good," was Mrs. Snider's stiff contribution to the conversation.

"They may be for size, but they can't tech 'em for flavor."

The housekeeper re-arranged the flowers, and looked unconvinced.

"They're new hens Mrs. Green's got," went on the farmer, "'an they're considered extra good ones, specially for flavor," and there was strong emphasis on the last.

"Flavor depends on the cookin', Mr. Murray. I've seen quite common aigs ekal the best, when they're jest done to a grain."

This was the revival of an old superstition concerning the widow Green. She kept a store and the post-office, and it was held, among all the womenkind, that "when wimmin get out o' their nat'ral rut, they wazn't fit fur marryin'." So, whether she deserved it or not, it was confidently asserted that she couldn't cook. The widow Snider could, and this was her parting shot.

The elder John, filled with sweet thoughts, wandered off into the little hymn tune that he always hummed when he felt particularly cheerful.

The next day was Easter, and the flowers kept fresh, and that was how it came about that the button-hole splendor of old John Murray was such a diverting circumstance at the morning service.

Now the widow Green was worried, because, although she had sent her admirer the eggs, the flowers were a bombshell to her. She considered his flaunting of them in church an act of outrageous coquetry directed towards her, and she resolved not to ask him home to dinner this Sunday. She held the housekeeper responsible for the flowers, and had almost surrendered the deacon in holy matrimony to the rival widow, while the poor widow Snider, with swollen eyes and dewy cheeks, was wondering, as she set the farm-house table, how soon she would be looking for some other lonely man to "do for."

Young John glared across the aisle at widow Green, and she saw in his glances only added reason for her anger.

Old John beamed upon everybody, but most of all on the widow Green, whose evasive and ever repellent eyes seemed to him but a pretty bit of coquetry.

There was another woman to whom the deacon's flowers were a torment. She was a little rosy-cheeked girl, and she sat in the choir. The moment her eyes rested on the deacon, her mouth grew very tremulous, and she darted a look of query towards young John. But young John looked confused and vexed, and the girl in the choir began to chat with the young man beside her, and then she unpinned a rose from her dress, and together they examined it in prayer-time, pulling off the red petals one by one. Young John saw them, and he looked at her reproachfully, but she only glanced carelessly down at his pew, after that first glimpse of his father's flowers, and the sermon was a lost opportunity to both of them. She was the school-teacher, and had been the maker of John's peace and unrest since the first day he saw her there—a midget among the tall, strong, country maidens, but topped by a high and stylish hat.

At last the service was over, and Old John was trying to get in the widow Green's way, and she was trying to get out of his. But the deacon had the custom of twenty centuries on his side, and with his man's prerogative he waited for her.

"Fine day," he said.

"Very," she answered, coldly.

"What's the matter?" queried the deacon, startled into thoughts of sudden illness by her pale face and quiet demeanor.

"Nothing," she made answer, in her post-office tone.

"Those were splendid aigs," he whispered, following after her. "An' the flowers, too," he went on, with a sheepish leer at his coat.

"What flowers?" she screamed, facing around.

The deacon caressed his button-hole.

"Them's none o' my doin's;" and the widow softened toward him.

"Didn't you send 'em to me in a little pasteboard box along with the aigs?"

The widow shook her head.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the deacon, right under the very lintel of the church door, and then he growled, "I'll kill that boy Sam."

"The box came through the post-office," began the widow, folding her hands, as she did when the people made complaints of opened letters and mislaid papers, "an' I gave 'em into Sam's hand—the aigs and the box—an' I s'pose he took it to mean they wuz both fur yous."

"Where'd did they come from, I wonder," said the deacon, and he began to feel himself a desperate flirt.

"You won't say I ever told," she whispered.

"No."

"Well, by the writin' I took 'em to be fur young John, from the ——."

"Schoolmissus," finished Old John.

"He! he! he!" giggled the widow. "I never told you, did I, now?"

There was silence on the church doorstep. The congregation had melted away. Some few were looking back and gossipping of the deacon and the widow. The caretaker had attended to the fires, and was clumping down the aisle. He was almost at the door, and the widow said, carelessly, to Old John, "Won't you come home to dinner with me, and just take pot-luck, Mr. Murray?"

"Much obliged; I will," answered the deacon, and he called to his son, "John, John, Hi!" John drove up to the horse block.

"I ain't a comin' home to dinner, John. You jes' tell Mrs. Snider." "I'm goin' across with Mrs. Green," he went on quickly, and then he put the lilies into John's hand. "They wus for you, John; at least I think they wus; same name, you know, an', an' I wouldn't say nothing about it, John," he pleaded.

Young John shook the lines, and his father, rejoining the widow, said, "Hurrying after the schoolmissus, I s'pose. I don't know as I'd oughter encourage such doin's among young folks."

"Oh, let 'em be," purred the widow, for she had an aversion to step-children, "right under foot," as she phrased it.

The evening congregation was distracted by lilies of the valley appearing in young John's buttonhole, and more still by the widow Green sailing gravely up to her front seat with Old John Murray in tow. This was equivalent to the public announcement of their engagement: so the parson overlooked the nods and smiles, and in anticipation spent the wedding fee.

RETROSPECTION.

A pair of lovers small,
Than lily-bells scarce more tall,
Went hand in hand a Maying;
Trip, trip, together they,
Where the wild brier arched the way,
So merrily went straying.

Mosset rare, acorn shell,
Violet, and sweet blue-bell,
All in their basket swaying;
Tarried they till in the dark,
By fire-flies' lurid spark,
They'd see Queen Mab a Maying.

They heard the trill of bells—
Fairy bells in the dells—
Some old sweet rhyme a-playing;
Thus fancy with them strayed,
Adown the sunny glade,
And gladdened all their Maying.

But that was long ago;
There, still, perchance acorns grow,
And lily-bells are swaying;
Now the wee maid lies still,
In the church-yard on the hill,—
"Hush! hush!" the winds are saying.

The little lad—Ah! he—
Oft in fancy, child with thee,
Thro' the green wood is straying;
In vain time dulls with care,
From life, things sweet and fair,
Memory goes a-Maying.

WYNDOM BROWNE.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS.

BY P. SPANJAARDT.

It has often been said, that newspaper men are born, not made. There is a good deal of truth in this assertion so far as it refers to that composite individual, the modern, all-round newspaper man, in whom the nose, or instinct for news, is the main feature of the make-up; but interviewing being merely one particular branch of the newspaper profession, it is different with the interviewer. Almost any man or woman of good education, possessing a fairly readable style, a certain amount of tact and judgment, a pretty thorough knowledge of politics and current events, a fair amount of boldness, some patience, respectable clothes and good manners, will do.

Interviewing is one of the most pleasant assignments a newspaper reporter can get. It brings him into contact with some of the most celebrated and most notorious men and women of the age, whom he would never meet under ordinary circumstances, and of whom he occasionally makes lasting friends.

Naturally, the work has its drawbacks. First of all, there is the blue pencil of the editor, which ruthlessly cuts and slashes one's most cherished compositions. Then there are others, such as the person who does not want to be interviewed, and has nothing to say that is of value to the paper; and the person who, having been interviewed, denies the words and sentiments attributed to him.

Fortunately, I have had little experience with the last mentioned sort. Once, indeed, my position depended on the admission or denial of an interview I had written. Coming, as it did, on top of another incident in which my veracity was questioned, it was a rather serious matter for me. I was much of a novice to Canadian journalism at the time, and perhaps a little " fresh," and anxious to distinguish myself. I was working for a city editor who possessed the news instinct to a high degree, especially so far as the sensational was concerned. There was to be a large meeting of Sunday School superintendents, which I was ordered to report. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing a movement with which the paper I worked on was not in sympathy, but, in the hurry of giving me my assignment, the city editor had made me understand quite the contrary. When I enquired about the time the meeting was to be held, I was assured that no reporters would be allowed to be present; but as I determined to get in, this was a minor point to be considered. I simply dressed up in a black frock coat, a white necktie, standing collar, and a tall silk hat; put on a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and walked in, telling those who spoke to me that I was the superintendent of a rural Sunday-school. The meeting was a lively one, and, as may be imagined, my report the next day even more so. Some reverend gentlemen present came up to the office afterwards to deny its accuracy, and I, as the only reporter present, came near being discharged, had it not been for the kindness of some other gentlemen, who, though deprecating its publication, admitted that it was true, word for word. My nearly fatal interview came the day after.

Archbishop Taschereau had just been created Cardinal, and Bishop O'Brien was the Papal Ablegate who brought him the baretta from the Holy Father. Quick and sharp came the command from the city editor that morning to "interview O'Brien on the Knights of Labor question, and anything else he cared to talk about." I went and found His Grace in St. Patrick's Rectory. He had agreed to celebrate the marriage of two young, well-known French-Canadian society people that morning, and had about an hour to spare. Possessing a good memory, and knowing from experience that people often talk with more freedom when there is no note-book or pencil in sight, I decided to satisfy myself with mental notes only on this occasion. The Bishop, a most courteous gentleman, was very affable, and, without seating himself, indulged in a fifteen-minute chat on men and things, which in my opinion would make good reading, though there appeared to be nothing very sensational about it.

When I returned to the office, the city editor fairly jumped at me.

"Did you see him? Did he say anything sensational?" he asked.

I nearly replied "No," when I suddenly remembered that the Bishop, in the course of the interview, had made use of the expression, "That rotten institution, the Protestant church."

"That's good!" shouted the city editor, "make that the principal thing; "we'll put three heads on that."

The interview did make a sensation: so much so, that a contemporary came out the next day with an editorial casting suspicion on my veracity. The morning after, I was called before the managing editor.

"Was I certain of his words?" "Did I take any notes?" and many similar questions were asked me. The editor did not seem to doubt me, but, as I found out afterwards, that same day a message was sent to our correspondent in Quebec, where Monseigneur O'Brien then was, to ask for his version of the matter.

Nine men out of ten would have denied the use of the expression, which, I now realize, would never have escaped his lips had I shown him note-book and pencil. Everyone would have believed him, and I would have been discharged: but like a man he stood by his utterances, and a day later I had the pleasure of hearing the telegram which stated so, read by the managing editor before the entire local staff. I made up my mind that Bishop O'Brien could command my services at any time in the future.

I have interviewed a good many in my time; beginning at the age of nine, when in a continental railway station, I interviewed on my own responsibility, and to the great mortification of my parents, a handsome European Crown Prince, since deceased; and I have usually met with kind treatment.

The most difficult task I ever had, was to get a reply to a certain question which I was to ask the late Premier Norquay, of Manitoba. Norquay was big and brusque, and did not desire to be interviewed. It was at the time of the Inter-provincial Conference, and I had a city editor who did not believe in the word "impossibility."

For three hours in the morning, I patrolled the corridor, in the Windsor, where his room was. I approached him when he came out, but he refused to talk. I acted like his shadow for another fifteen minutes, and, when he finally entered a carriage, I in desperation, jumped on the step, and, holding on to the door, repeated my question for the last time. My tenacity of purpose won the day, and while the carriage was rumbling down town, I received my reply. I nearly broke my neck in jumping off, but I was victorious.

One day I ran against a very active little man, with hair bordering on the auburn. It was Melton Prior, the celebrated war artist of the *London Illustrated News.* He was a charming fellow, gave me a good interview and entertained me for hours with tales of the thrilling adventures he had experienced. He seemed very modest about it, too, and it has often puzzled me why his name has figured so little in the press, when the names of Villiers, Forbes, and others have been constantly before us.

The strangest interview I ever had, and probably the strangest interview in the history of Canadian journalism, was my first interview with Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, who died, not many months ago, on the day he was released from the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

I accidentally heard of him while working up a murder case in Sherbrooke, and I suggested to the office that I should go and see him.

The telegraphic reply was: "Try."

I put myself in communication with his friends; but the first terms upon which they agreed to let me see him were such that the office left me the option of declining the honor. The apparent risk of the enterprise rather pleased me, however, and I was ready to accept any terms. They were modified, later on, to a promise on my part not to carry weapons. A dozen Provincial policemen and detectives were hunting for him at the time. The greatest caution had to be observed, and my guide, who was armed, gave me to understand, with cheerful assurance, that if the police came on our track, he would first kill as many policemen as he could, then me, and finally himself, rather than be considered a traitor.

I met him stealthily in the woods on the shores of Lake Megantic, and we drove all day to elude possible pursuers, though the people of the district kept up a fine system of armed scouts along the roads, and thus kept themselves perfectly informed of the approach of strangers.

Towards dusk we stopped at the gate of a large field, in the rear of which stood a lonely two-storey dwelling house. We drove up and I was ushered into the parlor. Ten minutes later, the man who shot Warren and defied arrest for a whole year entered.

It was not without emotion that I arose to greet him. It was the first time I had shaken a hand which had deliberately taken a man's life, and I knew he had a bulldog revolver in each of the pockets of his pantaloons. He was a fine specimen of hardy manhood, and his face at times wore a most engaging smile. The interview itself was very dramatic. He paced up and down the room and acted the story of the killing over again from beginning to end. I took a great liking to him, and we were warm friends as long as he lived.

Six months later, I accompanied the large expedition of soldiers, detectives and policemen sent out, under command of Judge Dugas, to capture him; I had orders from the office to interview him again. Naturally, the watchfulness of the members of the expedition and my fellow-correspondents made this doubly difficult. Finally, when the expedition had been out over a month, my chance came. Judge Dugas was compelled by circumstances to agree to a truce, and to meet the outlaw face to face, to see if he would not surrender. Morrison, however, agreed to see me first, and, while the other members of the expedition were anxiously waiting, as they had been for over a month, to see him, I slipped away from headquarters, which were at Gould, to meet him. It was about two weeks before Easter, over six years ago. Through the aid of his friends, I met him alone, on the road which leads from Marsden to Stornaway, at a spot about two miles from the former place. It was about eleven o'clock on a beautiful starlit night. He assured me then that the conference would amount to nothing, that he would never surrender, and that he would sell his freedom and his life as dearly as possible. When we parted, I never expected to see him again alive.

The next day, Judge Dugas, not

knowing I had interviewed him, and fearing I intended to do so, had me put under arrest at headquarters, while he went to the appointed meeting place. That same afternoon, however, my paper came out with the exclusive interview, which, together with the account of my arrest, published the next day, created quite a sensation.

Another peculiar interview I had was with Joe Racine, who used to keep a saloon in Montreal called the "Niche," and who left Canada on account of some trouble in connection with a counterfeiting case. One day I was told that, as the office had received information to the effect that Racine was living at Rousse's Point, New York, it would be well if I would go and interview him on the counterfeiting business and his connection with Fahey and Naegele, the two detectives who are at present in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary. I went, and stopped at the hotel where he was living; but the first day he took me for a detective and refused to say a word. At night he evidently thought the matter over, and the next day asked me to go on a little fishing expedition with himself and wife. He took me to the centre of the big railway bridge that spans the Richelieu. It was a clever move on his part, for there he had me virtually at his mercy. The wife soon retired. We fished for four or five hours. I caught only a small perch, but I went home by train that evening with notes in my pocket for a very satisfactory interview.

Among the foreign notabilities who have visited us during the last seven years, I best remember Lord Lonsdale, Prince Roland Bonaparte, the husband of the late Miss Blanc, of Monte Carlo notoriety, and Joubert, the general who was in command of the Boer army during the last serious row with the British in the Transvaal Lord Lonsdale had just returned from the north, and gave a most delightful interview, without being prompted in the least.

At one time or another I have interviewed nearly all the prominent Canadian politicians. Sir Charles Tupper I found the easiest of them all. If he does not care to answer the questions that are being put to him, he always manages to say something that has the appearance of novelty and which makes good enough reading to appease the city editor.

Governors-General and their wives are usually unsatisfactory people to interview. With the exception of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, they make, as a rule, uninteresting copy. Their very position prevents them from talking much.

Hon. Mr. Mercier was always an excellent friend of the interviewer. Unfortunately he took a dislike to me at one time, but notwithstanding that I obtained many columns of fine matter from him, especially during the Baie de Chaleurs crisis. His actions were usually so unexpected, and surprises followed one another in such quick succession, that he was always a highly interesting individual for newspapermen. I once, in response to an order from headquarters, telegraphed an item from Quebec about the celebrated thousand dollar sealskin coat which he wore. To make matters worse, the item was by mistake published two days in succession. He told me, at the time, he would never forgive me for this, and he said I might just as well climb over his back-fence, look at him through his window when at dinner, and publish the kind of soup he ate. Afterwards he no doubt recognized the fact that I was simply acting under orders, for I had some very pleasant meetings with him later on. He was always exceedingly polite to newspapermen.

Of high dignitaries of the Roman

Catholic Church, I have the most pleasant recollections. His Grace Archbishop Fabre, for instance, is a most agreeable man to interview, and I shall never forget my peculiar experience with the late Father Labelle.

One Friday night, about eleven, I heard, as an exclusive piece of news, that he had finally resigned as Deputy Minister of Agriculture. I hurried to his house to obtain an interview for our early edition next day. He was on the point of retiring, but he expressed himself as delighted to see me. Being a connoisseur of wine, he, with his usual hospitality, pressed me to partake of some delicious old vintage he had in his cupboard. I obtained a very good interview, but, while giving it, he kept filling my glass, and when I left his house at half-past twelve in the morning and came into the night air, I found that the old wine had actually gone to my head. A severe snow storm was raging. Fortuately I found a solitary carter to drive me to the Parliament building. When I arrived there I hid in an inner room of the telegraph office for fear my colleagues would find me out; and I began to write. I wrote for three quarters of an hour, faster than I have ever written before or since, and as my report grew in length the effect of the wine disappeared. When my despatch was finished, my head was perfectly clear, and I felt sufficiently fresh to join the other newspaper men upstairs, where they were topping off a hard night's work with a friendly game of euchre. It was the last newspaper interview Father Labelle gave. A week after our meeting he died.

Actors and actresses I have interviewed by the score, but the ones I remember best are Sarah Bernhardt, the late W. J. Florence, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

The fair Sarah was in a bad temper when I met her, and beyond giving occasion for a little descriptive sketch and many startling items during her stay, said little that could be considered of interest to Canadians. She was accompanied by a large retinue of dogs, which created a continual disturbance in the Windsor Hotel, where she was living.

The late "Billy" Florence was a lovable fellow. He came regularly every year to go salmon fishing on the Restigouche, and he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes about Canada twenty years ago.

The most pleasant time I ever spent with theatrical people was with Irving and Terry. I went to meet them partly for my own paper, and partly for the Boston *Herald*, and I boarded the Allan line steamer *Numidian* at Rimouski. The Allans, in their anxiety to prevent their passengers from being unnecessarily annoyed, have a strict rule about newspaper men boarding their vessels, and I had to make a solemn promise not to try and interview the great actor if he declined to be seen. Having been president of an amateur dramatic club, known as the Irving Club, of which he had some years ago been good enough to become Honorary President, I had provided myself with a sheet of note paper containing the monogram of the club. On this I wrote a letter introducing myself, and had it conveyed to him by the steward.

As I was walking on deck before lunch, talking to the Bishop of Algoma, an arm was passed through mine, and when I turned around, I found myself face to face with Henry Irving. Nearly the entire day and the greater part of the evening I spent with him and his stage manager and friend, Mr. Loveday. A more interesting companion than the great tragedian, I never met. The actor was entirely forgotten in his company. He never talked about his profession unless asked to do so and he had an opinion to express or an original remark to make about almost every topic that came up for discussion. Miss Terry impressed me as a delightful woman of a sunny but nervous disposition. She was continually on the run around the ship, and in the short time that the voyage had lasted, had managed to become the friend of every one on board.

Unfortunately, when we arrived at Quebec, it was found that the storm had played havoc with the telegraph wires, and, in consequence, my Boston report did not reach the paper in time for the morning edition. Mr. Irving had proceeded to Montreal, while I stopped over in Quebec, and when he arrived, he bought a *Boston Herald* to see what my interview amounted to. As only the morning edition is sold in Montreal, there was no interview in the copy which Mr. Irving bought, and no doubt he considered himself justified in telling the manager of the hotel that he considered me somewhat of a fraud. The manager, who kindly defended my reputation, told me this on my return, and I immediately mailed Mr. Irving a copy of the afternoon edition to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where he was stopping. In reply, I received a telegram from there, which must have cost him several dollars, apologizing for the error he had fallen into, and thanking me, on behalf of Miss Terry and himself, for the story I had written about his arrival. This telegram remains one of the most cherished mementos of the many strange experiences and vicissitudes of my newspaper career, a characteristic souvenir of my first meeting with the greatest English actor now alive.

ENVIRONMENT.—Two Cases.

One lived in the reek of a London slum,
  'Midst ignorance and crime—
Where nought to cleanse the soul might come,
  Or the mind's and body's grime.

Stunted, and vulgar, and untaught,
  He struggled towards the light,
And loved his kind,—and so he caught
  A gleam of God's own light.

And one with his feet in the paths of ease,
  Where the lights of culture shone,
And rich in the arts that endear and please—
  Yet lived for self alone.

So he passed like a blight where'er he came,
  A nature without control;
And he died a death of despair and shame,
  With murder on his soul.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

DORA, THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

BY WILLIAM LUTTON.

When Dora Summerhayes left the Kingston Grammar School she was at that age when every generous illusion is fresh and new; when the conventional round, as meaning all there is of life and aspiration, seems unthinkable, when it seems imperatively necessary, as well as incidentally glorious, to set about making the world over in the new.

Dora's mother, a widow, who, with the help of two young sons, kept a farm, a few miles out of Kingston, had simpler ideas. "Dora will come back to the farm, will shine, both by her beauty and intelligence, in our little country society; will marry one of our wealthy farmers by and by, and I will see her children round my knees before I die."

But Dora, ardent, seventeen, and pretty, said "Not the farm again, dear mamma. I love the country in the summer; if I could always ramble through the fields and pluck the flowers, it would be well; but although there is a glamour about Tennyson's milking maid, as we were introduced to her at school, I do not think I could spend my life milking cows."

"And what notions have they put into your head in Kingston ?" asked Mrs. Summerhayes, a little wistfully. Dora was her very copy, but, whereas, there was in the mother a weakness which instinctively clung to the strong support, there was in Dora a strength and fearlessness which well became her fresh youth and tall, lissome figure.

"Why, mother, I think I would like to be a nurse." The big blue eyes grew tender. "One could do so much good in that work; it is a useful sphere. I think I could be happy caring for the sick and forlorn."

Mrs. Summerhayes smiled. "Is this a sentiment, Dora, or is it a careful resolve ? Is it a glamour, a smart costume ? Do you note the gratitude in the eye of the sick and distressed, and does your heart swell with pride ? But that is only one side of the medal. How would you endure the actual work, the sleepless nights, the sights that appal the stout hearts of the doctors ? Well, it is a girlish dream. You will soon forget it."

"Perhaps it is only a notion, mamma; but one thing I have earnestly longed for at school—."

"And that was—?"

"That was, that, as I was unable to take a college course, I might be allowed to go to Montreal to Uncle John and Aunt Nelly, where the field of work and usefulness is so much larger, and where I might find something by which I could earn an independent living."

"Ah, I fear my little Dora wants to fly away from the old nest," said Mrs. Summerhayes, kissing her fondly. "I suppose that is natural. I might have felt so once. There is a law for it, but some laws are very cruel. I would tell you all about me, for, since your father's death, my heart is bound up in my children. But this desire, I see, though it proceeds from love, is, in the main, selfish; and therefore, Dora, we will write to Uncle John and see what he says."

Uncle John and Aunt Nelly, an old-fashioned, childless, and loving old couple, who, amid the feverish life of a great city, preserved something of the frank simplicity of the hollyhock and marigold, sent a cordial invitation to Dora, who, when she read the letter, burst into tears, threw her arms round her mother's neck, and said, "No, no, mother; I won't leave you; I won't go; I'll stay with you and the boys, on the old farm; I can be happy here."

But the mother stroked the brown hair which fell back in waves from Dora's forehead, and kissed the quivering lips, and said, "Yes, Dora must have her chance, and there is a great chance in Montreal; and uncle and aunt will be so kind; and, therefore, (with a great air of briskness) we will get Dora's trunk packed."

These first partings are very bitter. The young are wounded, but not broken by them. The old feel the sense of irreparable loss, and suddenly find themselves lost in the desert, where there is no hand to guide, and no caress to console.

Uncle John was at the Grand Trunk station, and when Dora touched the platform a something in her look, a something in the manner of a hale old man who glanced at every face, led to mutual recognition. Dora had seen Uncle John seven years ago, at her mother's; but Uncle John for a moment seemed to be unable to appreciate the transforming effect of a dress that reached the boots, and of a psyche knot that displaced the two long plaits of brown hair he had stroked on the old farm.

"And what do you intend to do?" Uncle John and Aunt Nelly were in the parlor talking to Dora a few evenings later. "You will, of course," said Uncle John, "drop that silly notion of being a nurse. But what you can do and ought to do is this:—Be a stenographer and typewriter. That is work a woman can do well. As business becomes more and more intimate and confidential, the field for this work will grow larger. You are young; you are pretty;—oh, of course, mother, just look at her pretending she doesn't know it—and you will get a situation without trouble. Now, we will send you six months to the business college, and at the end of that time you will have the implements with which you can open the-er-oyster-er-of fortune. This, my dear, is a little too large, perhaps, but excuse an old man. If you had a B.A., you might do something at McGill; or you might be principal of a school—but, there, I forgot, you are a woman, and a woman won't do, you know, no matter about her qualifications—but the stenographer is independent, and can make her way. It is, perhaps, hard for a pretty young girl to go into an office with a lot of men. They want to make love to her, of course. Sometimes it is honest, and more often it is a something—a compassing of evil—which God will one day bring into judgment. But let a young woman be true to herself, and she will not only be respected, but she will sweeten the life of the office, and be, in the reformation of manners, an unconscious blessing to the men themselves."

Dora was quick to learn, and before the six months were out, she felt she could take any situation, however onerous.

"The very thing!" cried Uncle John, triumphantly, one evening, with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon the "situations vacant" column of the *Evening Illuminator*. "Listen—'Wanted, young lady typewriter and stenographer; must be quick, well informed, and lady-like. Apply Montreal Metal Works, 3,000 Notre Dame street.'"

"Now, then, Dora, this is what you want, and this vacancy is just yearning for you to fill it. That's plain enough. To-morrow morning I will go down with you, and see the manager. I suppose, Dora, you are familiar with that immortal character who always insisted that this world was a 'wale.' Well, in some serious respects, it is a 'wale,' but, my dear child," said Uncle John, getting up, and bending over Dora's chair, while he stroked her head, "the pure in heart can do their duty: they can keep a conscience void of offence; they can conquer grief and wrong by trust; they can shame evil by a candid look. When you get this situation—for, of course, you will get it—you will not adopt the demoralizing idea now so common, that sex is to be forgotten in these general employments where men and women mingle. No, no, for it is in the office that a woman is to be most womanly. By remembering what is due to her sex, she will win regard, and the whole atmosphere of the office will be purer for her presence. Be gentle and courteous, but never permit any familiarity."

"I think, uncle," said Dora, quietly, "that I will be able to take care of myself."

Uncle John was right. Dora obtained the situation. The manager, Mr. Thomas Maynard, was a young man, and it was from his dictation, in an inner office, that Dora did her work. In an outer office were six men clerks.

Dora did her work well. The manager said so. The firm dealt in metal pipes, and there were terms so unfamiliar that Dora had to look up from the machine with a question in the big blue eyes. Now, the manager had not been accustomed to having blue eyes so near him, and his manner confessed uneasiness when under their calm but innocent regard. But he explained; he was courteous; and the work and the days went on.

The six clerks now began to talk in whispers. If Dora raised her eyes suddenly, she would catch them in the act of regarding her through the glass partition with great earnestness. The effect of this sudden look was positively awful. Shame and guilt would overspread their features, and there would be such a scurrying of pens as the state of the work in no sort necessitated. In the absence of the manager, one after another of the clerks would come into the inner office, and under pretence of looking for a ledger, would say, "Lovely day," or "Beautiful morning," or "It looks like rain." Dora returned the proper answers, but kept on with her work. This was repeated day by day, but Dora showed no disposition to make acquaintances. At last, the bookkeeper came in one afternoon, during the absence of Mr. Maynard, and, looking extremely sheepish, said:—"Might I ask your name, please? It is—er—you know—simply a matter of business—the pay roll, you know."

The great blue eyes regarded the bookkeeper. "Will not my initials do?"

The bookkeeper fell back as if he had been suddenly shot.

"Oh, yes, thank you, the initials will do," he said, in a sad whisper.

Now, in her secret heart, Dora, it must be confessed, rather enjoyed these persistent attempts on the part of the clerks to get up a flirtation with her, and all the more that there was not one of the whole body who engaged her fancy, which made independence easy; but, at the end of three months, the behavior of Mr. Maynard gave her concern.

In the middle of a letter, which dealt with the supply of drain pipes to an outside corporation, he suddenly stopped dictating one day: "Oh, Miss Summerhayes, bother the drain pipes; can't we have a talk?"

"A talk, Mr. Maynard? I am here to take down correspondence about drain pipes."

"Of course, of course. But can't the drain pipes remain a moment? They are firm and stable. They will not suffer. Can't we be friendly? Can't we talk about—the weather—or about—er—books? What books do you like?"

"No, Mr. Maynard," (very severely), "I am paid to write letters, not to talk to the manager."

"Oh, why are you so strict?"

"Because business is strict, and the drain pipes are waiting."

"Oh, hang the drain pipes!"

The blue eyes grew and grew, but there was in their great depths a saucy elf who danced about in great glee.

"Will you finish the letter?"

"Yes, yes," (impatiently), "we will let them have the drain pipes at," etc.

But after that, a bunch of violets was placed in a little vase on Dora's desk every morning, and each of the six clerks would find opportunity to enter, and, looking at the posy, remark—"Oh, how lovely."

The situation was becoming provoking.

But this was not all.

Dora found such notes as the following on her desk from time to time:—

"Do not mind coming down so early in the morning."

"You can have a headache any time you like to stay at home in the afternoon."

"Why do you walk so fast when you are going to your lunch?"

"Why will you not be friends with me?"

Dora said to herself—"Nursing would have been better than this. I had the notion of doing some great thing; now I cannot even have the commonplace in security."

"Allow me to give you a week's notice," said Dora to Mr. Maynard, shortly after she found the last of the notes on her desk.

"Why? Do you intend to leave?"

"Yes."

"Might I enquire the cause?"

"These flowers," pointing to the vase; "these notes," holding up the last one in scorn, "are the cause. I came here to write letters on the typewriter from your dictation. Why should you make the position intolerable?'

"Why, Miss Summerhayes," said Mr. Maynard, getting very red in the face, "I am very sorry if I have annoyed you. I am a rough fellow, I know. I am all business, and I never knew what sentiment was, but you came in here to my office, like a—well, like an—angel, you were so gentle and beautiful, and I forgot to be the manager with you, and did want to know you. There, I wanted to be friends with you. Hang it, Miss Summerhayes, if you only knew how tantalizing you are. Here am I, a great, rough fellow, sitting almost at your elbow. I could touch your brown hair with my hand. And when you would look at me with those blue eyes—well, confound the drain-pipe business, I am not all gas pipes and sewer pipes and field pipes! I've got feelings, and I wanted you to think of me not as the manager, but as something else; and now you are going. I've been an ass, and the company is losing a clever stenographer, because I belong to the assinine persuasion."

Dora was very severe. That is the prerogative of early youth, wavy, brown hair, big blue eyes, and a sweet, small, red mouth. When the years, with roughened hand, sweep away the bloom, we accept the unlikable with subserviency and grace. For a glorious moment or so we do not need to look at the clock, and then we are bold. When the hands register the year, the irrevocable has happened, and we take with gratitude what we would have scorned in the early prime.

"All this is very wrong." Dora spoke with all the exaggerated severity of eighteen. "You had no business to think of my looks or my hair. It was your duty to simply regard me as a clerk who was here to obey your orders, and further the interests of the company. I never complained of the drain pipes. I was willing to describe them in their various thicknesses and manifold functions, all day. When I was writing out the letters on the machine, I loved to connect the gas pipes with scenes of domestic life. I pictured the fluid reaching the sitting room or drawing room in the evening, saw the sudden brightness when the match was applied, and read such lovely stories in the faces which were lighted up with its glow."

"Oh, what an ass I am!" said Maynard.

"And you must come along, and spoil all this," went on Dora, with increasing severity. "Your duty was not to write notes, but to dictate letters; not to send me flowers, but to give orders. For I am a simple girl, and you are the manager of a great company, and your notice could only do me harm."

"Con—no—no—there, Miss Summerhayes, sincerely I beg your pardon. I see I have been very wrong, indeed. I felt myself admiring you, and, without thinking of the consequences, forgot myself. May I say now, upon my honor, that I sincerely respect you? Oh, I have been unpardonably rude and stupid. I see that your resolution is well taken. Can I be of any service in getting you another position?"

"No," said Dora, with a proud toss of the head, "I will be independent, or I will go back to my home in Kingston; but I do not fear; I shall get a position by my own efforts."

Dora told all the story to aunt and uncle, and stood approved in the esteem of the old couple.

A position was secured in an insurance office. The circumstance that there were some other young women similarly employed gave Dora encouragement, and she was disposed to congratulate herself upon her good luck. But that which seemed to augur well for security and peace proved quite fatal. For though, at first, the other girls were kind and gracious, their manner became very vinegary; indeed, when they made the discovery that the head clerk was disposed to be a little civil to Dora, that is to say, to linger a little longer over the dictation than was necessary, to give her easy work, and not too much of it, and to put a studied respectfulness in his tone which the others had not experienced; the girls said to one another that Dora was deep; that her meek, quiet manner was the subtlest sort of art; that her pretending to be careless of her good looks was a carefully calculated scheme to catch head clerks, with whom, not to mention the male creature in general, a downcast eye goes a long way. Finally, by solemn resolution, the girls decided that Dora was to be "cut."

There was a fate in this, although Dora saw it not. She was very angry. Aunt Nelly said "Shame," and stroked her cheek. Uncle John said he would rather, if he were a girl, work with a dozen men, all of whom made the most desperate eyes at him, than provoke, by good looks, the jealousy of a parcel of backbiting, envious, malignant girls. "I begin to fear, though," said Uncle John, "that I was wrong in suggesting this business to you, Dora. Never mind, we will try it once more, and if there should be another disastrous experience, we will quit it for good, and turn our thoughts to something else. You can spare the past months, and, by-and-by, you will laugh at your past experiences."

"WANTED—Young lady typewriter and stenographer. Must be competent and ladylike. Apply, editor of *Evening Illuminator*."

"Very good," said Uncle John, putting down the paper from which he read the foregoing, "Let us try this firm. The editor is a Mr. John Blackmore, who was brought here several evenings by our old friend Tomlinson, a fire-eating Radical, who has the notion that to take Fitznoodle's coat and clap it on Smith, who lives in Desolation Alley, is to make the world in the new. The two of them got talking politics here, and I found Blackmore to be—as a politician—a fire-eater; as a man, as inoffensive a creature as ever went out of his way to avoid trampling on a worm. Well, then, we'll see Blackmore."

John Blackmore was a desperately clever young man of twenty-eight years, who wrote a double-leaded editorial, every working day of his life, in which the government of the day was held up to the scorn of a righteous people.

He had a mild face, and timid blue

eyes, which looked out upon the world (in which he mingled so little) doubtfully, and it required a severe effort of the imagination to associate him with anything loud or fiery or denunciatory. The printers had long sworn at his "copy," but a moment came when they solemnly consigned it to perdition, and struck against setting up another line of it.

Hence the advertisement; hence the visit of Dora and Uncle John to Mr. Blackmore's sanctum.

Dora, in her fresh youth and beauty, was like a vision to the man who was older than his years.

"Why, Mr. Summerhayes," said Mr. Blackmore, "if you will excuse my saying so, the very sight of your niece is a refreshment to an old fogey like myself. Miss Summerhayes will suit admirably, I am sure. I only hope she will like the work."

It took Dora a little while to understand the political allusions, and at first she wedded Mr. Blackmore's invectives to what she deemed must be a vindictive nature. She soon mastered the political vocabulary; soon learned that in political writing there is a good deal of cant. The envenomed phrase first imposes on the imagination, and afterwards on the mind, and one at last comes to believe that he is a devil of a fellow, when in truth he is so mild and timid a creature that the glance of a pair of blue eyes will quite unman him.

As John Blackmore thought out his articles he walked up and down the floor with his hands behind his back. Dora glanced at him; found him interesting; not, perhaps, very strong; but honest, good-looking, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a chin whose fault was that it had too pretty a dimple.

As for Blackmore, something began to grow upon him which he would not have dared to name even to himself. For one thing, he remembered that Uncle John, who was an old-fashioned Tory, liked a political talk, and he dropped in in the evenings now and then. But it was not always politics, and John found time to interest Dora in a few favorite books. Dora loved Tennyson, so did John; but whereas Dora, as a young thing, loved him for his sweetness, John loved him for his clear depth. If John Blackmore knew anything, he knew Tennyson—knew and worshipped his spirit, and, having done his duty to his party by writing a column article denouncing the government in power as the worst that ever cursed a country, he found it a delight to put wonder and reverence in the big eyes beside him, as he unfolded the high thoughts of the master.

For another thing, John Blackmore regarded his presentment in the glass frequently and severely. Make of this what you please, but it is certain that two months after Dora's advent, politics no longer satisfied the soul of the editor of the *Evening Illuminator*.

John was dictating:—"This wretched government, having heaped up the measure of its iniquity, is past redemption. There was a time when it could have been saved by"—

"Saved by?" Dora repeated.

"By love," said John, walking up and down the room.

"By love?" The clicking ceased; the blue eyes looked at the editor

"What am I saying?" The pale face flushed. "By, of course, repenting of its fiscal policy."

"There is always hope for him who repents," proceeded John, "and to acknowledge error is a moral tonic, and love is the only transforming power in the world."

"Is the connection quite obvious?"

"Ha, ha, I meant, of course, 'and free trade is the only guarantee of a nation's prosperity.'"

"But this government, knowing not the day of its visitation, and persisting in a fiscal heresy, and refusing to admit that love is greater than combines, or syndicates, or principalities—"

"I will read this over to you," said Dora, severely.

"Oh, of course, you want to make out that I am—what you might call wandering."

"Pardon me, Mr. Blackmore, it is not in my office to criticize. I only wanted you to hear how the last sentence read."

"I don't want to hear how it read. I don't care about it. I don't care about the article. How can I when you are sitting there?"

"What have I to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing! You expect me to go on writing articles while you sit there so distractingly charming, so tantalizingly calm, so provokingly cool, while-a-a-volcano-er-rages."

"Mr. Blackmore, what are you talking about?" (Oh, Dora, Dora!)

"You like Tennyson, Miss Summerhayes?"

"Yes."

"I don't mean like him—you love him, reverence him?"

"I hope so"

"And you are beginning to love Shelly and Keats?"

"Yes."

"And you know Keats' 'Ode to the Nightingale,' by heart?"

"Yes."

"And have I bored you with my talk in the evenings?"

"No."

"And do you think me an ugly, ridiculous old fellow?"

"No."

"Very well. The article may go to Jericho. Miss Summerhayes—Dora—I love you. I loved you that morning you came in with your uncle. You looked like a vision. I said—"I will be a father to her, or an elder brother. Of course, I know I am an old fogey."

"No."

"And you are young and beautiful, and too good for any man living."

"No."

"I know I am about a hundred years in feeling, but you could give me back the freshness of youth. My heart has atrophied, sitting here all these years. You are the connection which has joined it to vital things again."

"Will you finish the article?"

"It is an awful presumption, I know, for me to think of you. But I would try so hard to make you happy."

"I am happy."

"Y-e-s. Of course, I knew it was ridiculous to think I could have any share in making you happy."

"I don't see that it need be so ridiculous."

"Oh, Miss Summerhayes, Dora, have I any hope."

"Will you finish the article? The printers are waiting for the copy."

"Oh, but answer my question first."

"And then you will finish the article?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Blackmore—J-o-h-n—(this very softly) I don't think you need be in despair."

"No? Do you mean it? Do you really mean it, Dora?"

"I mean that you are—a—great—g-o-o-s-e."

If this were a term of reproach, John did not understand it in that light. He was not angry. Far from it. A solemn joy shone through the spectacles of the editor of the *Evening Illuminator*; and he did something upon the impulse which he trembled to think of afterwards—he kissed Dora on the mouth.

THE TRUMPETER AND THE CHILD.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

It was a town in what is now called Ontario, but was then Canada West, not a large town, yet prosperous in a measure. It was picturesque, for a river flowed through it on its way down to meet the Thames; and beyond its valley was rising ground, beautifully green in the summer of the year. Before it entered the town, and after it passed beyond its bounds, the river banks were pretty, with grassy borders and overhanging trees to picnic under; but, within, the mills and tanneries and other industrial institutions befouled its waters, and the tread of human and animal feet bared its shores. Its bridges were not ornamental, but they were serviceable, and those who, at morning or at eventide, leant over their wooden railings to watch the river's flow, were as human, as poetic, as sentimental, as the loiterers on the arches of Venice, or on the parapets that span the Tiber.

There were several taverns in this town; but the chief one was Josephs' Hotel, a large frame building, erected somewhat after the model of a Grecian temple, but really fashioned according to the ancient style of hotel architecture in the United States of America. Josephs' (in the plural number to show that it was not a Jewish institution), was on the south side of the river, and several streets removed from that classic stream. As transient visitors, it contained many drummers or bagmen of high degree; as boarders, bank-clerks, whose name in Canada it has been said is synonymous with that of duke in England; but its permanent celebrities were Josephs himself, his barkeeper, Hogan Brady, and his boots or porter. The latter gentleman's name was Clovis. He was not the king of the Franks, nor of anybody else, not even of himself. The Salian house of Childeric knew nothing of him. His surname, sad to relate, was Martin, and his features, like his family name, were plebeian. He was neither short nor exceptionally tall, but he was well-formed and fairly stout, and carried himself in an aggressive military way that was French, not Anglo-Saxon. It mediated between British primness and American slouch. The attractive feature about Clovis was his head. He had been trepanned, and wore, somewhere within his tangled locks, a silver plate that the youth of Anneville regarded as a legacy of fabulous wealth for his heirs. Clovis had been a soldier, a *trompette* in a French cavalry regiment, and it was the sabre of a Russian hussar that had made the silver plate indispensable to his well-being. But before that Russian cavalier had got in his blow, the trumpeter had picked up a British officer, and, though wounded, carried him off to a place of safety. The British government is not always grateful, but it was so to Clovis. It could give him neither a medal nor a pension; therefore it presented him with a hundred acres of Canadian bush-land and a free passage to the home of his adoption. Thus the *ci-devant* cavalry trumpeter became a citizen of Canada West.

Trumpeter Martin, on his arrival, went to look at his colonial estate. He found it all overgrown with trees, very large trees, and very thickly planted. There was no room about their roots to grow even potatoes, and the vines of sunny France could not ripen their fruit beneath such shade as their branches cast. A sabre he could wield, but not an axe; so he sold his fine estate for fifty dollars, and drank the proceeds at Anneville within three weeks, being helped thereto by many well meaning frequenters of Mr. Brady's bar. The gallant dash of the thing went to Hogan's heart, so that, when the last irregular old-fashioned American dimes, Mexican York-shillings, and bank tokens in copper, went into the bar till, he recommended the princely trumpeter to Mr. Josephs as a fit and proper person to become the drudge of the hotel. Mr. Josephs, having satisfied himself that the silver plate was still on the head of Clovis, a decoration that might bring *éclat* to the establishment, engaged him for the liberal sum of ten dollars a month and his keep. Thus Clovis Martin became the factotum of Josephs' Hotel, and filled the position with mingled zeal and dignity.

Apart from the crack in his skull, there was that in the porter which brought custom to the hotel. He was civil and obliging to all who were worthy to be thus treated, and many a quarter, in consequence, found its way into his right trouser pocket. At the railway station, where the 'bus daily set him down, he removed his cap when addressing passengers, male and female, and extolling the merits of Josephs.' People liked to go to a house which greeted them from the first with politeness, through its official representative. He received baggage checks as if they were a *douceur*, and allowed the prospective guest to sit like a lord, while he worried the articles bearing the corresponding numbers out of the hands of the surly baggage-master. If people of mature years, or ladies, were on the 'bus, he would, during its progress townwards, favor them with discreet remarks on local topics of interest. If, on the other hand, his party consisted of young men, he would stand on the tail-board, balancing himself with his legs only, a result of much hard riding, and, with as many fingers of both hands thrust into his mouth as its large capacity could entertain, would whistle, in loud, clear tones, more ear-piercing than the notes of any fife, all sorts of trumpet calls, and martial French tunes of other days. Then, those who had heard him before would turn towards new visitors to Anneville with a radiant look that said more eloquently than words, "Is he not a prodigy and a man for any hotel to be proud of?"

It is true that when business was slack, and when the ex-soldier felt as if he were off duty, he exchanged some of his many quarters with Mr. Brady for brandy, of the quality of which he was an excellent judge. When he had stowed away his quantum, he would sally forth to the candy-shop round the corner, and expend exactly the same amount in the most gaudy-looking sweets. It was well-known in Anneville when Clovis was "high." As if he were summoning a sleeping cavalry regiment from its billets, he would march through the streets with careless dragoon stride, whistling "Boots and Saddles." Then the children from all quarters came flocking to him. For a while, he kept them marching in expectancy, two and two, behind his imaginary band of music playing *Le Jeune Soldat.* Then, in stentorian tones of command, he would halt and face his company; and, gravely passing down their lines, present his juvenile soldiers with their brilliant and luscious rewards of merit, purchased at the candy shop, with the air of a Napoleon conferring the cross of the Legion of Honor. Had the children been asked to give their votes for the most popular man in town, perhaps in all Canada West, they would have been unanimous for Clovis. His great Merovingian namesake was not more loyally enthroned in the hearts of the Franks than he in the affections of the youth of Anneville.

One summer day, when trade was duller than usual, because business people were travelling elsewhere for their holidays, but when Clovis did not, on that account, consider himself off duty, Mr. Josephs' rubicund visage, surmounting a snowy shirt front set in a white waistcoat with gilt buttons, appeared at the door of the hotel, just as the 'bus was about to start for the railway. "Martin!" he said, and the trumpeter came to attention.

"Willoughby's sister's orphan boy is coming by the train. He was here to meet the child, Willoughby was, but sudden business called him away. See if you can find the boy. I think Willoughby said his name was Johnny."

"Oll er-right, sare; I berring 'im oll er-right, you see."

At the station Clovis stood anxiously awaiting the train's arrival, but with dignity. He was no hotel touter, but a protector looking for his charge. Before the train slowed up, he walked along the platform, gazing through the windows in search of a child called Johnny. From the back of the last car but one, the conductor handed down a little fellow in mourning which made his fair curly hair seem lighter than it really was.

"Anybody here for Johnny Clive?" he bawled out; and Martin came forward to claim him.

"You Mistare Villoy sistare boy, hein?" he asked; but the little fellow was only five years old, and very tired and sleepy beside. So the conductor answered for him, "You've about hit it this time, Martang, and here's the check for his box," as he handed over that article. Clovis took Johnny in his arms, carried him to the 'bus, and set him in a corner seat where he could rest. Then he went back and got a pathetic little valise, with which he soon returned. There were no other passengers for the hotel, so Clovis called "All aboard!" to the driver, and sat down beside the child called Johnny.

The jolting of the 'bus woke the orphan up. He rubbed his eyes, looked timidly at the ex-trumpeter, and then seemed disposed to cry. His protector saw this, and, putting his head down on a level with that of his charge, sought to dissuade him, saying tenderly, "No veeps, Johnny, leetle boy!" The child straightened himself and answered, "That's not my name; I'm Jack Clive."

"Oll er-right!" answered Clovis, delighted; "I'll colla you Djack. Like to eara me veesal, Djack?" The boy said he would, so Clovis mercifully withdrew to the tail-board, and started La Parisienne. Nothing but a steam whistle could make such a volume of sound as did the mouth and fingers of the *trompette*. The child gazed at him spellbound. Perhaps Mr. Martin thought Jack could not appreciate French tunes, for after rolling out a double chorus of "En avant, marchons!" he poked his head in through the doorway, and asked apologetically, "You know God sev a Quin?" Jack nooded assent, and the strains of the national anthem echoed through the streets of Anneville. With this musical accompaniment, the little traveller reached Josephs and the white-waistcoated landlord beaming at the door.

"Leetle boy inside, sare, oll er-right. Not Johnny; Djack's 'is name, and Clovis sem like me," eagerly said the porter. He would have carried his charge in after this speech, but Jack jumped off the seat and toddled down the aisle of the 'bus and off on to the sidewalk. Then he walked up to the great Josephs and asked, "Where's my uncle Sam?" Mr. Josephs explained, as he led the child to his buxom wife and told her to give him some tea. Jack didn't want any tea, he said; he wanted to go home at once to Uncle Sam and Aunty and the cousins. Nor would he accept of any excuse or refusal.

Mrs. Josephs informed her spouse of the fact, and he conferred with Hogan Brady. Willoughby's was seven miles out, he said, and up hill most of the way, and Mr. Josephs had no vehicle he could spare. There was old Blacknose, the spare horse, doing nothing, but the child couldn't ride the horse. Hogan said that Clovis was sober; "best try him." The difficulty was explained to the dragoon, who at once answered characteristically, "Oll erright; I go on 'orse, on Nosblack, leetle valise behime, leetle boy forwarts," and vanished to the stable. In a few minutes he re-appeared in the saddle, and, handing a strap to Mr. Brady, requested that worthy to fasten the valise at his back round his waist. This done, Mr. Josephs handed up Jack, in no way concerned about this novel method of transportation, in his anxiety to be with his relatives. "Good-bye, Johnny!" said Mr. and Mrs. Josephs and Hogan, as Clovis prepared to start; but the child vouchsafed no reply. "Say at 'im Djack, Madame," suggested Mr. Martin. All repeated the salutation, replacing Johnny with Jack, and in his pretty little voice, the boy answered "Good-bye!" Then Clovis saluted, and rode away toward the rising ground, the proudest man in all Anneville. He was as exalted with his charge as if he had been *porte-drapeau* carrying the eagles of his regiment to victory. Hugging the little fellow to himself with his free right hand, he looked down at him and said, "You lofa me, Clovis, datta me, Djack?" And Jack, resting his curly head on the rider's arm, replied, "Yes, Clovy, I like you now."

Whether Clovis had ever had an *affaire de cocur* no one in Anneville knew but himself. He had one now, for he loved that boy with a love great and strong as the love of woman. With reverence he listened to his childish prattle, the prattle of a city baby in country scenes, as they slowly mounted the hills, letting poor old Blacknose take his time about it. Nevertheless, the seven miles were covered all too soon. Jack was handed down into Mrs. Willoughby's arms, and the portmanteau unwrapped and given into the keeping of a big boy cousin. But, before the child would leave his new friend, he flung his little arms round his neck and kissed him fair upon those wonderful lips which no moustache adorned and which could out-whistle all the fifes in Canada West. Mrs. Willoughby was shocked, and wiped the child's mouth with her pocket handkerchief before she saluted it, the mouth which had kissed a common hotel porter. Clovis, perhaps, did not see this; if he did, he did not care. To him, Mrs. Willoughby was a lady, and to ladies he was always respectful; but she was nothing more; little curly-haired Jack was his love, the better part of himself. He rode home in ecstasy, saying now and again to his own worse side, "*Non, Clovis, pas d' eau de vie a soir.*"

Mr. Martin lived on the memory of little Jack all through the rest of the summer. Mr. Willoughby had come home, and, passing through Anneville, had kindly thanked the protector of his sister's orphan child, and had enriched his right trouser pocket. Then the fall came, and found Clovis still as sober as a judge. Now and again he would take his glass of cognac, but he never exceeded, and the Anneville children missed their parade and treat. But, one day in early fall, the Willoughbys drove into town to make purchases, and have Baby Clive's picture taken. The purchases were made and the photograph executed before noon, and then the party came to Josephs for dinner. The father of the Willoughbys was not with them; it was the eldest cousin who acted as charioteer. When dinner was over, little Jack Clive set out to look for Clovy, and found him in the bar-room, with no suspicion of liquor on his breath. What a meeting that was! How they kissed and hugged! and Clovis took Jack on his knee, and whistled and told stories in his broken English, and listened to Jack's confidences. The porter went without his dinner for the sake of that fair-haired child. He was showing him the silver plate on his cracked skull, when Mrs. Willoughby, in great dudgeon, entered the offensive apartment, snatched Jack out of his protector's arm, and actually slapped the boy with blows that did not hurt her nephew much, but that cut into the heart of the *trompette* like a knife. He could have killed that woman, if she had not been a woman; but he rose up and moved over to the bar. Hogan Brady was human, and saw that Martin was suffering. In response to the porter's York-shilling, he handed him an opened bottle of his best cognac. Clovis was honest and poured out an equitable quantity, but soon he came back for more, and by evening he was barely fit to act as runner for Josephs.

His sense of justice led him to ask internally how much he had spent in brandy, but the calculating part of his brain was in a whirl and could not answer correctly. It said "milliard" and "milliasse," and he knew these were wrong figures. Accordingly, he enquired of Hogan Brady: "Ow moch cogniac, me Clovis drenck?" Mr. Brady reflected, and then replied, "Ten drinks of the best, that's six and-three." Clovis took a handful of silver out of his pocket, and told the bar-keeper to count out six-and-three. Five quarters being separated from the pile by the honest Hogan, the rest was swept into the porter's trouser pocket. The five quarters Clovis took up with his left hand, and with them swaggered round to the candy shop. The mistress of that shop was as honest as the bar-tender, and gave the muddled porter full value for his money. A boy who had gone to the repository of sweets to spend a penny bank-token, seeing Clovis high, pocketed his penny, and went out to give his fellows the joyful news. The youth of Anneville was doomed to disappointment. With a larger package than usual under his arm, Mr. Martin passed through the town without note of whistle, and ran up the hill, country-wards, in the semblance of a cavalry trot. His legs were stiff when he got to the top, but it was getting towards dusk, and Jack probably went to bed early, so he kept on trotting, humming Malbrouk all the way to himself in heart. The seven miles were done, Willoughby's gate was reached, and in vision Clovis saw Jack coming to greet him, when the silver plate took fire, the brain beneath it spun round, and the ex-trumpeter faded out of life.

When Mr. Martin came to himself, it was to a self of pain, for the silver plate was still on fire. But his blue eyes opened on broad daylight, and on the sight of a fair, curly head resting on his pillow, and two moving red lips that softly called "Clovy!" By the bedside stood a doctor from Anneville, whose face he knew, and behind him was Mrs. Willoughby, looking repentant and sad. On a table near by lay one big candy package, alongside of a glass and a medicine bottle. "O Djack, mine leetle boy," hoarsely breathed the once clear voiced *trompette*, "all dem candies is forra you; vot I tek you 'ave." Jack slid off the bed, and soon gladdened the porter's heart by assuming proprietorship of the package, and forcing some of the contents upon his aunt and the doctor. The latter said, "You've had a narrow escape, Martin. The liquor and the run were too much for a man with your head. You must never tax your brain that way again. However, you're pulling through well, and, if things keep on as they are going, I'll take you home when I come to see you to-morrow morning."

"Tanks verray moch, Sare docteur," whispered the patient, who then turned to Mrs. Willoughby with a poor attempt at a deprecating smile, and said, "I demand pardon, Madame, forra unconveniance you."

"Don't speak of it, Martin," answered the sympathetic lady, "I'm very sorry to see you so ill, and to think I was the cause of it."

"Ah, Madame," he replied, this time with a real smile, "dat vot you spick so kind, and leetle Djack make me so 'appy, I veesh not to leef any more."

The doctor departed, and Mrs. Willoughby herself put the ice-cold cloths on the sufferer's head, until the fire went out of the silver plate, and, gently whispering "Maman," he sank again into unconsciousness.

Jack had been all over the house dispensing his treasures with a liberal hand. In answer to his enquiries after Clovy, his aunt told him that he was asleep, and must not be disturbed. But in the afternoon his friend awoke feeling almost well, and the child, wilful in his way, could not be kept out of the sick-room. Jack wanted Clovy to whistle, but he could not, for his lips and throat were parched, and, had he been able, he would not have presumed to raise his shrill notes in the privacy of the household that had befriended him. So the child, feeling that something must be done to vary the monotony of bed and candy, taught his soldier friend a little hymn, and made him repeat it over and over again, until he was sure that the ex-trumpeter had learned it by heart. It was:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

Mrs. Willoughby looked in from time to time to see that all was going well with her patient, and, as she beheld the friendless man and the baby orphan changing the places of teacher and learner, her mother's heart filled her eyes with tears and invoked a blessing on their simple, happy souls.

The doctor took Mr. Martin away in the morning, after he had exhausted his English vocabulary in expressions of gratitude, and restored him to his place in Josephs. One of the trompette's first acts after convalescence was to purchase a stock of candies, bearing no relation to any quantity of cognac, and, in perfect sobriety, to summon the town children by military whistle to partake of them. His personal visits to Mr. Brady's bar were very few, so that a bottle of the best, for which Clovis was almost the only customer, lasted a long time. Guests came and went, and quarters swelled the porter's right hand pocket. These he transferred to a large chamois leather bag made by himself, and across which he had embroidered, with hairs taken from his own head, the simple words "Pour Jack." When that young gentleman came into town no restrictions were ever placed upon his intimacy with Clovy. Astride upon the porter's broad shoulders, he gallopped and curvetted through the streets, always bringing up at the candy shop, after which the steed marched more sedately, and made the air melodious with his inimitable whistling.

The fall passed, stripping the leaves from the trees in its course, and then the winter came, covering the ground with snow. Between the absence of foliage and the clearness of the atmosphere one can see a long way from Anneville in winter. One night, or rather, very early one morning, the porter was awakened by hearing, as he thought, a voice calling "Clovy!" He started up, opened his door, then came back and looked out of his window, but saw no one. Ha! what was that gleam in the sky far away up the hill? Half-dressed, he saddled Blacknose, and rode as fast as he could urge his steed, hatless, shoeless, and stockingless, towards the Willoughby farm. He was right; the fire was there. He had seen the reflection of the blazing stables, but now the house was in flames. Mr. Willoughby, his hired men, his older children, and his neighbors were handing buckets along, in a vain attempt to check the ravages of the fire. Dismounting and tying his horse to a tree, Clovis went up to where Mrs. Willoughby and the younger children were, looking in vain for his one earthly love. “Vare ees Djack?” he asked in an agony; and the child's aunt, suddenly awaking out of her stupor, cried “Oh, save him; he is in his cot upstairs.” Into the burning house dashed Clovis, and up through the thick smoke, denser far that that of battle, on the smouldering stair. Hot ashes fell upon his bare head from the blazing roof, and the silver plate gave him exquisite torture; but he found the room, the cot, the boy. Taking him up, with the bedclothes all about him, he bore the child back on the steps of his perilous way. As he cleared the doorway, the end of a falling beam struck his head, and consciousness left him so far as the events of the night were concerned.

When Mrs. Willoughby and the children ran to meet him, he did not see them, but passed on like a man in a dream. They thought he had been drinking, and wanted to rescue the child from his hands, but he staggered past and on to his horse, and gallopped away from their sight, hugging the boy to his breast with his free right hand. “Djack” he said, and the little curly head wriggled up out of the bedclothes. “Is that you Clovy?” asked the child. “You lofa Clovis, datta me, Djack?” the suffering rider asked, and, to his joy, the baby answered “Better than anybody else, except Gentle Jesus, you know.” Perhaps he thought he was in the sick room again; at any rate, the words brought up the little English prayer he had offered up on his knees every night since Jack had taught it him. Over and over again he repeated it, and listened while the child said it too.

Morning was almost dawning when Blacknose clattered into Anneville, and Hogan Brady, aroused by the report of fire, came forward to learn the particulars from the porter. He saw that the rider's eyes were glazing, his nether jaw down, his left hand limp on the reins. With difficulty he extricated the child from the rigid right arm, and, as he did so, the body of the ex-trumpeter swayed and fell to the frozen earth. Handing the boy to Mr. Josephs, who had come upon the scene, Hogan raised the prostrate figure to a sitting posture, and half carried, half dragged it inside the hotel. There was no need to call in medical aid. “I want my Clovy,” whimpered the child, and the bar-tender, brushing his eyes with his sleeve, made answer, “Jack will never see him again in this bad world; Clovis has gone home.”

A WESTERN TYPE.

The Prospector.

BY B. R. ATKINS.

THE great West is, generally speaking, a country of magnificent mountains, prolific prairies, flourishing forests and rushing rivers, making, as a whole, a panoramic picture of sublimest scenery. These great physical factors in the progress of the West, a progress which has been made at the double, are responsible for producing certain classes or conditions of life, peculiar to them alone, and not to be met with in the more settled districts of the East, or in the mother country. And, as life is contact with environment, so the lives of these western types, moulded by their surroundings, possess all the grandeur and wildness of the mountains, with the greatness of the prairies, and are to the student of human nature, therefore, exceedingly interesting.

Of all men in the West, there are none who have done more to develop its resources and promote its settlement than the prospector. He is, at once, the bravest, hardiest, and most commanding type of western life; and in his final results to civilization, though entirely ignorant of them, the leader of them all. Through his heroic and daring efforts, places which were considered "immense, unsearchable, unknown," have become habitable and profitable for settlers and merchants. The geography of the country has been made known by him, and names for mountains, lakes, rivers, and cities, too, have been given to the world in quick and untiring succession.

This prospector pioneer is personally a most peculiar type of man. He shares, with the sailor, a most complete contempt for money, but, unlike the jolly mariner, is ever talking of rich finds and fanciful fortunes. He strikes into the impenetrable mountains with all the ardor of youth, anxious to discover something which will enable him to spend his latter days in peace. Yet peace, as we know it, is to him a stranger, for he avoids the abodes of men (except when on an occasional spree), finding pleasure only in the wild, wandering life through mountain fastnesses. Here he delights to be, digging with feverish haste, like the man with the muck rake, for the hidden treasure; while, all the time within his reach is the golden crown of ease and comfort. He is generally a man of wide and varied experience, of deep convictions on things religious and national, and an almost world-wide traveller. He loves Nature's solitude, and, like all her votaries, is gentle and modest. His whole character being improvident, reckless and restless, is more like the sailor's than perhaps any other, but it is illuminated and dignified by a practical philosophy and poetic taste, accompanied by reserved and grave demeanor, not generally regarded as a quality possessed by the happy-go-lucky, swaggering, voluble Jack-Tar. As a type, then, of a class of men who have done most to discover the latent wealth and possibilities of the West, a description of his habits and mode of life will prove of interest.

To begin with, a distinction must be made between the prospector for mineral in veins or ledges, and the placer miner, or prospector who searches for gold, only in gravel and river beds. The difference between the two is so great, in mode and method, that they require separate articles, although sharing in common general results and characteristics. Either prospector, however, must not be confounded with the miner, who works for wages, and from whom he differs as much as does the flight of an eagle from that of a barn-door fowl. Of the two, prospector and placer miner, the prospector for mineral in ledges, being, perhaps, the most numerous, certainly the most interesting, will worthily furnish a first type of western life.

A "belt" or section of mineral country being thought to exist in a certain district, the prospector (or searcher), awaiting the disappearance of snow from the higher ranges, begins his preparations for a tour of the country. As all, or nearly all, his journey has to be made on foot, and everything required carried on the back, as little as possible, for sake of weight, and as much as is necessary, for fear of falling short, have to be nicely gauged. Allowance for game, always a welcome addition to his bill of fare, being duly considered, the prospector ties up his pack, and its weight is heavy, and its contents various. His camp 'outfit' generally consists of:

1 pair of blankets........	8 lbs.
1 tent..................	7 "
1 axe and pick	5 "
Cooking utensils.........	3 "
1 rifle with ammunition....	11 "
Flour	10 "
Bacon..................	4 "
Beans..................	5 "
Rice and oatmeal	10 "
Sugar..................	4 "
Tea and coffee...........	2 "
Sundries (as tobacco, matches, etc.)............	1 "
	—
Total...............	70 "

And with this on his back he is good for a period of at least three weeks, through a country which would make any one less hardy shudder.

As is generally the case (in British Columbia at least), he starts out, up some inland lake, or rapid river, in a cranky flat-bottomed boat of his own manufacture; and many is the poor fellow who has perished at the very outset of his trip, a victim to the treacherous waters of the lake, the hidden snags in the river, or the unworthiness of his boat. Our prospector, however, reaches the mouth of some small creek, which leads to his objective point, and there he establishes a head-quarters camp, where he *caches* some "grub" for his return journey, hauls up his boat, and goes forward with pack on back and rifle in hand in quest of his treasure trove.

Two routes at once offer themselves—through the valley of the creek, or up the face of the mountain. The "old-time" or veteran prospector makes no hesitation. For, though most mountain streams opening on to lakes, have canons of from three to five miles at their mouths, they become so narrow and inaccessable, and the brush and timber so thick, that travel is almost impossible. So, up the mountain side, to between snow and timber lines, where he can see around him and travel easier, he goes. But even here, difficulties almost insuperable have still to be encountered, and steep cliffs and glaciers met which require circuits of several miles to get around. Here, however, he is in his element, having reached an altitude

"Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been."

Here he can at times, revel in game, and prospect as he goes.

After a week or more of weary mountain climbing, during which the slender stock of provisions has sadly diminished and no mineral rock been discovered, he, at last, reaches, almost worn out perhaps, the long looked-for promised country which he has thought will bear prospecting. Perhaps it turns out good; more likely it does not, and weary and sad he looks at the spectre-like pines, the mountains forbiddingly looming up on all sides, and cliffs and broken ridges everywhere. It is a trying moment. The rock around shows no indication of mineral, and half of the "grub" is gone. What will he do? A moment's reflection, and, with the courage of despair, he determines to cross the next summit, for beyond there may be something there to reward the effort. What if there is not?

Up again, over loose rock and sometimes glaciers, with their virgin ices, the poor prospector journeys, wearily, warily, climbing and sliding until the other side is reached and camp is once more made in "timber." Or, it may be that, when he reached the summit, he only breathed freely a moment before he encountered another glacier on the other side, and on its freezing surface had to sleep as best he could. Camp where he will, however, unless, indeed, timber cannot be had, his little humble meal is always the same (except when relieved by game)—a pot of porridge, a bannock, or flour or water bread, a dish of beans, a slice of bacon, and a cup of tea. The three B's,—bacon, beans and bannock—always form the chief part of every meal, and on these the prospector places great reliance and chiefly subsists. Should the weather be wet, the tent is set up; when fine, however, the tired traveller curls up in his blankets under the blue sky with a crackling cedar log fire at his feet.

The prospector, of this article, however, has reached timber on the other or far side of the last summit, and, as he descends, the mountains assume a different shade, and his experienced eye detects the presence of mineral indications. Pleased with himself, he soon gets wood for fire, and goes to rest, feeling confident that in the morning he will discover the something he has been seeking. Up with the dawn, he breakfasts, and sallies forth with his inseparable companion, —his "Sesame" to the hidden treasures of the mountains,—his prospecting pick—in his hand. All his old love for the life returns with increased vigor. The glow of health and the new-born sun reddens his cheek, while the tributes of nature's bounty and beauty lie all around him. These, with the glorious independence he enjoys, make him exclaim that he would not change his lot for that of a king's, as he casts his eye around the pine-clad scene, monarch of all he surveys, for a favorable spot to begin upon.

A red-colored stain attracting his attention, he makes for it, knowing it to be caused by water running down the rock, and, therefore, the stain means mineral. Going to the foot of the cliff, where loose rock has fallen down, he looks keenly for likely looking pieces, breaking and turning over loose stones, carefully examining everything he breaks, for he feels sure he is on mineral ground. Finally, on breaking open a piece of stained quartz, he finds it shining inside with rich galena, peacock copper, or the less attractive looking gold. This piece of rock has fallen from a main body or "ledge," somewhere; it indicates the nature of the mineral around, and is called by the prospector, "float." Knowing that the piece of rock he holds in his hand has come down the mountain side, the 'ledge' must, of course, be above him. He begins anew to carefully prospect (or search) around, being particular to notice that similar rock is about him. He climbs upwards, and finds more of the same quality, which proves there is a ledge or quantity of mineral somewhere "in place" above or near him. Toiling and moiling, now up, now down, all day he follows the pieces of "float." Sometimes, for long intervals, no float will be found, and the prospector thinks the ledge below him covered up with loose rocks and *débris*. So, down he goes again, perhaps, but all his most persistent efforts fail to discover the long-sought ledge. Now he travels to the right, then he swings to the left, and here he finds the rock more prominent and "in place," although off from the loose rock slide he commenced upon.

Two or three days of this hide and seek having passed, he, at last, with almost vanished "grub pile," discovers his prize. Eurêka! He has found it. There it is, a wall of slate above, a wall of lime below, and, right on the contact of the two, is the ledge of mineral-bearing quartz; or, in some cases—notably so in the famous Kaslo-Slocan country—clear, bright, galena, four feet wide, with every indication of depth and richness.

Next morning, after dreaming dreams of illimitable wealth, in which he fancied his "claim" as rich as the Silver King—a prospect "claim," stumbled upon by accident, and sold or stocked in England in 1893, for $1,250,000 — our proud prospector traces his "ledge" for several hundred feet, and finds it cropping out in several places, providing room for several claims or locations. As he is allowed (British Columbia laws are here spoken of) fifteen hundred feet square, he covers that distance on the "ledge" in length, and suits the breadth of his "claim" to the dip of the "ledge," in order to secure the greatest depth obtainable. He then sets up a stake marked "discovery post," where he found his mineral "in place" (or position), and two other stakes, numbered one and two, at the ends of the claim but in line with the discovery post On these two posts, the proper notices of location, with name of locator, are written, and all that is required is done.

Easy in his mind now, the prospector proceeds to take in the general topography of the country, finding good "float" and "ledges" here and there, and every indication of a splendid mining camp. With light load and lighter heart, he retraces his steps to his headquarters camp, guiding himself by water courses and other natural signs, and carrying with him, we may be sure, some average samples from the lately found "ledge." Here he finds—perhaps he does not, as very often happens, Bruin having been there before him—his remaining provisions and his boat, and immediately proceeds to the nearest town, where friends and others are glad to welcome him.

The samples having been quietly taken to the assayer, who, in a certificate, pronounces them to be extremely rich, the "claim" is recorded, and the knowledge of the "find" becomes public property. As soon, however, as the assayer's certificate has been given, the lucky owner calls all his intimate friends, and acquaints them with the result and location of the country. They, at once, hasten to the spot, making, of course, much better time than our pioneer, the country being now partly known. And soon under the magic influence of powder and pick, the grand old rocks—until now a part of the immense solitude around, except when they found tongues to echo back the thunder peals—are showing bare, enormous quantities of the treasures of the mountains, wrested from them by the nervous arm and indomitable will of the hardy prospector pioneer.

Soon, the news of the richness of the "finds" gets abroad, and many and numerous are the men who brave the same hardships of water, torrent, and mountain-side, to reach the new Eldorado. The verdict of the many goes forth to corroborate that of the few, and the plucky prospectors see gathering around them other hardy adventurers following the more regular pursuits of commerce. Stores and houses spring up here and there; trails and roads are cut; while horses and waggons are busily engaged in hauling food and other necessaries to the newly made camp.

Steamboats soon are built to carry away the ores, only soon to be superseded by the all-powerful locomotive and railway line. Capitalists come, and they buy up the locations of our pioneer and his fellows, who have been sowing the wind in the meantime for almost nothing. The money vanishes quickly, and the sound of their picks is heard in the place no more. Their day has set in the place of their own creation, now a city, bearing, perhaps, the name of its first founder, perhaps not, but inscribed upon the maps of the country, a lasting tribute to the pluck of the prospector, who has gone to some remoter scene

"To climb the trackless mountain all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold."

Such is the life and work of the prospector, and hundreds of mining camps and cities in the West proclaim its truth.

It would be hard indeed to mention a more notable example of the important results, to Canada at least, following a successful prospecting trip, than the wonderful discoveries made in the Kootenay district of British Columbia in the fall of 1891 by a band of hardy prospectors. Then, it was simply surmise as to whether or not valuable minerals existed in the Kaslo-Slocan section of that district. Now, it is famous, all the world over, as the richest silver-lead country on the continent. Then, men doubted the tales told of this

"World of wonders, where Creation seems
No more the work of Nature, but her dreams."

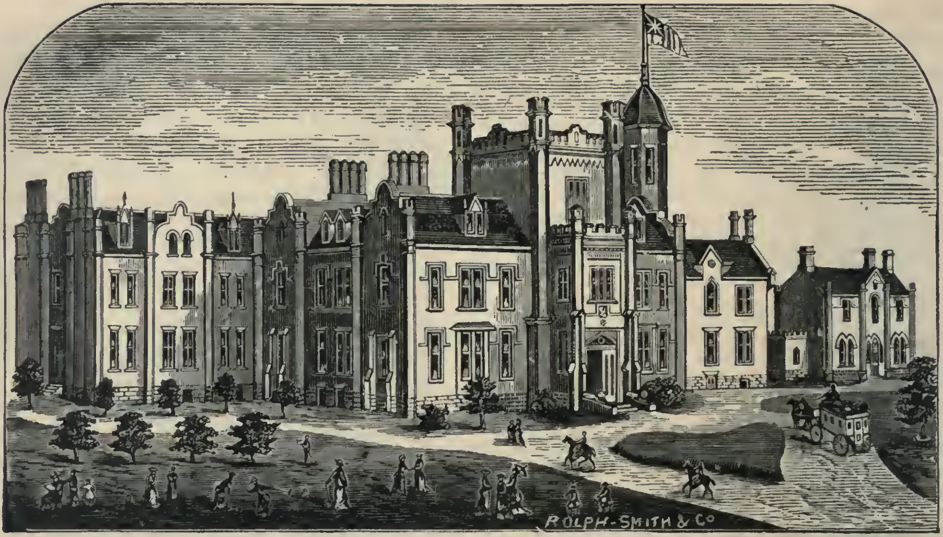
Now, the premier of the Province is made to say:—"There is something in Kootenay that will yet astound the world. It is a magnificent district, and there is untold wealth." What nobler testimony to the hardihood and courage of the first discoverers? What more deserving monument to their memory?

But all prospectors are not successful, and many are the hundreds of brave fellows who have perished by snow-slide and storm, by flood and fire, from accident and starvation, and nothing but their bleached bones, not even these sometimes, are left to mark the place of their demise. Many are the stories which could be narrated of the hardships they endure; let the following, taken from the pages of a local paper, suffice:

"Early in the summer a party of four left Nakusp to prospect in the mountains west of the Arrow lakes. The party consisted of Billy Lynch, H. W. Bucke, B. H. Lee, and Dave Bremner. At the Hot Springs they crossed the Arrow Lake and struck into a country apparently new to the world. They found the topography very rough, crossing the snow lands and glaciers twice, going in a zig-zag course, west and south. In the early part of the trip several deer and a goat were killed. Bremner also shot a grizzly weighing 400 lbs. While the fresh meat lasted they had plenty to eat, but game growing scarce, Bremner and Bucke went back for provisions. When they returned, Lynch and Lee were nearly starved, having eaten nearly everything in sight. Lynch and Bucke then went back for more supplies, intending to get back in 12 days, but it took them a month. No game or anything eatable could be found, and pretty soon Lee and Bremner had nothing left but salt, having lived for several days on a little flour and hot water. Their partners not returning when expected, they started to retrace their steps to Arrow Lake, Lee being terribly used up. Finding a deer hide they had thrown away on the in trip they soon cut it up aud made soup out of it. Bremner's dog had strayed away or else they would have eaten him. Getting a little nearer the lake, they found some bones of the bear killed some weeks previously. These were gathered up, boiled and all the nutriment extracted. Lee became so exhausted that he could not carry his rifle, and Bremner had to pack everything. He was endeavoring to get Lee to a point where he had noticed some nettles, thinking that by boiling them Lee could sustain life until he made an effort to procure assistance. When near the nettles they found Lynch and Bucke returning with provisions. It is needless to say how much they appreciated the first square meal for weeks. Lee was terribly exhausted, and it was with great difficulty that he got to the Hot Springs, where he now is, swollen from head to foot and not able to walk."

It will now be seen that prospecting has its ups and downs as well as other callings, and it is true of it, as of all life, that only a small proportion of those engaged achieve success. If, however, a success is not made by an ordinary mortal in one line of business, he invariably tries another. The prospector never. No matter how many the reverses, he keeps at it, probing and breaking the rocky faces of the silent mountains, ever expecting, yet, perhaps, never succeeding, some day to strike it rich. It must, then, have some peculiar charm which takes so many away to it from peaceful homes. It has!

First, there is its sublime freedom from restraint,—a charm that never fails. Then there is the exciting uncertainty of the gambling table, with all its expectancy of turning up a fortune daily obtainable. These are charms sufficient to lure almost anyone to the life, but especially must it entice such a blind believer in luck, such an inveterate gambler, as the prospector. He will stake his all—yes, his life often—upon the hazard. Who will say he does not deserve to win?



THE MAIN BUILDING.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

BY REV. JOHN F. GERMAN.

THE second half of the eighteenth century had dawned, before girls upon this continent enjoyed opportunities of education, worth naming. Public sentiment practically said, though John is a dunce, and Jane is a genius, yet, because John is a boy, he must be educated, to fit him to become a useful member of society; but Jane being a girl, requires only a very superficial training, such as her dependent position demands.

In 1789, the public schools of Boston were opened to girls, who were given one half-year's instruction in reading, spelling and composition.

In 1825, a high school for girls was established in Boston. After a trial of one year and a half, it was discontinued—as a useless institution.

At length woman awoke to a sense of the injustice done her, and knocked persistently for admission to the higher schools of learning. In 1833, Oberlin College led the way, and permitted young women to join young men in pursuit of the same course of study. Gradually, old prejudices disappeared, and increased privileges were given to women, until during the last twenty-five years, institutions specially adapted to her higher education have been established. In our own Dominion, one of the most thoroughly equipped, and efficient institutions of this character is *Ontario Ladies' College.*

THE BUILDING.

Thirty years ago, the late Sheriff Reynolds erected on a spacious and commanding site, in the town of Whitby, a magnificent, palatial residence of the Elizabethan style of architecture. Its massive, white-brick walls, turreted towers, broad portals, spacious halls, with their variety of recesses, arches and niches; magnificent drawing-rooms, with their rich decorations; broad stairways of carved oak, modelled after the old aristocratic seats of England; chaste and gorgeous stained-glass windows; all combined to make it exceedingly fitting that this magnificent structure should be called *Trafalgar Castle*.

The friends of the higher education of women were exceedingly fortunate in securing such a suitable and well-situated property for their commendable undertaking.

BEGINNING OF THE WORK.

In 1874 Ontario Ladies' College was formally opened by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada.

The Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D., was appointed Principal, and has shown himself to be most efficient and progressive in this responsible position. It has ever been his aim to keep himself abreast of the times, in intellectual culture, and in the adoption of the most approved methods and appliances in educational work. He has been repeatedly called to lecture upon scientific and social subjects at the great summer resorts and centres of intellectual culture, and enjoys the fullest confidence of the Board of Directors, because of the faithful and efficient discharge of his duties.

TRAFALGAR CASTLE.

LADY PRINCIPAL.

For about ten years this Institution was favored in having the services of Miss Adams, as Lady Principal. Her thorough culture, aptness to teach, unostentatious dignity, and sterling character, made her a potent factor in moulding the intellectual and moral characters of the pupils.

For the past four years, Mrs. Hare, wife of the Principal, has filled this important position, with great efficiency and acceptability. Her genial, self-sacrificing spirit gives her a great hold upon the pupils, which she does not fail to use in promoting their best interests. Her lectures upon social conduct and habits are very helpful to the students, while her Christian character, and practical interest in Christian work, broaden the view, and inspire the zeal of all with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Hare is a very capable advocate of social and moral questions upon the public platform, aud is making herself an increasing power for good, in connection with the work of the college.

All the members of the staff are specialists in their respective departments, and by their combined efforts are accomplishing most satisfactory results.

The following are the members of the staff:

Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D., Geology, Psychology, Botany, etc.
Prof. W. J. Greenwood, B.A., Classics and Logic.
Miss Burkholder, B. A., English Literature and Mathematics.
Prof. G. H. Hogarth, B.A., 1st year's Mathematics.
Miss Kenny, B.A., German, French, Anglo-Saxon and Spanish.
Miss Stanton, (1st Class Professional), French and English.
Miss Staples, (2nd Year University), Junior English.
Miss Copeland, (Graduate Per. Am. Cin. Coll.), Book-keeping and Phonography.
Miss Lick, O. M., Elocution and Physical Culture.
Prof. J. W. F. Harrison, Piano and Pipe Organ.
Mrs. Bradley, Vocal Music.
Miss Dallas, B.M., Harmony and Violin.

Miss Wilson, M.L.A., Piano.
Miss Taylor, Piano.
Miss McKee, Vocal Music.
Prof. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A , Painting and Out-door Sketching.
Miss Windeatt, A. R. C. A., Drawing and Painting.
Miss Peterson, Assistant in Drawing.
Miss Kolshorn, Art Needlework.
Capt. Henderson, Horseback Riding.

ENLARGEMENT.

Shortly after the opening of the college, additional accommodation was required, and a new wing, called Ryerson Hall, was erected. Afterwards a detached residence for the Principal was furnished, thereby giving several additional rooms for pupils.

RIDING CLASS.

For several years past, so numerous have been the requests for admission, from young ladies from all parts of the Dominion, and from the United States, that the Board of Directors, led by the Principal, felt that the interests of the college and of the higher education of women demanded that a comprehensive plan of enlargement be undertaken at once. After careful consideration, the Board submitted to the shareholders, who ratified it, the scheme of erecting, to the south of the main building, a wing 100 feet by 60 feet, and three stories high.

This addition would provide a new dining hall, a concert hall with pipe organ, a new science hall, and a large number of first-class rooms for resident pupils. This enlargement will cost about $50,000. Already $38,000 have been subscribed. The local members of the Board, and many citizens of Whitby, have shown commendable liberality in sustaining this undertaking. Many gentlemen, in Toronto and other places, have manifested a practical interest in this movement. Special mention may properly be made of Hart A. Massey, Esq., whose generosity is so well known. He has promised to give $10,000 towards the enterprise when

$40,000 are subscribed. In consideration of this very liberal contribution, it is proposed to call the new building "The Lilian Massey Hall," in memory of the donor's daughter.

TOBOGGANING AT THE ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE.

It is expected the corner stone of the new hall will be laid at the commencement exercises next June.

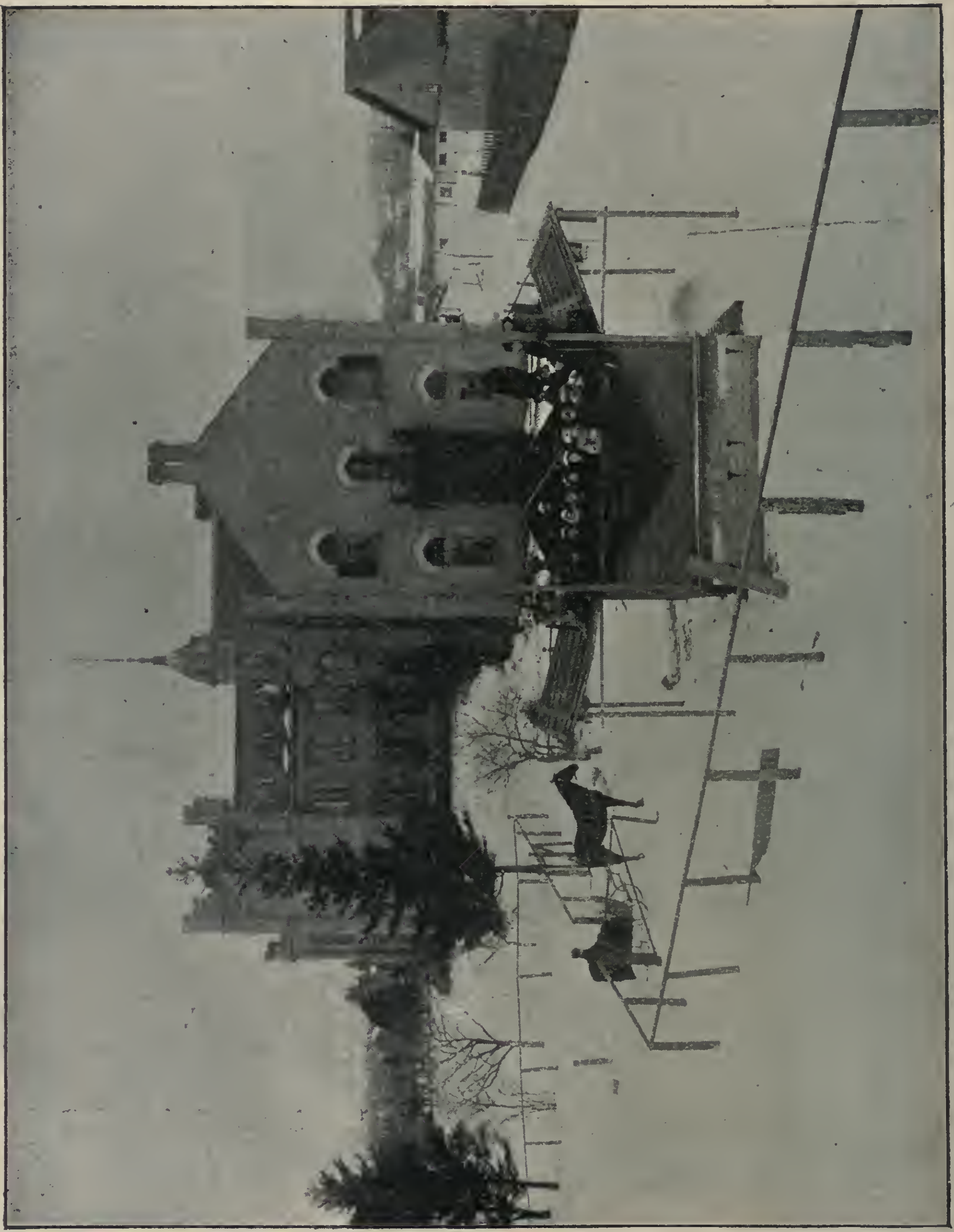
COURSE OF STUDY.

Provision is made for carrying the students through to the non-professional third, second and first-class teacher's certificate; also for university matriculation, and the regular course in Toronto University through the first and second years—with honors in Modern Languages. This course has been successfully taken by several students, some of whom have proceeded to the degree of B.A., in the Provincial University, after two years' attendance.

This course, embracing 3rd, 2nd, and 1st class teachers' certificates, and the first two years of Toronto University, has been most creditably taken in Ontario Ladies' College, where no previous high school training had been enjoyed.

The same high grade and efficiency characterizes the instructions given in music, fine art, elocution, and the commercial branches.

The course of instruction on piano, violin, pipe organ, and in harmony and voice culture, is precisely the same as that given in the Toronto Conservatory, or College of Music. The commercial course is on a par with that of the best business colleges, instruction being given in Phonography, Type-Writing and Telegraphy. It is the aim of the Board, and the ambition of the staff of instructors, to make the training given first-class in every department.



COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

PHYSICAL HEALTH.

Great care is taken to maintain and promote the physical health of the pupils. The location and surroundings of the college are conducive to this. A distinguished specialist from Boston is employed to teach and put into practice the most approved methods of physical culture. A thoroughly equipped gymnasium is in daily use, under the guidance of a competent instructor.

At suitable times provision is made for lawn tennis, croquet, basket ball, tobogganing, horseback riding, etc.

SOCIETIES.

The following societies are connected with the college: 1. The Victorian Society, having for its object the stimulating of its members to the production of original literary and musical compositions. It has also in hand the collecting of a Victorian Library. 2. The Literary and Musical Society, which aims at improvement in composition, literary criticism, elocution and music. Meetings are held weekly, and frequent public entertainments are given in the college chapel. 3. The Missionary Society, which seeks to foster and develop the missionary spirit. 4. The Alumnæ Society, which aims to hold the graduates in close relationship to their *alma mater*. 5. The Christian Endeavor Society, which has for its special object the promotion of the practical religious life of the students.

In the college there is a reading-room well furnished with current literature, and also a library containing many of the standard authors and books of reference. The Literary Society publishes monthly a bright, interesting paper called *The Sunbeam.*

LOCATION.

Ontario Ladies' College enjoys all the advantages for study of a quiet town, while its close proximity to Toronto brings within reach the professional talent for its staff, lecture courses, concerts, etc., which a large city affords. To Toronto is given the chief voice in the management of this institution. George A. Cox, Esq., is president of the Board, and Rev. Dr. Dewart, first vice-president. Amongst the Toronto directors are found Mayor Kennedy, Hon. Chas. Drury, Messrs. R. C. Hamilton, R. J. Score, W. D. Matthews, and Rev. Drs. Potts, Galbraith and Shaw; L. T. Barclay, Esq., second vice-president; Mr. H. B. Taylor, M.A., secretary-treasurer; and Messrs Smith, Wilcox, Rice, Powell and others, resident in Whitby, have from the beginning, shown commendable zeal in promoting the interests of the college.

STAIRWAY.

The supreme aim of the instruction imparted in Ontario Ladies' College, and of the influences brought to bear upon the pupils in the home life of the institution, is not the production of mere accomplishments, but the development of character, and the fitting of the young ladies for the practical duties of life. But, recognizing it to be true that ease and gracefulness of manner are not divorced from intellectual culture and moral worth, the aim is to weld, into perpetual union, beauty and strength, so that in society, and in the church, "our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Ontario Ladies' College seeks to combine thorough and advanced intellectual culture, a strict oversight of physical and moral health, and the confidence, freedom and order of a well-regulated Christian home. Before this institution there is undoubtedly a bright future and a greatly enlarged sphere of usefulness.

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D.,
Principal of Ontario Ladies' College.

GUDVANGEN, ON THE SOGNEFJORD.

GLIMPSES OF NORWAY.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

It so happened that almost the first Norwegian we met was peasant, farmer, fisherman, mountaineer, stolkjaerre driver and reindeer owner, combined. The meeting took place at Veblungsnaes, the end of the great Moldefjord, and the beginning of the famous Romsdal, or valley of the Rauma. The introduction consisted of the holding up of two fingers by the party of the first part, and the responsive salute of the stalwart, light-haired and round-faced Scandinavian standing by his pony and cart, as the crowd of tourists were landed on the little wharf, from the ship's boats.

It was Peder's broad smile that proved the magnet from among a long line of drivers eager to share in the profits of the journey up the valley, and, as we surmised, it only presaged other attractive qualities.

Was there ever a jollier ride, Peder ? Did the sun ever shine quite so cheerfully ? or the birds and the waterfalls, and the rapids, sing more musically ? Did the snow and ice up skyward ever glisten so pure and white ? Did the valley wind ever blow down from Telemarken, and through the Gudsbrandal funnel of rock, more softly ? and did your sure-footed and saucy little nag ever make better time ? If the fish merchant down by the fjord will translate this article for you, you will recall how, though we were halfway down the line when the procession of ponies started, the little gray

"Thor" left them all behind, by the time the top of the first hill was reached. Casting a look back, we saw the rest of the party climbing the ascent more slowly. Then came the miles of level, by the left bank of the salmon-stocked Rauma, winding as it made its way through the bed of the vale, and rounding the granite projections that wedged the river into a fretting narrowness. "Gray days and gold," wrote William Winter of a summer in England. Our day in Peder's vale was gold of gold, with silver in the falls, blue in the sky, white on the mountains, and gray only in the fieldspar of the monster Trolltinderne, towering five thousand feet above our puny selves.

Peder's English equalled our Norsk, and neither equipment would warrant an appointment as professor of languages in the Christiana University, but gesture and smile proved more eloquent than tortured syllables and guttural sounds. Peder, however, made the best possible use of his limited foreign vocabulary:

"I-am-ver'-happy-give-you-thes," as he picked us a cluster of mountain ash berries, or choke-cherries, and we were "ver'-happy" to "swap" them for some of the cloud berries we had bought from a little tow-headed peasant standing by the roadside. After a pause, Peder observed, "You Eenglish?" "No; American." The reply mystified him for a time, as we were the only members of the party from this side of the Atlantic, until he suddenly exclaimed:

A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

"Ah! Amer-aak! you from Amer-aak?" So startling was the news, that for a time he let his 400 kroner pony drive himself. "Amer-aak long! long! long!" and he swung his arms wide apart, as an indication of the great distance of the mysterious world beyond the fjords. "Big farm there, little farm here—ver' big, eh?" Would he ever go there? The question caused a shade to pass over the cheerful face, "No, no, I-poor-man, ver' poor. Too far-far-far" and another slower arm sweep again measured the immeasurable.

THE SEVEN SISTERS' WATERFALL.

But a jerk of the rope lines, and a peculiar whistle, awakened our Dobbin to a renewed sense of his duty, and again we were speeding over the smoothest and hardest of roads, at a rate that caused the two-wheeled stolkjaerre to vibrate like a jaunting car. On the right, the river was hurrying to cover the last stage of its journey from the mountains to the sea; on the left, the waterfalls poured their silvery volumes from lofty heights, and over bold rocks. South and north the great hills walled in the valley—walls of primeval granite, five and six thousand feet high. Ever visible, and ever growing larger as we neared it, the monster peak of the Romsdalhorn—with its clenched fist and upstretched thumb—stood out from the mountain ranks in all its black bulk, a giant among giants, nearly choking the already narrowing gorge, as its feet touched those of its companion across the way—the gray-walled and rock-pinnacled Trolltinderne.

A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

These two monarchs of the Romsdal, dominating the landscape and overshadowing all their fellow-peaks in the great ranges, are totally unlike in color and shape. The Romsdalhorn is clad in a deep black, the Trolltinderne in a light gray. The one lifts a single pyramid toward the sky; the bears on its summits hundreds of other spires, domes and pinnacles of rock. The sides of one slope, though slightly; the walls of the other rise almost perpendicularly from the river's bank.

Both have been the abode of the gods of the Norse from the days of Odin; the space between summits has been spanned and passed by Balder, the white god, and by hundreds of others whose roadway is in the air; the thunder that echoes from peak to peak, is the voice of Thor; the lightning is hurled forth by a mighty hand; the frost and snow are gods, and the whole region of sky-piercing peaks is the haunt and home of a world of colossal deities.

"We--drive--reindeer--when--snow-come," said Peder, slowly and laboriously. "Climb Trolltinderne too," he added, pointing to the far-off crest wrapped in its snow mantle ever since the first flakes fell on its serrated ridges. Through a field-glass we could see the long-antlered reindeer draw their low, long sleds over the ice and snow crust; but Peder lives in the valley during the summer, caring for the little farm when not driving tourists, or doing a little dairying at the saeter on the tops of the lower range of mountains.

A GEACIAL CAVE.

A sharp turn on the road revealed a temporary widening of the valley, making room for a few farms and farmhouses. Peder rolled a loud and long r-r-r-r, and the pony stopped in front of a gate with a suddenness that nearly threw us on his haunches. This was Peder's home where "my ole fadder live, eighty-tree old"—a typical old Norwegian farmhouse, mostly built of logs, and resting on four pyramids of flat stones at each corner, and with a roof covered with earth on which a thick bed of moss and several small shrubs were growing. "You-come-in?" Indeed, we would. The hospitality of a Norwegian peasant is worth going to Norway to experience—so honest, frank and real is it.

A FARM SCENE IN THE ROMSDAL.

Another pile of rough stones formed the entrance steps which led into a small porch, on either side of which were the two rooms that constituted the home of the poor peasant—a kitchen, and a dining, living and sleeping room combined.

Mrs. Peder, surrounded by her "quiver of arrows," each one a duplicate in miniature of father or mother, and just as old-fashioned, was busily engaged in the kitchen, stirring a huge pot of blueberry jam. The samples on the lips of the children were conclusive proof as to the jam. The rude kitchen was floored with rough stone slabs, broken-edged and uneven in surface. From the wooden-raftered ceiling, blackened by the smoke that failed to escape through the hole in the roof, much like the vent in a tepee, hung smoked reindeer and bear hams. The "stove" was nothing more than another stone slab, heated by a fire of twigs underneath. Everything was essentially primitive—the hand-made kitchen utensils, the wooden potato masher (which the Archbishop's son picked up for two kroner for his old curiosity shop), and the old sideboard, shelving and clock. Piled high in a corner were the big thin sheets of fladbrod, or flat-bread, made of barley

THE CITY OF BERGEN.

and rye, much resembling an elephant's ear in size, and which forms the staple article of food of the peasants.

The living room, while severely plain and absolutely unadorned, revealed a cleanliness as marked as the simplicity of its furniture. A bed occupied one corner, the posts (each of which held a candle) just peering above the home-spun coverlet. On the wall, a venerable clock, its pendulum and weights exposed, ticked off the monotonous hours, leaving barely room for a rudely carved side-board and a spinning-wheel. The one table was little more than a carpenter's bench, in the capacious drawers of which were stored sheets of bread, and, in lieu of chairs, a plain deal bench held the diners. Overhead, a small loft, reached by a ladder, led to the children's bunks. A nail in a window panel held the ever-present almanac, and the Lutheran prayer-book, and on a wall bracket a pair of old silver candlesticks strongly tempted our antiquarian hunter. Thus we were cheerfully shown all the poorly circumscribed home contained. Upon leaving we shook hands all around, according to the invariable Norwegian custom. A coin placed in the hand of the oldest boy won not only a double shake, but a shrill cry from a mite of humanity clinging to its mother's skirts. Unpardonable oversight, we had forgotten the baby! Fortunately, an "ore" was left, which silenced the cry, dried the tears, and brought us, in full payment, the heartiest if the littlest of hand-shakes. The last glimpse we had of Peder's parlor was the four-year-old little Viking climbing the ladder and depositing the coin in a savings-bank stocking, suspended from a rafter.

Peder further invited us to his barn; all the numerous members of his family also accepted the invitation. Huge stones prevented the roof from being lifted off when the wind goes careening down the narrow valley at a Tam-o-shanter pace. In one of the mows, the crop of hay had just been brought from its hurdles in the field; in another corner, a pile of leaves and tree branches were stowed away as winter food for the reindeer and sheep. A fanning-mill, evidently the very first one ever built—was sound asleep from non-use. Under the barn were the stalls for the pony and the cattle, and two reindeer sledges were lashed to the ceiling to await next winter's snow on the floor of the valley.

The farmyards and valley meadows were the home of long-tailed sheep, undersized cows, and sturdy little ponies, with the inevitable dog, wearing, in some cases, a pronounced goat-like head, but minus a tail—two effects that gave his dogship a most ludicrous appearance. During the summer months, most of the stock is pastured on the lower mountain tops,—below the snow line, of course.

Looking up from the valley, one can see the saeters, or farm dairies, many hundred feet above. It is asserted that when the stock is driven in the spring to their high altitude pastures, the cows or horses left behind show unmistakable signs of homesickness for their mates, and fret and pine away in consequence.

The reindeer herds are also kept at the saeter pastures. The saeter is in charge of a bevy of farm assistants, including a few dairymaids to assist in the milking and the butter and cheese-making. To convey these products to the valley headquarters, the novel method is adopted of a wire railway—a single wire or rope being strung taut from the mountain to the farm far below, down which the milk is lowered in cans, or the butter and cheese in kegs, while the surplus hay is sent flying in bundles. Driving along the Romsdal or any of the cultivated valleys, these wire ladders line the road, reaching one, two, or three thousand feet high.

It is a pity these gold-letter days of life cannot be extended for a few hours, evening up on the gray days,

A SCENE IN BERGEN.

THE PEAK OF THE ROMSDALHORN.

but this Romsdal day began to close in as its yesterday had, and Thor's head was turned homeward. There lay the picturesque little village—the old warehouses lining the water—the pier, the ships' boats, and our steamer, with smoking funnels, ready to receive its peripatetic crew again. Then came the good-bye time.

"You—come—more—nex'—year? You—ride—with—me? You—tell—more—people—my—name—Peder Unherstan'?"

We understood, and hereby carry out our promise. Creditors permitting, we will return when another day of gold dawns, and when we do, consider yourself, your cart and your pony engaged.

As we sailed down the Romsdalfjord that August evening, a tumble of fleecy clouds from the west, sunset-colored, encircled the peaks and filled up the branching fjords even full. One glance behind, and a black squall swept over the scene, blotting out Veblungnaes and the Romsdalhorn from view until we visit Norway again.

A night's sailing carried us from Molde to Trondhjem—the ancient capital of Norway, where the kings are still required to be crowned in the queer old cathedral. Stretching for miles behind Trondhjem, the valley of the Nid is equal in rural beauty and pastoral picturesqueness to the prettiest part of Southern England. As a contrast to Peder's little farm and homely home in his secluded valley, hemmed in by some of the highest mountains in Central Norway, we visited a more aristocratic farm near Trondhjem. Our driver on this occasion utterly failed to grasp an idea of what we wanted, but, opportunely

HAY MAKING ON HURDLES.

spying a gentleman in a field by the roadside, said, "He Englishman!" He proved to be an English member of parliament, and he recommended us to the Bekker farm, near by. Here, again, a genuine Norwegian hospitality awaited us, though we were perfect strangers. The proprietor was a gentleman of education and culture, and occupies an important position as a government civil engineer. The management of the farm was apparently largely left to his wife—a typical Norwegian lady of goodly proportions, with a face as wholesome as it was strong and cheerful.

A NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE 12TH CENTURY.

The spacious frame farm house was built on a ridge of land from which a magnificent view was had of the city, the adjoining fjord, the fortified island of Monkholm, and of the encircling mountains. In the immediate foreground stretched a charming landscape of well-cultivated farms, tree-lined roads, and white painted farm houses. The Bekker house was thoroughly homelike in its furnishings and arrangements, the chief rooms opening into each other, and the dining or spacious living room facing a large flower garden, and taking in a view of the country for miles around.

Flowers were abundant, not only outside but in the home, indeed, the Norwegians must be a flower-loving people judging by the way their windows are filled with them. Molde was full of color in this way. A wing of the house, forming an L, served a double purpose, the basement being used as a dairy, and the upper story as the quarters for the farm help. Some half score men and as many women are employed all the year. One hundred and fifty acres is the area of land cultivated. Butter and cheese-making formed an important feature of their farm life, a herd of forty cows being pastured.

WATERFALL IN THE NÆRODAL.

The cows and horses are well stabled and cared for during the long and severe winter, the basement of the barn being utilized for stalls. The names of the horses are placed over their cribs, such as "Ajax," "Roen," "Thor," "Jak," and "Frei." The farm servants were busily engaged in hauling in the barley harvest. In the field it was cured by impaling a dozen sheaves on an upright pole and pole and sheaves were hauled in together. The hay is strung on fence-like hurdles where it quickly cures in a few days. In the barn, an old-fashioned horse power was attached to the roof and run on wooden cogs, but modern methods have reached the valley of the Nid, and the old machinery is only a relic of more primitive days.

The farm hands indulge in six meals during the day, commencing with a light breakfast at 6 a.m., followed by a meal at 8.30; a dinner at 11 of meat and fish; another light meal at 4, and a supper at 7.30. Milk dishes form a large part of these various meals. The intervals of work aggregate about ten hours a day.

Everything about the Bekker farm showed thrift, prosperity, and business management; the circumscribed farms of the poor peasants, on the other hand, making a pathetic picture of a hard struggle to maintain life. With but a handful of acres, wrested from Nature, often between the base of a mountain and the deep waters of a fjord, it is little wonder that the Norwegian is also a fisherman to help eke out an existence, or that, with all his inherited courage, strength of character, and self-reliance, he should often give up the battle, and emigrate to our North-West, even though his heart still yearns for the land of the fjord, field and fossen.

One more glimpse of this old Viking land before the pen is laid aside. There is, unfortunately, a contrasting picture to the scenic beauties of Norway, and to the hardy and interesting peasants and their quaint homes and villages. It is also a land of lepers. There are four leper hospitals in the country under Government control. That at Molde—beautiful for situation—contains sixty inmates. Happily, the improved treatment and care of these unfortunates is gradually reducing the total number afflicted. In 1856, there were nearly three thousand lepers in the country; to-day, that number has been reduced to a thousand, of whom one-half are in the Government hospitals, and the other half in their homes. The chief causes are the impoverishment and starvation suffered, especially by the fishermen along the northern coast. coupled with an exclusive fish diet. Cases of absolute starvation in the winter are not at all unknown among this class.

Passing first into the women's ward in the Molde Hospital, twelve or fifteen inmates were engaged in spinning by means of old-fashioned spinning-wheels. It was indeed pitiful to watch their attempts at holding the yarn with the stumps of the fingers. One woman, whose fingers were gone, has never experienced acute pain as a result, but when the vital organs are attacked, and the ears, eyes, nose, or mouth are affected, then, as may well be imagined, the suffering is intense, although Nature offsets it with a boon in a gradual dulling of the senses that seems to deaden pain; in fact, the most advanced cases seem to be in a semi-stupor, as if all the faculties had been dulled. One poor creature has been bed-ridden for twenty five years, and still lives, though hardly a feature was recognizable, and he had to be fed through a tube inserted in the windpipe. Others were too horrible to be seen, and are mercifully kept concealed or covered. The partially afflicted inmates wander about the grounds, and occasionally are taken for an excursion on the lovely fjord.

One of the female inmates had a specially attractive face, and was apparently in full health and vigor, but a glance at the fingers told the sad story that the dread disease had commenced its inroads. One is glad to hasten from such a scene of hopeless suffering, and, if possible, forget it in the wonderful panorama Nature unfolds to the visitor who is fortunate enough to be seeking "Glimpses of Norway."

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION AND THE REMEDIAL ORDER.

BY EDWARD MEEK, BARRISTER.

A REMEDIAL order has been passed by the Dominion Cabinet—the popular name for the committee constitutionally styled "The Queen's Privy Council for Canada," and "the Governor-General in Council." For brevity, we may call this commitee the Dominion Government or simply the Council.

My purpose is to consider briefly the legislation and decisions affecting the Manitoba School controversy—the rights of religious classes and denominations to have separate, dissentient or denominational schools under our constitution, the principles which must govern the consideration of these questions, and the powers and duties of the Dominion Government in relation thereto.

So much has been written, that some may say, "We know all about it," others, "Nothing new can be said."

The prejudiced do not want their opinions disturbed. The interested fear to have their case weakened. The intolerant see only one side. Fanatics will not reason.

All great questions have many aspects; their discussion cannot be exhausted. We each see but a limited landscape. Our views are always from a definite standpoint. No one can observe a scene from every point of view. The same may be said of every great question. It presents different aspects from every standpoint.

The political constitution of a country is a great question. The education of a people is a great question. Religion is a great question. The Manitoba school question embraces all these, hence the Manitoba school question is a great question.

The majority of people have not time to read books on all questions, not even on great questions. They want the pith and substance only. The facts and observations must therefore be compressed.

Here lies the difficulty of the writer. He must compress, and at the same time he must be clear and accurate. He must keep the mental condition of the average reader in mind, and, at the same time, he must omit all details that do not necessarily affect the result.

I shall not say much about education in general, nor about what constitutes education.

The legal and constitutional aspects of the Manitoba school question and of the remedial decision are my principal themes; and yet the duties of the state with regard to education, and the merits and demerits of religious education, will call for some incidental remarks.

First, as to the nature of our political constitution. Much is being said and written about Provincial Rights. Many seem not to know, or to forget, that in Canada, both provincial rights and Dominion rights are limited.

The Dominion of Canada has a written constitution, just as the United States has a written constitution. We have constitutional restrictions on provincial rights, just as they have constitutional restrictions on state rights.

The courts are the interpreters of our constitution and of each of its provisions, just as the courts are the interpreters of the Federal constitution and each of the state constitutions in the United States.

The validity of the Acts, both of the Dominion Parliament and of the

Provincial Legislatures, may be questioned and determined in any of our courts, just as the validity of the Acts of Congress and of the State Legislatures may be questioned and determined in the courts of the United States.

In both countries, the courts may decide an act to be *ultra vires* or unconstitutional. There is the power of disallowance, by the Dominion Government, of provincial legislation; a power which is not possessed by the Federal Government over state legislation; but, in both countries, the courts alone can determine the constitutionality of any legislation. In this respect, the courts are above the legislatures. In this respect, both countries differ from Great Britain. There Parliament is supreme, and the validity of its acts cannot be questioned in any court.

Hence, where any conflict or difficulty in constitutional interpretation arises under our constitution, the courts must decide. The Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council is the final Court of Appeal for the whole British Empire on colonial questions.

I should also add that, as our constitution has been created by Acts of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, it can only be changed, amended or added to (except to the extent to which the power to change or amend its provisions has been conferred on the Dominion Parliament and provincial legislatures respectively) by Imperial legislation. These preliminary observations will help to elucidate what follows.

The Confederation Act of 1867 united the four provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and made provision for the subsequent admission of the other colonies and territories of British North America into the Canadian Confederation. It defined and limited the legislative and governing powers of the Dominion Parliament, and of the provincial legislatures respectively. and Section 93 assigned to the provincial legislatures the *exclusive* power to make laws "in relation to education," but with this restriction, viz., that no provincial legislature shall pass any law prejudicially affecting any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools, *which any class of persons* had by law at the Union.

It seems clear that this is a limitation on the exclusive power conferred, and that any provincial law violating this restriction would be *ultra vires* and void.

But there is a further provision applicable only to "Protestant" and "Roman Catholic" *minorities*, in the provinces—and applicable only where any system of "separate" "or dissentient" schools existed by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province. This provision gives a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council from any provincial act or decision affecting any right or privilege of such minority in relation to education.

It is quite clear from this that any valid provincial act affecting any right or privilege possessed by a Protestant or Roman Catholic minority, in any province, in relation to education, no matter when acquired, may be appealed against.

This clause is not a limitation on the powers conferred on provincial legislatures. Its object is solely to give a right of appeal from the Provincial authority to the Federal authority against provincial educational laws that are *intra vires* and valid, but which may affect the rights or privileges of the minority.

The Confederation Act, therefore, creates, firstly, a limitation on provincial rights, and secondly, gives a right of appeal against provincial acts—in relation to education.

Now, let us consider the Manitoba Act, and find out wherein it differs, if at all, from the Confederation Act.

For convenience, I will place in parallel columns the sections of the Manitoba Act and the corresponding sections of the British North America Act in relation to education:

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA ACT, SEC. 93.	MANITOBA ACT. SEC. 22.
In and for each province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions :—	In and for the province the said legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions :—
(1). Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union.	(1). Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the province at the union.
(3). Where in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the legislature of the province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor General in Council from any act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.	(2). An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of the legislature of the province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.
(4). In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made, or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case may require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of this section and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this section.	(3). In case any such provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of this section and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this section.

The political condition of the North-West Territories prior to the creation of the Province of Manitoba in 1870 need not be mentioned—all are sufficiently familiar with the subject.

The general provisions of the Confederation Act of 1867 were by the Manitoba Act made applicable to that province. But, as one of the provisions of Sec. 93 relates and refers particularly to the educational conditions existing in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec at the time of Confederation, the terms of that section were not appropriate to the new Province of Manitoba. Hence, section 22 of the Manitoba Act was substituted for section 93 of the Confederation Act.

It will be observed that the limitation in relation to *denominational* schools, and the provision giving a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council from Provincial legislation affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority, in relation to education, are embodied in section 22 in language almost identical with that used in Sec. 93 of the Confederation Act. The intention, in both acts, is no doubt, identical.

It will also be observed that the language used in Sec. 22 gives an appeal to the Governor-General in Council from *any* Provincial act or decision affecting *any* right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority, in relation to education.

All that I have said, therefore, with regard to the limitations and restrictions on Provincial legislative powers in relation to education, under the Confederation Act, applies to the Manitoba Legislature, under the Manitoba Act. Its powers are not exclusive or absolute, but strictly limited, and, in some respects, subordinate to the Dominion Parliament.

After the creation of the Province, the Provincial Legislature, by an act passed in 1871, called the Manitoba School Act, established a system of schools under the control of a Board of Education, one-half of whom were to be Protestants, and the other half Catholics; the two sections to meet separately; the Protestants to appoint a Protestant superintendent, the Catholics a Catholic superintendent; each board to select its own text books, relating to morals and religion. In the sections where the Protestants predominated, the schools were to be regarded as Protestant schools; and where the Catholics predominated, Catholic schools. Thus, a double system of public schools was, at the very beginning, created in the Province.

Acts amending this education law, in some respects, were passed in subsequent years; but it is not necessary to refer to them. The Manitoba School Act of 1881 repealed all prior acts, but it re-created and re-established the double system of Protestant and Roman Catholic schools, on the same general lines as the Act of 1871, only that it made the distinction between the Protestant and Roman Catholic schools more marked, by providing that each section of the Board of Education should select all books to be used in the schools under its control, and gave a right to the minority to establish a separate school in any section where the majority already possessed a school.

By virtue of this legislation, Protestant and Roman Catholic schools were created and built up in the province, and the right or privilege of Roman Catholics to have and maintain schools under the direction and control of their church, was not only permitted but legalized. This educational condition continued in the province from 1870 until 1890. The children of 1870 had grown to maturity under its operation, and many had themselves become parents of families.

In the meantime, by reason of the influx of immigration, the population had vastly increased. The great majority of the immigrants were Protestants. An agitation for the abolition of separate or denominational schools had been going on for some time. This agitation was given effect to by the passage by the Manitoba Legislature in 1890, of two acts relating to education. One of these created a Department of Education and an "Advisory Board." The Advisory Board was empowered to authorize text-books, and to prescribe the form of "religious exercises to be used in schools." The other act, termed "The Public Schools' Act," purported to establish a system of public education "entirely non-sectarian" no religious exercises being allowed except those conducted according to the regulations prescribed by the Advisory Board.

The effect of these acts was to do away with all separate and denominational schools as legal establishments, and to create one public school system for the whole province, under the control of a Minister and Department of Education and of an Advisory Board. The Roman Catholic minority were deprived of the legal right of collecting taxes from their own people to support their separate schools, and were compelled to pay taxes in support of the public schools created by the act. Under these circumstances, it became necessary for the minority to consider what course they would adopt. Three courses were open to them.

1st. They could ask the Dominion Government to disallow the acts.

2nd. They could resist the operation of the acts, and thus test their validity in the courts, or,

3rd. They could appeal by petition to the Dominion Government (the Governor-General in Council), under the constitution of the province, for some remedial order.

It must have been apparent from the first that the Dominion Government would not disallow the acts in question, as their operation and effects were entirely local, and confined to the province, and did not interfere with or trench upon the rights or powers of the Federal Government.

If they were to adopt the 3rd course and appeal to the Dominion Government for a remedial order—what would the Dominion Government say? Naturally, they would say to the appellants, "the acts you are appealing against may be *ultra vires* and void; we are not a tribunal constituted to determine such questions—that is the province of the courts. If the courts hold that the acts are of no validity, you are not affected by them. They are only so much waste paper; the previous law is not repealed, and you have no grievance. If, on the other hand, the courts hold the acts to be valid and constitutional, you can then come to us with your appeal, as provided in the Constitution of your province, and we will then hear your petition, and will make such remedial order as the facts and circumstances of the case and as our powers and duties under the Constitution may require us to make.

Governed by these considerations, the aggrieved minority determined to test the validity of the acts complained of in the courts. This could only be done by questioning their constitutionality, and resisting their operation on that ground.

The Public Schools Act of 1890 came into force on the 1st of May of that year. By virtue of its provisions, by-laws were made by the municipal corporation of the City of Winnipeg, under which a rate was to be levied upon Protestant and Roman Catholic ratepayers alike for public school purposes.

An application was thereupon made to the Court of Queen's Bench of Manitoba to quash these by-laws, on the ground that the Public Schools Act of 1890 was *ultra vires* of the Provincial Legislature, inasmuch as it prejudicially affected a right or privilege, with respect to denominational schools, which the Roman Catholics had by law or practice in the province at the union. The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application, being of opinon that the act in question was *intra vires* and, therefore, constitutional and valid. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court of Canada, and an appeal was taken to the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council—the court of final resort on colonial questions for the whole British Empire—where the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada was reversed, and the judgment of the Manitoba Court of Queen's Bench restored. Thus the validity of the Manitoba School Acts of 1890 was finally established. The highest tribunal in the empire had declared them to be *intra vires* and valid. These acts were now indisputably part of the law of the province, and must be obeyed. The test case above referred to is Barrett *vs.* The City of Winnipeg, reported in Vol. 19 of the Canadian Supreme Court Reports, and in Vol. 1 of the Privy Council appeal cases for 1892.

The Roman Catholic minority had, therefore, most undeniably a grievance. The educational rights and privileges which they had legally acquired, and which had been exercised by them for nearly twenty years, had been taken away.

At great expense they had established these facts. One would naturally have supposed that nothing now stood in the way of their appealing to the Governor-General in Council. It was the only legal recourse left to them. Consequently they decided to appeal, and presented their petition to the Dominion Government praying for relief.

Sir John Thompson, the then premier, with the wisdom and solidity of judgment so characteristic of his consummate statesmanship, with the judicial thoroughness and political prudence which so admirably adapted him for the lofty and responsible office which he filled, knowing that the appeal would necessarily result in an interference by the Dominion Government with the legislation which had been deliberately adopted by the Manitoba Legislature, knowing too, that doubts were entertained and would be raised as to the right and power of the Dominion Government to interfere in the matter, and that prejudices and passions would be stirred up by fanatical, bigoted or unscrupulous agitators, if the appeal were entertained before all these doubtful and difficult questions had been fully discussed, carefully considered, and finally settled, determined to submit every question involved in the controversy, affecting the *right* and *duty* of the Government to entertain the appeal in question, to the courts for determination. With this object in view, six questions, covering every possible doubt and difficulty which the most astute mind could suggest, were carefully prepared, and these questions, along with the complainants' petition, the material verifying it, and the statutes bearing upon the matter, were submitted to the Supreme Court of Canada for its consideration, the action of the Government to be governed by the decision. Mr. Ewart, Q.C., represented the petitioners and supported their right to appeal. Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., opposed the petition, contending that by reason of the decision in Barrett *v.* Winnipeg, and under the circumstances of the case, no right of appeal to the Dominion Government existed; that the petitioners had no grievances, the Manitoba Legislature having a right to repeal the educational legislation which it had previously enacted; that every legislative enactment is subject to repeal by the same body which enacts it. This last was one of the principal points discussed by the respective counsel, and by Chief Justice Strong, in his judgment. The Chief Justice and Justices Gwynne and Taschereau, decided against the petitioners, and Justices Fournier and King, in their favor. From this decision of the Supreme Court of Canada, the case was taken to the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council. On the hearing of the case before that tribunal, the Hon. Edward Blake supported the petition in a most elaborate and masterly argument, occupying two days, assisted by Mr. Ewart. Mr. Cozens Hardy and Mr. Haldane, two of the most eminent members of the English Bar, opposed the appeal.

The arguments were concluded on the 13th December, 1894. Judgment was reserved.

On the 29th of January, 1895, the Judicial Committee delivered a most carefully considered and exhaustive judgment, dealing with every conceivable point involved in the controversy, unanimously sustaining the contentions made on behalf of the Roman Catholic minority, establishing their right of appeal to the Dominion Government for such *remedial order* as would meet the grievances of which they complained, and indicating the duty of the Government in reference to such appeal.

All difficulties being now settled and every obstacle removed out of the way, fortified by this final decision of the tribunal of last resort, Mr. Ewart again presented the petition of the Roman Catholic minority to the Federal Government. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was retained by the Manitoba Government to oppose the petition.

Before pursuing the narrative further, it will be necessary to pause and consider the last clause embodied in section 93 of the Confederation Act, and in section 22 of the Manitoba Act. The language of this clause is exactly the same in both sections.

It deals with the powers and duties both of the Dominion Government and of the Dominion Parliament, when such an appeal as this is presented.

The clause contemplates the arising of grievances from two different sources, the "Provincial Legislatures," being one of these sources, and some "Provincial authority," being the other source. Where the thing complained of is a Provincial law, it empowers the Governor-General in Council to direct or request the Provincial Legislature to pass a law remedying the grievance; and where the thing complained of is the act or decision of some "Provincial authority," it empowers the Governor-General in Council to direct or request that provincial authority to do something or to refrain from doing something, so as to remedy the grievance. In either case the action of the Dominion Government must take the form of a remedial decision and request. I do not say that the Dominion Government is obliged to give a remedial decision, and to make a remedial order in every case presented. No doubt the government may refuse the appeal, and may decide against the appellants, just as any court may decide against appellants and refuse an appeal. But, just as it would be a monstrous thing for a court to refuse or dismiss an appeal where the appellant's case is clearly made out, so it would be an iniquitous thing for the government to refuse an appeal of this kind where the appellants have made out a clear case entitling them to relief. There is this distinction between the position and powers of the government, under this part of the constitution, and the powers of an ordinary court. A court can enforce its judgments; the Dominion Government cannot enforce its decision. That power it does not possess. The decision must have been passed upon by the parliament, and confirmed by and embodied in Federal Legislation, before the Federal Executive can enforce it.

The clause provides that in case the remedial decision and request or order is not obeyed by the Provincial Legislature or by the proper Provincial authority, the Parliament of Canada may, as far as the circumstances of each case may require, make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of the section, to the extent of the remedies provided in the remedial order or decision, which has been disobeyed or ignored by the Provincial Legislature or Provincial authority, but only so far as may be necessary for the due execution of the provisions of the section. The Federal Government were placed in this position—the validity of the acts complained of had been established. The effects of these acts upon the Roman Catholic minority had also been established. The right of the complaining minority to petition for relief had been determined in their favor. The provisions of the constitution requiring the Governor-General in Council to hear the appeal, under the circumstances, were, therefore, clear and indisputable.

What was to be the attitude of the Canadian Privy Council under these circumstances? What were its duties and functions? These are the important questions raised on the argument, more important than the appeal itself. Mr. McCarthy contended that the Council was not in any sense a court—that its functions were not judicial; he says, "My object is to show that you cannot be acting judicially." "It is upon political considerations the matter must be determined." "I am not going to say there is not a grievance, I am precluded from that by the judgment." "I hope to show that you are to deal with it as a matter of policy." "My argument is that they cannot re-establish separate schools unless they are convinced that the separate school system is preferable to the public school system." These quotations are sufficient to indicate the line of argument pursued. But I think a fair and unbiassed consideration of the law will lead to the conclusion that these arguments are incorrect. In the words of the constituting statute, the Governor-General in Council may in case of an appeal against provincial school legislation, advise or request the Provincial Legislature to pass any such law as may seem requisite for the due execution of the section relating to education.

The Council have three things to consider and determine, viz., (1) The right or privilege claimed, its nature and extent. (2) The interference, its nature and extent. (3) The remedy to be applied, its nature and extent.

The remedial decision must be such as shall seem necessary and appropriate to meet the circumstances of the case.

These functions are clearly and indisputably judicial functions. There is nothing in the statute indicating or suggesting that party or political considerations are to have any weight or influence with the Council, much less to govern its action in the matter. It is appointed to fulfil a constitutional duty. Like a court, it must hear and decide upon the evidence, and upon the law applicable to the case. The decision can only take the form of a request, but it is none the less a decision or judgment. If the Provincial Legislature chooses to ignore the decision, and to disregard the request, the Council cannot enforce it—that matter remains entirely for Parliament.

Political considerations, no doubt, will influence the action of Parliament, should it become necessary for Parliament to deal with the matter.

If the Council were allowed to act upon political or party considerations, it would be freed from all constitutional restraints, and from all considerations of justice and equity. Surely this could not have been the intention of the framers of the constitution. Clearly the constitution intends that the Council shall assume a disinterested and judicial attitude in dealing with appeals of this kind. There is, therefore, no distinction between its duties and functions and those which devolve upon the ordinary courts of justice.

The other view pressed upon the government during the argument was, that the members of the Council had the right to act upon their own views and opinions of the matter brought before them. If this view were correct, what would be the result? Protestants might petition against Provincial Legislation, and contend that their rights and privileges had been taken away or affected by it. The members of the Council might be all Roman Catholics. If allowed to act upon their own individual views and opinions, they might say to the petitioners, "in our view the abolition of the rights and privileges claimed has been beneficial to the province, and to the nation, the Provincial Legislation complained of is right and salutary, we will, therefore, decline to grant any redress, we will refuse to make any remedial order or request."

Will any sane person contend that this is the meaning and intention of the constitution. The members of the government are not made judges of what education shall be given to the people. They are not made judges of what constitutes education. They have no right to say what religious education shall be taught. They may think the religious education claimed by the minority entirely wrong, and even pernicious, but they have no right to allow their own individual views to influence their decision.

If it is established that the right or privilege claimed legally existed, and that this right or privilege has been affected or taken away, some remedial order or request must be made —and it must be apparent to every unprejudiced mind that the decision and remedial order must be in the direction of restoring to the complain ing minority the rights or privileges of which they have been deprived; or, in case the appeal should be made on behalf of the majority, complaining that extraordinary or improper privileges have been granted to the minority, then the remedial decision and order must be in the direction of taking away or reducing the effect of these privileges within the previous limits. The result is this—Provincial Legislatures may grant separate educational privileges to any sect or class, and they may repeal all such acts, and abolish the privileges so granted, but the class or sect affected will then have the right to appeal to the Governor-General in Council, and on the facts being established, the Council must make a remedial decision of some nature, which, if disobeyed or ignored by the Provincial authority, may be legislated upon and enforced by the Dominion Parliament.

Such is a brief consideration of the proceedings, the litigation and the facts bearing upon the legal and constitutional aspects of the Manitoba school question.

With regard to the duties of the State in relation to education, opinions necessarily differ, but the feeling seems to be gaining ground with all sects and classes, that only those branches of useful knowledge respecting which there can be no differences of opinion, should be taught in the public schools which are under the control and direction of the State, and which are supported to any extent by public money. The majority, however, still think that the education of children should, to some extent, be a religious education, and the very wide differences between Protestants and Catholics, as to what constitutes religious education, had to be provided for, and gave rise to the special provisions in the constitution in relation to it. But the machinery for settling all these matters is quite adequate to meet every emergency, and, wisely applied, it will adjust all difficulties in a fair and satisfactory manner. There should be no prejudices stirred up, no fanaticism, no excitement. This is a free, constitutionally governed country. People should agree to differ; each class should respect the opinions and religious beliefs of others. Changes can only be brought about with the consent of the governed. The coercion of minorities is worse than useless. There must be complete freedom and the widest possible toleration. There should be no hatred by any class of the religion or language of any other class. Canada is evidently destined to be a nation of two languages at least. The loss or suppression of either the French language or the English language would be a calamity to civilization. A nation with two such languages as the English and the French, is far richer intellectually than a nation with only one language. It would be an advantage to all if both languages were taught in all our schools.

I conclude by hoping that what I have said may help a little to elucidate the question, and to allay unreasonable prejudices and passions.

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GLADSTONE'S ODES OF HORACE.

BY E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.

[ποτε λήγεις
Σχέτλιος ἐσσι γεραιέ, σὺ μὲν πόνου οὐ-
* * * * σν δ'ἀμήχανος ἐσσι γεραιέ.
Hom. Iliad X., 164.

" Beshrew thy heart, old man! No labor seems
For thee too hard * * *
Thou dost too much, old man."
Lord Derby's Translation.

HORACE was too sensible to be ignorant of his merits as a poet, and too honest to affect such ignorance. He tells us plainly that he knows his works will survive him, and that his fame as a poet will reach the furthest limits of the known world. This is indeed the argument of the last odes of the second and third books. In the former, he playfully writes that he feels the wings of the immortal bird of song springing from his shoulders, and the down gathering on his fingers, and in the latter, intended at the time as his final song, he breaks out exultingly in a pæan of triumph, when, putting as it were the coping stone on his finished works, he exclaims, "Exegi monumentum ore perennius," ("I have reared a monument more durable than brass,") and in the same ode he adds, "Non omnis moriar," etc., which Gladstone renders:

" Not all of me shall die; my praise
Shall grow and never end."

If the spirit of the poet can look down from the Elysian fields or wherever else it may be, and cares to know what has happened and is happening on this earth, he would see that his anticipations have been more than realized. From the day the stylus of the poet inscribed the lines quoted above, until now, his poems have been the solace and delight of each successive generation of scholars, especially of English scholars, and have been published again and again in every European language, and to-day (what Horace certainly could not have foreseen), he is as great a favorite with the scholars of the New World as with those of the Old; so that one of the former, an enthusiastic admirer and graceful translator of his odes, is justified in writing—

" Now on strong wing through upper air,
Two worlds beneath, the old and new,
The Roman swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew." *

Within the last thirty or forty years several excellent English translations of the Odes have appeared. But his admirers cannot be held in check, and the work still goes on apace; the last translation, the one now under consideration, being by our English political Nestor, the old man eloquent, who in his 85th year has found time (in a brief interval of enforced idleness) to give the world yet another doing into English of the four books of Odes, and the *Carmen Seculare.* While the work affords fresh proof, if such were needed, of the intellectual vigor of the octogenarian author, it will hardly add much to his literary fame. I confess, at least, that I have been not a little disappointed with it. The splendid literary reputation of the author, his wonderful mastery of the English language, which all acknowledge, led one possibly to expect too much, to look, in fact, for a *chef d'œuvre* at his hands. This it certainly is not; indeed, it will not compare favorably with many of the translations which we have had in our hands for years; certainly not with the fine metrical translation by Lord Lytton, the poetical and finished translation of Sir Theodore Martin, the scholarly and faithful one of Professor Conington, nor with that of the American scholar, the friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Osborne Sargent, to whom I have already referred, and least of all with the exquisite renderings of Sir Stephen De Vere, or any of the dozen odes which that accomplished scholar, Goldwin Smith, has translated and published (unfortunately for private circulation only) in his exquisite literary bijou, "Bay Leaves."

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*John Osborne Sargent—Horatian Echoes.

I have long looked on the last ode of the first book, that to his attendant, beginning 'Persicos odi,' as a crucial ode for Horatian translators; partly, no doubt, because Lord Lytton, himself a poet and an accomplished translator of the Odes, pronounced this particular ode untranslatable, and partly because I had myself, in ignorance at the time, let me add, of Lord Lytton's dictum, tried on it my 'prentice hand. Certain it is that this ode, short and simple as it is, has for some reason baffled translators. I turned, therefore, eagerly over the pages of my "Gladstone," to see how this test ode had come out of his hands.

The ode is short, and is, in my judgment, a perfect gem, simple, elegant, and transparent as crystal—an example of Horace at his best.

It is thus translated by Gladstone:

"Off with the Persian gear, I hate it,
Hate the wreaths with limebark bound.
Care not where the latest roses
Linger on the ground.

"Bring me myrtle, nought but myrtle!
Myrtle, boy, will well combine,
Thee attending, me carousing,
'Neath the trellised vine."

This is by no means up to what I expected. There is no finish or elegance about it, no "translation of 'poesie into poesie.'" Why "Linger *on the ground.*" Where else could the roses linger? and what is meant by "combine," in the second verse? How can the myrtle "combine" Horace and his attendant? Surely they are not to be tied together with myrtle. The lines certainly do not convey Horace's idea that the myrtle was equally suitable as a wreath for master and attendant.

If the test ode which I selected was a fair sample of the whole work, I felt that the last literary performance of the Grand Old Man would not add to his reputation, and this is the conclusion to which a careful study of the work has brought me. There are, no doubt, some striking, bold and effective translations, many good ones, and all are marked by what Gladstone considers the matter of most importance—*compression:* so far, at least, as the number of lines and words is concerned—a compression, however, which is occasionally fatal to the meaning. One of the most spirited is the noble ode addressed to a ship, (Book 1, 14):

"O ship! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? hold the port, be stout.
Seest not? thy mast
How rent by stiff south-western blast,

"Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,

Can ill sustain
The fierce and ever fiercer main ;

" Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom yet once thy need might aid
require,
O Pontic pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine,

" Yet race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen
trust.
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

" Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late ;
O shun the seas
That gird these glittering Cyclades."

This fine ode is generally considered a political allegory : but is addressed, I think, not to the Republic, as is generally assumed, but (as Buttman and Lord Lytton contend), to the political party to which Horace had belonged, and with which he had fought, and "in remonstrance against their launching once more into civil war under Sextus Pompeius."

We can imagine the translation being made by Gladstone during one of the great political crises of our history in which he was interested, and of which he might probably have used Virgil's words,

> " Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
> Et quorum pars magna fui."

" These piteous sights 'twas mine to see.
Yea, bear large part therein." *

However that may be, the translator seems fired by the theme, and has certainly given us a vigorous translation. But it surely is not hypercritical to say that the meaning of the third verse is not clear, and the grammatical construction past finding out. Indeed, the author seems to imagine that the "Quidlibet audendi potestas," the chartered privilege of poets, entitles their translators utterly to set at nought, when it suits them, the commonplace rules of grammar. Let us now see Gladstone's translation of the well-known ode to Pyrrha (Book I—V) an ode interesting as being the only one, I think, translated by Milton.

TO PYRRHA.

" What scented stripling, Pyrrha, woes thee
now,
In pleasant grotto, all with roses fair ?
For whom those auburn tresses braidest
thou—
With simple care ?

" Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
His altered gods ; and his unwonted gaze
Shall watch the waters darkening to the
gale
In wild amaze.

" Who, now believing, gloats on golden
charms ;
Who hopes thee ever void, and ever kind;
Nor knows thy changeful heart, nor the
alarms
Of changeful mind.

" For me, let Neptune's temple-wall declare
How, safe escaped, in votive offering,
My dripping garments own, suspended
there,
Him Ocean-King.

This ode was, we are told in a note, first published in 1859, and seems more carefully finished than the majority of the translations, and yet even in this ode there are very many faults. The second verse is certainly obscure, as a writer in the December number of *Blackwood* (put into my hands, when this article was nearly finished), points out. "Ever void" is certainly an incorrect rendering of Horace's "semper vacuam." Pyrrha's lovers did not, he says, hope to find their mistress "ever void," though they probably hoped she would be "vacua"—that is, ready to receive them with open arms when they came : and, after noticing other blemishes and omissions, he truly says, "the declaring Neptune Ocean-King, in the last verse, is a sheer superfluity," and it most certainly is not Horace.

Take next Gladstone's version of the favorite ode to the fountain of

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* The writer is glad of the opportunity to call attention to the scholarly and elegant translation (from which this is taken), of the Æneid by his friend and class-fellow, the late Rev. W. J. Thornhill, M.A., Trin. Coll. Dub.

Bandusia (Book III—13), in the neighborhood of the poet's birthplace:

"O Fountain meet for flowers and wine,
Bandusia, more than mirror bright,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine
Whose forehead augurs love's delight,

"And battles, by the bursting horn;
But vainly: ere the sun be high,
His blood, although so wanton-born,
Thy cooling streams with red shall dye.

"Thee never doth the Dog-Star strike
At fiercest; to plough-wearied ox
Thy cool, refreshing touch alike
Thou lendest, and to ranging flocks.

"Thee, too, with fame my muse shall bless,
Still singing how the ilex bends
O'er the deep-hollowed cave's recess,
From whence thy babbling stream descends."

The translation, especially of the third verse, lacks the simplicity and ease of the original, and I question whether the "plough-wearied ox" or the "ranging flocks" would be satisfied with merely the loan of the "refreshing touch" of the stream. "The touch of a vanished hand" would be about as likely to quench their thirst.

As a whole, the translation is, in my opinion, quite inferior to the renderings of the same ode by any of the translators named in the beginning of this paper. Take Goldwin Smith's.

"Spring of Bandusia, crystal clear,
Worthy this cup of mantling wine.
These votive flowers which now I bear;
To-morrow shall a kid be thine.

"Yon kid, whose horns begin to bud,
And tell how he shall love and fight
In vain! the little wanton's blood
Is doomed to dye thy streamlet bright.

"Midsummer s noon, with scorching ray
Taints not thy virgin wave, and dear
Is its cool draught at close of day
To wandering flock and weary steer.

"Thou, too, shalt be a spring renowned,
If verse of mine can fame bestow
On yonder grot, with holm oak crowned,
From which thy babbling waters flow."

This "crystal clear" translation, to adopt Goldwin Smith's words, and all his other translations, especially his rendering of the ode addressed by Horace to his *cask* (Book III-21), seem to me to be perfect bits of work. While they have the ease and freedom of original poetry, they faithfully reproduce the thoughts and spirit of the author, and are marked at the same time with a finish, a terseness and elegance, and withal a "a curiosa felicitas verborum," (a curious felicity of wording) which Horace himself might envy.

In the early part of this paper I spoke somewhat dubiously as to the whereabouts of Horace in the land of spirits. The matter is set at rest by the article in Blackwood to which I have referred. This being, in fact, a letter addressed to "Maga," signed by Horace himself and dated, "The Elysian Fields, Nov., 1894," what more satisfactory evidence as to his present domicile could one have? Horace in his letter complains of the treatment meted out to him at Gladstone's hands in his translation, which he had no doubt discussed with Homer, Virgil, Dante, and others of his friends and companions in Elysium. He points out innumerable instances in which he has been mistranslated, his sentences broken up and made nonsense of, and many foolish and impertinent things put into his mouth which he had never uttered. He is particularly annoyed with the havoc made with his favorite ode to Dellius (Book II., 3), beginning "Œquam memento rebus in arduis," the third verse of which in the translation has no sense as it stands, and he specially objects to the translation of "Omnes Eodem cogimur," ("All, All, we drive to doom,") whereas the meaning is "We are all forced to go upon the same road."

It would be easy to multiply instances of false, incorrect, and misleading translations; but it would be a tedious and unpleasant task. I shall now note some examples of defective and poor versification. What shall we say to such a line as:

> "It's honeyed fields to Hybla *not*"

or to this:

> "Proud and envied palace *not*"

The "*not*" is needed at the end of the line to rhyme with "spot" in one case, and with "cot" in the other. Or again to this:

> "As quitting earth for food, I so"

or the third line in this verse on the Ode to Augustus (Book 1, 22):

> "Long be thy joyous reign in Rome,
> Late the return to Heaven be won,
> Nor earlier *take thy passage home*,
> Our manners, foul with sin, to shun."

The whole verse is poor, and the third line, referring to the flight of Augustus to Heaven, sets us wondering by what steamer he was going, and hoping, that when "taking his passage," he was not too late to secure a comfortable state-room.

In some of his odes Horace is confessedly obscure, and it is far from easy to trace the sequence of thought throughout the ode. This obscurity is, no doubt, partly due to his marvellous compression, partly to the frequent allusions to persons, places and things, which, while clear as day to his contemporaries, are by no means clear to readers in other countries far removed in time from the author. In the lighter odes there is usually no obscurity. They are transparent and clear as the waters of his own Bandusian fountain. But in his heroic or Dithyiambic lyrics, when, in his own words, the poet "Pindarum studet æmulari," and, striking a louder and bolder note upon his lyre, he would, Pindar-like, sing of gods and kings and battles, then he gives a free rein to his imagination, and in his 'fine frenzy' the thoughts crowd too thickly upon him, and he becomes occasionally obscure. In such cases Gladstone's translation seldom helps the reader. Frequently indeed, his language is involved, and increases the obscurity, and the Horatian scholar who wishes to grasp the meaning of an ode will often be forced to turn from the translation to the original. In justice to Gladstone it should be said that the obscurity in his case may be due, partly at least, to the rigid canon which he lays down "as a special necessity of translation from Horace," —the necessity of compression, Milton and Conington are, he thinks, the only translators of Horace who have appreciated the importance of compression. Conington, however, while he is quite as compressed as Gladstone, is never obscure, and often in his translation throws light on the obscure passages in the original. Gladstone has done wisely, I think, (and it is a pleasure to find something to approve of,) in omitting for the sake of decency some passages in the odes, and in concealing the grossness or indelicacy of other passages, by, as he says in very characteristic language, "words which are a paraphrase in mitigation." But, in this Gladstone has merely followed the example of most recent translators of the Venusian bard.

Looking at the whole work which I have been reviewing it seems to me that it may not be inaptly characterized, as Lord Randolph Churchill characterized the first Home Rule Bill which the author introduced to Parliament, "Gladstone in a hurry:" and the result shews that even a gifted Gladstone cannot hope to dash off *in a hurry* successful translations of the elaborately finished lyrics, 'operosa carmina,' Horace himself calls them, of the great Augustan poet. Like the feat of the poet who Horace tells us, dictated two hundred verses standing on one leg, the performance may be marvellous as an intellectual and physical *tour de force*, but it would not be likely to give us good poetry.

In England the translation we have been dealing with is commonly known as the 'Hawarden Horace.' This becomes, according to the perverse English practice of mispronouncing proper names. the "Harden Horace," and some cruel wag, possibly an irreverent Etonian of Tory lineage, has suggested that it be called the "Hard-on-Horace." The Eton youth has my forgiveness.

A word, in conclusion, in reference to the extract from Homer at the head of this paper. It is, as Homeric scholars will remember, part of a remonstrance addressed by Diomed to the aged Nestor, when the latter was starting on an enterprise which Diomed thought should have been left by him to younger men. It is a pity that some friendly Diomed did not address this remonstrance to our English Nestor (the Greek would have pleased him), to dissuade him from his last literary enterprise.

THE LAKE.

All the golden bars of light
That cold, gray winter hid from sight,
Now falling soft athwart the lake,
Into glittering jewels break.

All the waves that seemed to swoon
To silence 'neath the winter moon,
Now ripple on the lake afar,
And call unto the evening star.

Now the water's whispering,
Sweet as memories of life's spring,
Again breaks sweetly on the air,
Wild as passion—soft as prayer.

It takes the winds upon its breast,
And rocks, and rocks them into rest,
Singing, ever soft and low,
The song that only waters know.

The shimmering pale moonlight,
Parts the mantle of the night;
And when it falls, and lingers there
On its bosom, seems most fair.

Wyndom Browne.

THE RE-ARMAMENT OF THE MILITIA.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES F. WINTER.

Special List, Active Militia of Canada.

THE members of the Canadian Militia, and their friends throughout the Dominion, are at the present awaiting with much anxiety the decision of the Federal Authorities at Ottawa regarding the adoption of a new infantry arm to replace their old friend the "Snider," now left hopelessly in the rear and rendered completely obsolete by the general adoption for military purposes of the new rifles of small calibre

For over a quarter of a century the old Snider rifle (now often irreverently termed the "gas-pipe"), has given Canada good and faithful service, and, though no serious complaints have followed its use under service conditions, in '66, '70 and '85, it is generally conceded and admitted that it is no longer a fit arm for the Force, and that the time has come for the substitution therefor of a modern weapon of precision. The Department of Militia and Defence are agreed that a change should be made, and the present General Officer commanding the Militia has been most energetic in urging the adoption of a new arm; indeed to Major-General Herbert belongs the credit of being the first to practically bring to a head "the consummation so devoutly to be wished," and we now have the gratification of knowing definitely that a change will be made. This decision, however, was reached last year, and, though all important in its way, is now overshadowed by the query which naturally follows it: What particular rifle is to be adopted ?"

To Canada the expense of re-arming her militia is considerable, but to provide for this, as was generally understood, the customary camps of instruction and drill of the rural corps were not held last year, thus saving at least $220,000; and a special vote of $58,600 "for providing modern firearms" was, in addition, granted by Parliament at its last session; so that the plea of "no funds" which has so often done duty to ward off applications for the improvement of our Canadian militia should not be advanced in the present instance. These votes, however, unless expended before the close of the current financial year, will lapse and become unavailable for purposes of re-armament, and friends of the militia will again have to urge and solicit for a re-vote, probably a very difficult thing to obtain under possibly altered fiscal conditions. The present, therefore, is the time to act, and it is hoped that the Department having decided to re-arm may go further and obtain a portion at least of the rifles needed before the fiscal year expires on the 30th of June.

One of the most essential qualifications of an infantry arm for the Canadian Militia is that it should be of the same calibre and take the same cartridge as the rifle in H. M's regular army, so that in the event of our militia being called upon to co-operate with Imperial troops, should the necessity for such arise, no confusion could possibly occur through the supply of two different kinds or sizes of ammunition, such as would very likely happen were the arms of the two forces dissimilar. This has been wisely recognized by General Herbert in the weapon which in Canada will in all probability be long associated with his name—the "Martini--Metford." Two types of this weapon have been received in the Dominion—one, essentially the "Martini-Henry," with barrel bored to a calibre of .303 in., and with the "Metford" rifling—the breech action being the "Martini,"—in other words, a "Martini-Henry" pure and simple, with barrel bored to .303 of an inch, instead of .45 of an inch,—the other, a "M. H." butt, stock and breech action, but with a "Metford" barrel, such as is made for the "Lee-Metford," substituted for "Henry's." Both, of course, are single loaders, and both take the Imperial Lee-Metford regulation cartridge. The first is the arm familiarly known last summer among militiamen as "the General's rifle;" though, to do that gallant officer justice, it is but right to state that this is somewhat of a libel, and that General Herbert desired to see the Canadian Militia equipped with something better than that much abused, converted small-bore.

A number of the first mentioned rifles were distributed to the various shooting centres last summer, but the impressions formed by the great majority of the militiamen were much averse to its adoption for the Force. While, in some instances excellent shooting was made with it (the writer on two successive trials over Queen's ranges made 90 and 91 points respectively, without any previous experience with the rifle whatever) yet the increased weight of the barrel, due to the diminished calibre of .303 in a barrel originally made and intended for a calibre of .45 in., caused the rifle to be excessively heavy and badly balanced, or, as it was commonly called, "top-heavy." The great advantage was the utter absence of recoil, a circumstance heightened by the weight of the rifle, but one which is common to all the low calibre improved small arms of precision.

In the second rifle, *i. e.*, a "M.H." stock and breech, fitted with "Metford" barrel, the disadvantage of excessive barrel weight is obviated by the barrel itself, before boring, being made much lighter than the "Henry" barrel, and the weapon is, of course, as well balanced and handy as any "Martini-Henry." For all practical purposes, as a single-loader, this rifle is equally as good, if not better, as owing to its lightness and easy manipulation, than the "Lee-Metford" itself, and, were the friends of the Canadian Militia content to see the Force armed with a single-loader, the "Martini-Metford proper" would undoubtedly be their choice.

But, should not our Government take higher ground and look further ahead than the mere present? Knowing how vital to our young country is the question of expense, and, judging the future by past experience, it is highly improbable that, once a change of armament is effected, any further change can be expected, except under the most dire necessity, for the next thirty or forty years. Great care should therefore be exercised in the selection of an arm, and nothing short of the best available weapon should be procured, so that the danger of it being rendered obsolete before many years would be avoided.

At present none of the nations of the world are content with a single loading offensive equipment for their defensive forces, and, as appears by the following table, which, through the courtesy of Major Perley, R.L., I am permitted to present, all have adopted rifles with one or other form of magazine attachment:

From this it will be seen that the single-loader as a militay arm has been abandoned; and for military purposes, it is not too much to say that, at the present time, rifles of this type, no matter of what calibre, are now as obsolete as is the old-fashioned single-loading pistol. Who, desirous of obtaining an efficient small arm suitable for personal or house defence, would be content to purchase a single-loading pistol, when, at the same time, he could procure a modern six-shooter, even though the former might take the same cartridge as the latter, and

MODERN SMALL ARMS OF PRECISION ADOPTED BY VARIOUS NATIONS.

NATION.	SYSTEM ADOPTED.	TYPE.	CALIBRE Inches	MUZZLE VELOCITY. Ft. per Sec.	SIGHTED TO YARDS.	NO. OF CARTRIDGES IN MAGAZINE.	WEIGHT OF 100 CARTRIDGES. lbs.
Argentine	Mauser, 1891	Repeater	0.301	2120	....	5	6.20
Austria	Manolicher, 1888	“	.315	2060	2500	5	7.16
Belgium	Mauser, 1889	“	.301	2170	2050	5	6.41
Bulgaria	Mannlicher, 1888	“	.315	2060	2100	5	7 16
China	Lee	“	.330	2000	.	5	
Chili	Mannlicher, 1888	“	.315	2060	2500	5	7 16
Denmark	Krag-Jorgensen, 1889	Cut-off	.315	1770	2000	5	7.00
France	Lebel, 1886	“	.315	2050	2000	8	6.15
France	Berthier, 1891	Repeater	.301	2130	.. .	4	6.30
Germany	Mannlicher, 1888	“	.311	2050	2240	5	6.83
Great Britain	Lee-Metford, 1891	Cut-off	.303	2000	2900	10	6.50
Holland	Mannlicher, 1892	Repeater	.256	2300	.	5	5.43
Italy	Carcano, 1892	“	.256	2320	2100	5	6.00
Japan	Murata, 1887	Cut-off	.315	1850	2187	8	6.69
Portugal	Kropatchek	“	.315	1760	....	8	7.70
Roumania	Mannlicher, 1891	Repeater	.256	2260	....	5	5.43
Russia	Monziin, 1891	“	.300	2100	....	5	6.12
Spain	Mauser, 1891	Cut-off	.295	2050	....	8	....
Servia	Mauser	....	.315	2050	.	5	....
Switzerland	Schmidt, 1889	Cut-off	.295	1920	2100	12	6.53
Sweden	Krag-Jorgensen	....	.315	2100	....	8	....
Turkey	Mauser 1890	Repeater	.301	2100	....	5	6.24
United States Army	Krag-Jorgensen, 1892	Cut-off	.300	2000	....	5	5.86
United States Navy	“		.236	2400	.	not yet decided.	....
Militia of Canada	Snider-Enfield	Single-Loader	.577	1100	900	none.	10.54

be equally effective for single discharges? Why, no one who was desirous of obtaining the best weapon, would do so, and it would undoubtedly be considered that any difference in cost was more than outweighed by the increased rapid-fire facilities of the revolver. This, then, is exactly the position taken by the friends of the militia. "Now that a change of arms is to be made, *give us the best.*"

As to that best, I believe there can be but one opinion—the Lee-Metford magazine rifle should be the one adopted—the same as that now used by the Imperial troops, and with which eleven shots can be fired rapidly without once taking the piece from the shoulder. Exhaustive trials were made by the home authorities, prior to its adoption by the British Services, and three or four years' usage by troops at home and abroad have confirmed the good opinions of the experts engaged in testing its practical qualifications. It is true that our cousins to the south of us claim that in the "Krag-Jorgensen" they have an arm somewhat better than the "Lee-Metford," but the two weapons are so closely allied in calibre and shooting power, that no great apprehension need be felt on that score. The "Lee's" magazine contains ten cartridges to the "Krag's" five, and it is quite possible that with a slightly improved cartridge for the "Lee," it could be made to shoot as "wicked" as any other weapon in existence.

The fact that in the very exhaustive trials made by the U. S. Ordnance Board is 1892-93 for the selection of a new rifle for the U. S. Army, and in which thirty of the best improved modern rifles of the world began the tests, but three finally survived, and of these the British "Lee-Metford" was one,* should be a very fair guarantee of its excellence as a military arm. The "Lee-Metford" Cavalry Carbine—a seven-shot repeater,—has already been adopted by our North-West Mounted Police, and the leader of our House of Commons (Hon. G. E. Foster), paid a tribute to its excellence in replying to a question in the House a few days ago. He stated that the arming of the Force with "Lee-Metfords" had so increased its efficiency and power that a reduction in the number of men and horses could now safely be made, with a consequent decrease in expenditure to the Dominion. The same increase in power and efficiency would result in our Militia were they equipped with the "Lee-Metford" infantry arm.

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* Known in the trials as the "Lee-Speed," though virtually and practically the "Lee-Metford."

Of course, the "Lee-Metford" costs more, much more than the converted Martini, or the "Martini-Metford" proper. The figures given by the Militia Department, are, we understand, £4 10s. 2d. for the former, and £2 11s. 10d. for the latter, the low price of the converted arm, presumably being due to the small value placed upon the "Martini" breech-action, butt, and stock; those rifles being now, to the British Government, since the adoption of the "Lee-Metford," so much depreciated stock on hand.

Mr. Rigby, Supt. of the Small Arms Factory at Enfield, gives the actual cost of the new "Lee-Metford" as £3 12s. 5d. or $17.62 in our currency. This is a very cheap figure for an improved modern magazine arm, especially when we consider that the Department at Ottawa still places the original value of $15.20 upon the long, and $18.52 upon the short Snider rifle with which our battalions are armed, and captains of companies unfortunate enough to lose or mislay rifles belonging to their command are still religiously charged for them at the above rates,—this, too, quite irrespective of thirty years wear and tear, and the fact that now, owing to improvements in small arms generally, they are really worth, as a military rifle, but little more than old iron! Taking these figures into consideration, the cost of the "Lee-Metfords" is not the bug-bear some would make it, as, after all, their cost would be not greatly in excess of what was originally paid for our old Sniders.

The great merit of the new small calibres are, undoubtedly, their ready adaptability to the chief requirements of rapid-fire, magazine rifles, causing, as they do, a much greater consumption of cartridges than formerly, and necessitating a ready supply of ammunition greatly in excess of that hitherto carried upon his person by the soldier in the field, and in the reserve trains in his immediate vicinity.

A reference to the last column in the table I have given shows the great saving in weight effected by the adoption of the small calibre arms. Whereas 100 Snider cartridges, as carried by our Militia, weigh 10.54 lbs., the same number of cartridges for the "Lee-Metford," weigh but 6½ lbs. In other words, a soldier with the "Lee-Metford," and carrying the same weight of ammunition as our militiaman, would have 162 cartridges in his pouches, to our 100. With the "Krag-Jorgensen," the difference is even greater; bearing the same weight, the U. S. soldier could carry 180 rounds to the Canadian's 100, and, besides, there are the greater power and effectiveness of the foreign weapon, and the advantages of its magazine attachment to be considered in addition.

One very great advantage a magazine arm certainly has over a single loader, even though the latter be of the very same calibre and power for single discharges as the former, is the moral support it gives men to have in their hands an arm on which they can rely for rapid work, at a critical moment when heavy concentrated fire may be of the utmost value and necessity. We well know the uncomfortable feeling that prevailed in 1885, both among our volunteers in the field and their friends at home, when it was known that the Rebels were largely armed with Winchester repeaters, as against our Sniders, and though the writer by no means venerates the former, nor despises the latter for its services in the North-west, still, the fact of his weapon of offence being a magazine one, gives wonderful confidence to the man behind it. I believe it would be perfectly idle, were a Canadian force called upon to meet one armed, say with the "Krag-Jorgensen," to endeavor to restore the lack of confidence that would be felt, by assuring the militiamen that their weapon (we will presume the "Martini-Metford,") shot just as strongly, and was just as powerful and effective as that of their opponents. It would not do—nothing would do but the repeating rifle itself, in such a case.

In his own experience the writer has a very vivid recollection of a practical example of magazine fire versus that of a single-loader. Lying behind a Snider, in the skirmish line, upon a hillside in our North-West in '85, opposing some Half-breeds and Indians armed with "Winchesters" and concealed in the scrub some 150 or 200 yards away, it was remarkable how quickly one got the impression, after a series of rapid shots in quick succession from the scrub, that we were opposed by a force greatly outnumbering our own—they fired so much more frequently than we could that of course we felt the men must be there to correspond, and, as Kipling says, "Is is bad when the skirmish line feels thusly." So it can easily be seen what a great advantage it is to have a good magazine arm, and that a small body of men armed with repeating rifles might easily be a match for a much larger party having single-loaders only.

It seems beyond argument that the tendency of the times, in conjunction with the adoption of a repeating small arm for military purposes, points to an expected advantage to be derived from great rapidity and concentration of fire, such as up to the present time has not been obtained from the single loader; else why have all the nations gone to the great expense of rapid-fire guns and magazine rifles? Exhaustive and expensive trials have been made. The detailed results of most of these are accessible to our authorities, and we know that so far the practical result has been the adoption of the magazine rifle with cut-off system for the armed forces of the Great Powers. By "cut-off" is meant an attachment whereby the rifle can at will, and instantly, be utilized as a single-loader, or for rapid magazine fire, by the simple movement of a small door or shutter, which cuts-off, or permits at will, the cartridges to be forced up in position for firing by the spring in the magazine. This is the case with the "Lee-Metford." With the shutter closed, it would ordinarily be used as a single loader, the ten cartridges in the magazine being held as a reserve for that critical moment which comes some time in all conflicts of armed humanity. Then, a rapid concentrated fire directed on the danger point, and making it impossible for men to live, becomes the great desideratum of the anxious officer charged with the conduct of affairs.

Could this be accomplished against a civilized and highly armed foe by anything less than rapid fire guns and magazine rifles? We doubt very much if single-loaders would answer in this case against an enemy armed with magazines, though I admit the efficacy of the single loading "Martini-Henry" in the very ugly affair of McNeil's Zereba, Soudan, 1885, and also at Abu-Klea, though at this latter fight the enemy actually drove in and penetrated one side of the British square, notwithstanding the withering fire of the Martinis. This could hardly have been possible had our men then had the "Lee-Metford," but would have been equally possible had they had the "Martini-Metford," such as is now advocated for the Canadian Militia. It may be perfectly true that for a stated given time, say two or three minutes' steady continuous firing, the single-loading Martini can be fired as often as the "Lee-Metford," the latter losing time by the refilling of the magazines; but this is overcome by the fact that the soldier with the "Lee-Metford" carries several filled magazines, which are easily and quickly substituted for those depleted. Then, again, the extremely critical moment in modern actions cannot now last long, and one or two magazines emptied in rapid fire will in all probability be sufficient. Fancy the effect of magazine rapid fire from a thousand men armed with "Lee-Metfords" upon an enemy advancing into view from behind obstructions, say five or six hundred yards away (or for the matter of that, at any distance from them), or when the commanding officer deems the situation critical and one calling for rapid fire. In a few moments close upon ten thousand shots have been fired in rapid volleys; a few movements of the wrist and fingers, another magazine ready filled is fitted, and another ten thousand is launched forth if necessary; and so on until all the filled magazines carried by the soldiers are exhausted; but, before this occurs I imagine the critical stage, as far as regards that particular attacking party, will have passed. No single-loader could accomplish results like this, and it is to provide for these critical moments, on which the fate of whole campaigns may hang, that the adoption of the magazine principle in nearly all the armies of the world, has been brought about.

Unfortunately the Martini breech-action of the proposed "Martini-Metford" is not such as can be easily utilized for the requirements of a magazine arm, the downward action of the lever being only applicable to a tubular magazine under the barrel, like the "Winchester," or in the stock and butt after the "Spencer" system, both of which are not now thought well of for military purposes, on account of the defects in balance, and liability to accidental explosion of the cartridges while in the magazine. Both these defects, however, are obviated in the "Lee-Metford" central magazine system. But, even if some magazine attachment in time of need may yet be applied to the "Martini-Metford," is it not quite probable that the cost of conversion will make the completed arm, in the long run, much more expensive than the "Lee-Metford," with its excellent magazine, would be now?

Many claim it to be unwise to get these new rifles with cartridges of high power, because we have not rifle ranges suitable for them, and urge this as good ground for their rejection. This certainly should be the very last reason advanced in Canada, where, if one may say it, we are almost noted for our open spaces. When thickly settled older countries, with real estate "away up" to what it is in the Dominion, can find ranges suitable for the new arm, no insurmountable difficulty should be experienced in Canada in doing likewise.

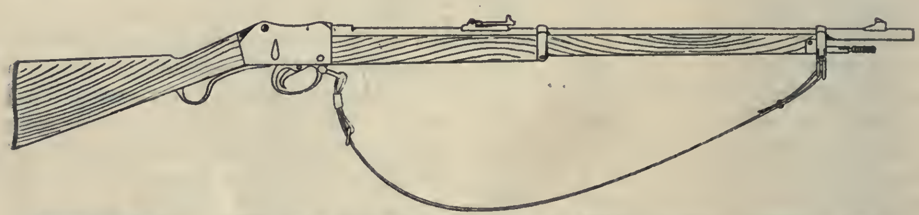
A stock argument used against the adoption of a magazine arm for Canada is, that it is not suitable for our volunteers, and that "it is too complicated for, and, in fact, utterly beyond, our rural militia." No greater libel could, we think, be advanced against Young Canada. Surely, our young fellows are as intelligent, as handy, and as quick in picking up anything, as are Russian moujiks, Bulgarian conscripts, Italian peasants, Turks and Chinese and other foreign levies, all of whom are entrusted with magazine arms. Large numbers of our youth already are familiar with the Winchester sporting repeating rifle. In towns, they work every day, many of them, about the most delicate and complicated machinery, electrical and other. In the country, steam-threshers, self-binding reapers, mowers, and all the modern labor-saving conveniences of the farm, long since gave up their secrets to the Canadian plough-boy. In the majority of foreign lands, no such surroundings have educated the youth of the country to a ready grasp of the modern improvements in all the accessories of civilized life, but still they are entrusted with magazine rifles of the most improved type. Yet it is gravely stated, in some quarters, that such a weapon would be "rather beyond" our boys!

Again, we are told that the "Lee-Metford" itself will soon be superseded in the British Imperial Services by another improved arm. This may be perfectly true—there can be no finality in any arm or implement in this age of progress and invention; but this equally applies to almost all things, and not only to rifles and armament. The Canadian Militia have now been waiting for twenty years for an improved rifle. If we keep on always waiting for the very best before buying, it is most probable we will never have a serviceable rifle at all. Already, improvements are reported on the "Lee-Metford" and "Krag-Jorgensen"—not so much in the velocity and range of their projectiles, as in the ability to obtain more rapid fire, and the perfection of the mechanism of the magazine attachment. Captain Cei, an Italian officer, is reported to have recently invented a rifle which permits the utilization of twenty cartridges in the magazine without change of position—the firing after the first shot being performed automatically, evidently something after Maxim's principle. Upon the occasion of a recent test, it is said twenty shots were delivered in two seconds, and all the bullets struck the object aimed at!

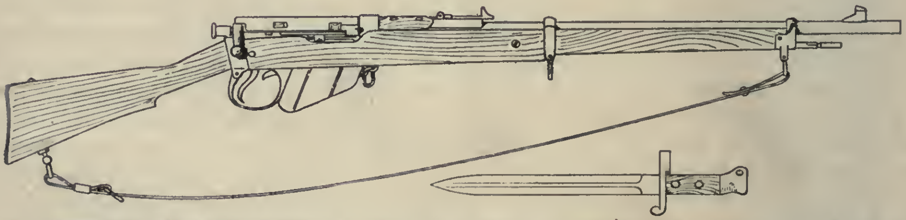
This, however, but emphasizes the propriety of Canada obtaining a magazine arm. Whatever changes or improvements take place, the magazine principle has come to stay, and for military purposes the single-loader, of whatever calibre, is already a "back number." Indians in the West will not purchase a single-loading rifle if by hook or by crook they can obtain a "Winchester," and Cuban advices during the past winter tell us that the insurgents there will now scarcely take a single-loader as a gift—nothing but a "Winchester," "Mauser," "Spencer," or "Mannlicher," will answer their modern taste in this line. Surely Canada should not invest in a class of weapons for her national forces which these people unhesitatingly reject.

The whole question, however, can be covered in a few words. The Government, it is understood, is willing to provide a new rifle for the Militia. It is highly desirable that the calibre of that rifle should be the same as that used by the Imperial troops. Money is to be expended in the purchase of arms. Should not Canadians expect that it should be expended to the best advantage, and that the best weapon available should be procured? Even if the cost is more, let it be spread over a greater period, and let the arms be procured gradually. As single loaders, the "Martini-Metford" and "Lee-Metford" are identical, but the great advantage of the magazine attachment in the latter renders that rifle, in the opinion of the writer, incomparably the better.

Many well-meaning people will doubtless say, "Why all this talk about rifles? Why expend any money at all for such a purpose? Our present rifles are good enough for all the trouble we will ever have in Canada." Very likely, but circumstances and conditions have changed of late, and we should nationally keep up with the times, just as we try to do so individually. Expenditures on the Militia are, and should be, regarded simply as premiums paid for insurance upon our national belongings. What wise Canadian will be content to remain without adequate insurance upon his property and valuables against fire originating from within, or the devastating holocaust that may come upon him from without? So it is with the cost of the Dominion's Militia—the re-armament of which is now a question of all-absorbing interest to the members and friends of the force, and ought so to be to every citizen of Canada. The cost will be but a very small premium indeed upon the glorious heritage left us by our fathers. At present that heritage is virtually defenceless—the spirit of our sires and the brawn of their sons are still here as of yore, but the tools put in their hands are decidedly inferior. It is truly time that something should be done, and should not that something be the best improved arm of the day, combining in itself all the advantages of the modern small-arm of precision? Canada should rest satisfied with nothing short of this, and in time, the writer believes, would find the cost of it to be money well expended. Give us the "Lee-Metford."



"Martini-Metford" Rifle proposed for the Canadian Militia,—calibre, ·303 in., single loader; uses same cartridges as "Lee-Metford."



"Lee-Metford" Magazine Rifle, as adopted and now used by British Imperial Regular Services,—calibre, ·303 in., 10 cartridges in magazine, takes a cordite cartridge with nickel-coated projectile, sighted for 2900 yards—muzzle velocity, 2000 feet per second.

(Drawings kindly furnished by Capt. C. F. Cox, Dept. of Marine and Fisheries Engineers' Branch.)

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

THE earliest historical record of the grant of Parliamentary representation to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will be found in the Parliamentary writs of election issued in 1300 by Edward I., who has been deservedly styled the English Justinian. The king was eminently a wise and politic ruler; and it is to him, more than any of the earlier sovereigns, the people of England, and the various communities of British origin, are indebted for an intelligent evolution of the principles of English law, and the enactment and improvement of statutes regulating civil and commercial jurisprudence. (*a*)

The writs of election referred to not only granted the privilege of Parliamentary representation to the Universities, but they also indicated the sovereign's appreciation of University-educated lawyers, and his desire to have their counsel and assistance in the deliberations of Parliament. The phraseology of the writs was exceptional; they were directed to each of the Chancellors, and were specially intituled *De mittendo jurisperitos ad Parliamentum;* and, after reciting the King's desire to have a special conference and discussion with "men learned in the law," and others of his Council, on the rights of dominion appertaining to the English Crown in the kingdom of Scotland, they commanded each Chancellor and his University to choose and send four or five from Oxford, and two or three from Cambridge, of their most discreet and most experienced University men, "learned in the written law," to meet the King in Parliament, at Lincoln, on the octave of Hilary, in order to advise with the the King and Council. (*b*)

The permanent grant of Parliamentary representation to these Universities was conceded in 1603, when James I., by Royal Charter, granted the privilege to the Chancellor, masters, and scholars of each of the Universities, to elect and return two members to represent them in Parliament.

Blackstone says that this privilege was granted so that the two University members should "serve for those students, who, though useful members of the community, were neither concerned in the landed nor the trading interests; and to protect, in the Legislature, the republic of letters." (*c*)

The king's grant of 1603 indicated the reasons for conferring this privilege on the Universities, by the following recital:—"As in the colleges of our University there are many statutes, constitutions, etc.; and, as in past times, and especially of late, many statutes and acts of Parliament have been made concerning them, it therefore appears to us worth while, and necessary, that the said University should have burgesses of its own in Parliament, who, from time to time, may make known to the Supreme Court of Parliament the true state of that University, so that no statute or act may offer any prejudice or injury to them, or any of them severally, without just and due notice." (*d*)

The University of Dublin obtained the privilege of sending two members to the Parliament of Ireland in 1613, and enjoyed it until the Union in 1800, when the representation was

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(a) Foss's Judges of England, v. 3, p. 48; Stubbs's Constitutional History of England, v. 2, p. 199.

(b) Parliamentary Writs, v. I., pp. 49 and 91; Rymer's Fœdera, v. I., pt. 2, p. 924.

(c) Blackstone's Commentaries, v. I., p. 174.

(d) Dyer's History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge, v. I, p. 135.

limited to one member. In 1832, the representation was restored to the original number of two members.

In 1867, Parliamentary representation was granted to the University of London; and, in 1868, to the Universities of Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

Before referring to Canadian University representation, it may be proper to give a short historical sketch of the proceedings taken with reference to the establishment of a University in Upper Canada. The earliest reference to such a University will be found in a letter written a century ago (1795) by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe to the Bishop of Quebec, in which he suggested the establishment of a University for Upper Canada, "which might, in due progress, acquire such a high character, as to become the place of education to many persons beyond the extent of the King's dominions," which prophecy it has fully realized. The following year he brought the matter before the Imperial Government in a despatch to the Colonial Secretary, dated the 20th July, 1796, in which he recommended appropriations of Crown lands for "the erection of an University, from which, more than any other source or circumstance whatever, an attachment to His Majesty, morality, and religion, will be fostered and take root throughout the whole Province."

During the following year, apparently under the inspiration of Governor Simcoe, a joint address from both Houses of the Legislature was presented to the King, praying that a certain portion of the wild lands of the Crown should be appropriated to form a fund "for the establishment of a respectable grammar school in each district, and also of a College or University, where the youth of the country might be enabled to perfect themselves in the different branches of liberal knowledge."

In answer to this address, the Imperial authorities directed Mr. President Russell, the acting Lieutenant-Governor, to consult the Executive Council, Judges, and Law Officers of the Crown, and to report in what manner, and to what extent, a portion of the Crown lands might be appropriated for the establishment of free grammar schools and a University.

The Executive Council reported that 500,000 acres of the waste lands of the Crown should be set apart for the educational purposes indicated; and they recommended that if the proposed appropriation should be found insufficient, "a similar selection should be made from the Crown Reserves," or leased lands of the Crown. In accordance with these recommendations, 549,217 acres of the Crown domain was reserved for the educational purposes above specified.

The report further stated: "We are equally unanimous in considering the town of York (now Toronto) as entitled to the University, both as being the seat of the Executive Government, the Legislature, and the Courts of Justice, and as being by far the most convenient spot in the Province for all general purposes; its situation being nearly central, and besides its accessibility by water, the proposed high roads from one end of the Province to the other being necessarily to pass near it, or through it."

The address and report seem to have exhausted the Legislative and Executive interest in University education for a time; and nearly a generation passed before the question again became a factor in the practical politics of Upper Canada. An effort was made in 1817 to establish a college, but, though the Bill passed the Legislative Council, it was defeated in the Assembly. It was not until the administration of Lieutenant-Governor Sir Peregrine Maitland that the subject of University education revived; and it is to him, more than to any other Governor, we are indebted for the establishment and endowment of our present University.

During the second session (1819), after his arrival as Lieutenant-Governor, he sent a message to both Houses, transmitting a petition in favor of increased representation in the House of Assembly, and recommending for their consideration "the propriety of providing for a distinct representation of the contemplated University, when founded, in conformity with the established practice in the mother country." (*e*)

The House adopted a resolution that it was expedient and proper to provide for the representation of the contemplated University in Parliament. A Bill was thereupon introduced and passed through all its stages in the Assembly, entitled "An Act to increase the representation of the Commons and University of this Province in the House of Assembly;" but was so amended by the Legislative Council as to necessitate a conference between the Houses. Before the conference could be held, Parliament was prorogued, and the Bill was dropped.

During the session of 1820, the Bill was re-introduced and passed by both Houses, in which the principle of "Representation by Population" was affirmed, by providing that each county containing 1,000 inhabitants should be represented by one member, and also providing for the election of a member for the University in the following section:

"IV. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that whenever an University shall be organized and in operation as a seminary of learning in this Province, and in conformity to the rules and statutes of similar institutions in Great Britain, it shall be lawful for the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or person administering the government of this Province, for the time being, to declare by proclamation the tract of land appendant to such University, and whereupon the same is situated, to be a town or township, by such name as to him shall seem best; and that such town or township so constituted, shall be represented by one member. Provided always, nevertheless, that no person shall be permitted to vote at any such election for a member to represent the said University in Parliament, who, besides the qualification now by law required, shall not also be entitled to vote in the Convocation of the said University."*(f)*

At the time this Act was passed, the persons qualified to vote at elections in "towns," as prescribed by the Constitutional Act of 1791, were British subjects, of the full age of 21 years, who were possessed as (1) owners of dwelling houses, or lots held in freehold, or by virtue of the Governor's certificate, of the yearly value of £5 sterling; or were (2) tenants, residents of the town for twelve months before the election, and who had paid a year's rental of £10 sterling per annum. *(g)*

The electoral franchise prescribed for voters in counties was: Owners of lands held in freehold, or by virtue of the Governor's certificate, of the yearly value of 40s. sterling. It would have been difficult to have made either franchise applicable to the members of the University Convocation, so as to entitle them to vote at Parliamentary elections.

It was not until 1827 that the Royal Charter, establishing the University under the title of "King's College," was granted by the Crown, in which the qualifications of members of the University Convocation were prescribed as follows:

"And we do further will, direct, and ordain, that the Chancellor, President, and Professors of our said College, and all persons admitted therein, to the degree of Master of Arts, or to any degree in Divinity, Law, or Medicine, and who, from the time of such their

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(e) Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada by Dr. J. George Hodgins, v. I., pp. 138 and 145.

(f) The Act appeared in the Statute Book as 60 George III; but should have been 1 George IV, c. 2, as George III had died before it was passed.

(g) 31 George III, c. 31, s 20. (Imp.) See also U. C. Acts 40 George III, c. 3, and 4 George IV. c. 3.

admission to such degree, shall pay the annual sum of 20s. sterling money, for and toward the support and maintenance of the said college, shall be deemed taken, and reputed to be members of the Convocation of the said University, and, as such members of the said Convocation, shall have, exercise, and enjoy all such and the like privileges as are enjoyed by the members of the Convocation of our University of Oxford, so far as the same are capable of being had and enjoyed, by virtue of these our letters patent, and consistently with the provisions thereof." *(h)*

The University Park property was purchased in 1828 from Chief Justice Powell, Judge D'Arcy Boulton, and the Hon. John Elmsley, consisting of northern halves of Park lots 11, 12, and 13, in the then township of York (now Toronto), containing about 156 acres; from Chief Justice Powell, and the Hon. J. B. Robinson, the Queen Street Avenue, and from the Hon. John Elmsley, the Yonge Street Avenue (the two avenues containing about 16 acres), for the site of the proposed University buildings, at the cost, as estimated by the University Commissioners of 1851, of about $59,440, and which, if the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor had issued under the Act of 1820, would have been constituted the University electoral district for Parliamentary purposes.

The constitutionality of the University Representation Act of 1820 was sharply criticised in a Report of a Committee of the House of Assembly in 1828, as follows:

" As to the right of the University to elect a member of the House of Assembly, the Committee would remark that there is no law which gives, or (consistently with the Imperial Act, 31 Geo. 3, c. 31, commonly called our Constitutional Act), can give, the right of representation to an University or any other corporation. By that Act the Province was to be divided into districts, counties, circles, towns or townships, for the purpose of electing members of the House of Assembly, which was to be composed and constituted in the manner therein mentioned; that is, among other things, of persons chosen to represent some of these divisions. The qualifications prescribed for voters in districts, counties, and circles, differs from those prescribed for voters in towns. In the former, each voter must be possessed, for his own use and benefit, of lands and tenements in such county, etc., held in freehold, fief, roture, or by certificate derived under the authority of the Governor and Council of the Province of Quebec, of the yearly value of 40s. sterling, or upwards, over and above all rents and charges payable, out of or in respect of the same. In the latter, each voter must be possessed for his own use or benefit of a dwelling-house and lot of ground held in like manner, of the yearly value of £5, or upwards, or must have been resident within the said town or township for the space of 12 calendar months, next before the date of the writ of summons for the election; and must *bona fide* have paid one year's rent for the dwelling-house in which he shall have so resided, at the rate of £10 sterling, or upwards.

"The right of representation cannot exist until the University is organized, and in operation as a seminary of learning, and in conformity to the rules and statutes of similar institutions in Great Britain, nor until the buildings for the University are actually erected. It then belongs to the town or township and not to the University. The town or township must be a tract of land both appendent to the University, and that on which it is situated. These expressions exclude all tracts of land separated from the University by lands of other owners, although such separate tracts of land may belong to the University; and also all lands which do not belong to the University. The title to the land must be vested in the corporation, and if it is corporate property, it cannot be a freehold estate of any individual, to qualify him to vote upon it as a town elector. No person but the corporation can have a freehold estate in a dwelling-house and lot in the town. The qualification for any person to be a town elector cannot, therefore, exist in the University town. The right of voting at an election for such town must be confined to those who, besides being entitled to vote in the Convocation, shall have resided one year in that town, and *bona fide* paid rent for the dwelling-house in which they shall have so resided at the rate of £10 sterling, or upwards.

(h) See the Charter in 7 William IV, c 16.

In reporting on the establishment of the proposed University, the Rev. Dr. Strachan advised the Lieutenant-Governor that "great care will be required in selecting the members who are to compose the Convocation, as the University has the power, when established, of sending a member to the Assembly." See Report of the University Commissioners, 1851, p. 83.

"The right of voting will, therefore, be confined, probably, to a very few persons, of whom, perhaps, the Lieutenant-Governor may be one." *(i)*

The Report also dealt with the sectarian character and tendency of the provisions of the Charter, and thus outlined the general principle on which the University should be conducted: "An University adapted to the character and circumstances of the people, would be the means of inestimable benefits to this province. But to be of real service, the principles on which it is established must be in unison with the general sentiments of the people. It should not be a school of politics, or of sectarian views. It should have about it no appearance of partiality or exclusion. Its portals should be thrown open to all, and upon none who enter should any influence be exerted to attach them to any particular creed or church. It should be a source of intellectual and moral light and animation, where literature and science may have equal power. Such an institution would be a blessing to the country, its pride and glory."

The system of Government then controlling public affairs in Upper Canada did not recognize the supremacy of the House of Assembly as the constitutional representative and exponent of the popular will; and an appeal to the Crown presenting "grievances," was occasionally resorted to. The grant of Parliamentary representation to the University was complained of as the establishment of "a nomination borough, under the especial patronage of the Church and State." The complaint was thus dealt with by the Colonial Secretary, in a despatch dated the 8th November, 1832:

> "I could scarcely have anticipated that any man, and, least of all, a man devoted to literary pursuits, would have denied the propriety of giving a representation to the principal seat of learning in the Province. It would be superfluous to expatiate on the importance of institutions for the education of youth, in literature, science, and religion, especially in a newly settled country; and I am well assured, that neither in the Council nor Assembly, could a single gentleman be found, who would not gladly receive as a colleague, a person representing the collective body of literary and scientific men in Upper Canada, or who would not gladly support by that distinguised honor, the cause of sound learning. I do not here refer to a University constituted in the manner proposed by the original charter of incorporation." (*j*)

Public hostility to the sectarian character given to the University by the provisions of the Royal Charter which vested its government in, and required its professors to be members of, a particular denomination, was aroused as soon as the contents of the Charter became generally known; and a long and bitter agitation ensued which delayed for about fifteen years the opening of the University for academic purposes. The Imperial Government acquiesced in the popular demand that the Charter should be surrendered, or so modified, that the honors and privileges of the University might be enjoyed by all classes in the community and by all denominations of Christians. The University Council declined to comply with the

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(i) Appendix K to Journals 1828,, p. 5.

(*j*) Appendix to Journal, 1835, v. 1, p. 90.

Imperial demand, and their action resulted in a loss of £1,000 sterling a year to the University. Finally, in 1837, an Act was passed eliminating the sectarian clauses from the Charter, and a more hopeful future then dawned upon the University. In 1842, it was formally inaugurated under the presidency of that distinguished scholar and professor, the Rev. Dr. McCaul.

The only action taken by the University Council as to Parliamentary representation was at a meeting held on the 4th April, 1840, at which were present, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, Chancellor; the Bishop of Toronto, President; Mr. Justice Jones, Mr. Vice-Chancellor Jameson, Rev. Dr. McCaul, Attorney-General Draper, Hon. William Allan, Hon. J. Macaulay, and Hon. J. S. Macaulay, when a resolution was adopted:—"That His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor be humbly requested to declare the grounds purchased by the Council for the site of the University, and also the grounds on which the buildings of Upper Canada College have been erected, a township, in pursuance of the statute in such case provided, in order that the institution may be represented in Parliament, on its being organized, and in full operation, as contemplated by law." (*k*)

No action, however, appears to have been taken, either by the Crown to give effect to the provision of the Act of 1820, constituting the University an electoral district or township, as requested by the above resolution, or by the legislature, to repeal the clause giving representation to the University.

The Union Act of 1840, (*l*) made special provisions respecting the representation of certain electoral districts in the Legislature, but it provided that "every county and riding other than those hereinbefore specified, which, at the time of the passing of this Act was by law entitled to be represented in the Assembly of the Province of Upper Canada, shall be represented by one member in the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada."

Whether that Act, or the Representation Act of 1853 (*m*), affected the clause in the Act of 1820, respecting University representation, it is not material now to consider; for by the Act which brought the Consolidated Statutes of Upper Canada (1859), into operation, the Act of 1820, then known as 1 George IV., c. 2, was expressly repealed. (*n*)

It is not necessary to elaborate arguments in favor of or against the grant of Parliamentary representation to a University. Perhaps, when Parliament in its wisdom abrogates some of the present political qualifications, and prescribes an educational qualification for the electoral franchise, the question may be transferred from an academic discussion to that of practical politics.

But, in any event, it may be assumed that at present the arguments in favor of granting Parliamentary representation to the University are not as logical as those which may be advanced against it. It is questionable whether, in the public interest, it is expedient to grant political rights and franchises to literary or scientific corporations, or to persons, whose electoral franchise would be dependent or conditional upon their corporate membership. Such literary and scientific corporations are created by the legislative power, for the efficient performance of a specific department of the public duty of the nation; and it seems inconsistent with their subordinate relation and duty to the state, to grant them the privilege or franchise of Parliamentary representation, as a political or national right. Our system of Parliamentary government is based

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(*k*) University Council Minute Book, v. 2, p. 171.
(*l*) 3 and 4 Victoria c. 35, (Imp.)
(*m*) 16 Victoria, c. 152, s. 10.
(*n*) C. S. U. C. c. 1, Schedule A. p. 1044.

upon the rights of individual citizenship, and not upon corporate membership. While such a system prevails, the grant of representation in Parliament to literary or scientific corporations, composed of the members of our University, or of any other educational institution, would be exceptional, and would destroy the symmetry of the political system of the nation, and would suggest a *prima facie* inference that other public or quasi-public organizations or corporations could claim a similar right to have their special representatives in Parliament.

The question, however, is an important one. In our Parliamentary system of government, we claim to be guided by the precedents and policy of the "Mother of Parliaments;" and in view of the Imperial precedents granting the political representation of Universities in Parliament, the question is well worthy of further consideration and discussion. Apart from these and other considerations of the public interest, it will be conceded that the election to Parliament of University men, who have also the necessary political sagacity, would aid in producing Canadian statesmen of higher qualifications; in elevating the standard of public duty, and in infusing a purer political morality and a higher courtesy into our Parliamentary and national life.

ROME REVISITED.

(*Continued from page 585, Vol. IV.*)

I am glad to hear that the H—s think of coming over this autumn and spending some part of the coming winter in Rome. You say that they desire some suggestions. I shall be glad to give them such as I can.

If they are coming in or after October the most comfortable way of reaching Italy is by the Mediterranean route, direct from New York *via* Gibraltar to either Naples or Genoa. If they wish to see the Riviera or the Italian lakes and thence go into Switzerland, Genoa is the most convenient point of disembarkation: but if direct to Rome, I prefer Naples, which is only four hours from here. The Mediterranean service is excellent, the ships large, comfortable, and never overcrowded, the table always good, and the attendance simply perfect. (N.B.—This is not an advertisement for the North German Lloyd's.)

As to the length of time they ought to spend here: I should say two months at least. We have been more than that, and, if weather and other conditions were favourable, should thoroughly enjoy a still longer stay. Hotel and *pension* rates are extremely reasonable. In several excellent hotels—(equal to, if not better than our best Toronto hostelries),—the rate per day *en pension* for a stay of six weeks or more, is ten *lire* (equal to about $1.80 of our money), and this includes everything except wine at dinner and lights and fires in your room! Candles you may buy for yourself, and they cost as little as at home. Even the Grand Hotel charges only about $3.50 per day. Cab fares are absurdly low. The rate for a one-horse cab is sixteen cents for a "course" anywhere within the walls; or (by the hour) thirty-six cents. Outside the walls, within a radius of three kilometres (say two miles) from any of the gates, forty-five cents for the first hour and ten cents for each additional quarter of an hour. To these must (or at all events should), be added a small *pourboire* for the driver.

But, inside the walls, cabs are, as a rule, unnecessary, for the system of trains and omnibusses is very complete, and you can get from one end to the other of Rome, (a city three times as big as Toronto) for six cents!

WHAT TO SEE IN ROME.

That depends altogether upon what you *want* to see. If it is Modern Rome, the gay cosmopolitan capital of New Italy, you can have modern opera at the Argentine or Costanzi, and hear Calvé or Melba or Nordica and the de Reské's, fresh from Paris, with prices to correspond; and Mr. H—— can join the Anglo-American Club in the Via Babuino.

But if you are not, like the late Mrs. Boffin, a "a highflyer after fashion," nor yet a "mad Wagnerian," or fond only of such *fin de siècle* music as that of Tchaiskowsky and Dvorak, you may come with me almost any evening to a fifty cent chair in one of the smaller theatres, *e.g.*, the Manzoni or Quirino, and there you shall hear the favourites of your youth—"Trovatore" and "Norma," and "La Sonnambula," and "I Puritani"; aye, and even "Semiramide" and "Lucrezia Borgia." And you shall hear them sung and acted far better than you ever do in Toronto, and to an audience which understands and appreciates every note and every word. For remember, "Italian Opera" is here not an exotic, but an indigenous plant, and is rendered in a "tongue understanded of the people," and by artists belonging to a race of natural born actors, accustomed from babyhood to express emotion by gestures even more than by words.

Then, for the fairer sex, there is plenty of shopping in the Corso or Via Nazionale, with ices and coffee at the Quirinale or Doney's; also balls, receptions and five o'clock teas, as if you were in Paris or New York. Rome is a capital place in which to buy jewellery, *objets d'art*, or genuine (?), antiques, or Roman scarfs, or Merola gloves, or (especially) what they call "articles of religion,"—while for photographs, only Florence can vie with it for beauty and cheapness.

But it is probably not for the opera or the shopping that the H—s will visit Rome. He, as a C. E., will find here much of professional interest,—*e.g.*, the magnificent city water supply, the new Tiber embankment, the bridges, etc.;—and both of them, as people of culture and students of history and of life, will, I incline to think, find Rome far more interesting than any modern city, (such as New York or Chicago,) can possibly be.

Mrs. H— will find many of her favourite books vastly more interesting after she has come to be as familiar as we now are with Rome. For example, Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn," Hawthorne's "Transfiguration," Hans Andersen's "Improvisatore," "Mademoiselle Mori," Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer," "Saracinesca," "St. Ilario," "Don Orsino," "Pietro Ghisleri,"—all these are Roman stories. So is Miss Grant's "Cara Roma," Ouida's "Ariadne," and Levett Yeats "Honour of Savelli," as well as that queer study of atavism which Paul Bourget gives us in "Cosmopolis."

As I said in a former letter about the Roman emperors, it is here that classical history and mythology acquire a reality and vividness which they never before possessed. You may see the very cave in which Romulus and Remus were suckled by the she-wolf,—the spring where Numa Pompilius used to meet the nymph Egeria—the Palatine Hill, where Romulus founded his infant city, and the Aventine Mount, whence Remus watched the flight of the vultures that were to determine whether he or his twin brother should be the future King of Rome. I can show them the hollow in the street (called to-day "the wicked street"), where the impious Tullia drove the wheels of her chariot over the prostrate body of the murdered king, her own father: and, in the Farnese Palace, that statue of Pompey, "at whose feet great Cæsar fell," pierced by the daggers of his traitorous friends. You remember Byron's apostrophe to it:

> "And thou, dread statue; yet existent in
> The austerest form of naked majesty,
> Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassin's din,
> At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie
> Folding his robe in dying dignity."

There is a vein of reverence for ancient tradition and old associations here, even among the members of the City Council. That august body, out of its public funds, maintains in cages placed beside the great steps which lead up to the City Hall, two Roman eagles and a living wolf in remembrance of that historic "she-wolf of the Capitol," whose bronze figure (the same which Cicero saw and apostrophized), stands in the "Museum of the Conservatori," at the top of the hill, shewing even yet the mark of the lightning-flash which Byron mentions in the next canto of *Childe Harold:*

> "And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of
> Rome,
> She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
> The milk of conquest, yet within the dome,
> Where, as a monument of antique art,
> Thou standest:—mother of the mighty heart,
> Which the great founder sucked from thy
> wild teat,
> Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
> And thy limbs black with lightning. Dost
> thou yet
> Guard thy immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge
> forget?"

Or, if they prefer more modern (and, perhaps, less mythical) history,—we can drive out a couple of miles from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, where, on the 27th of October, A.D. 312, was fought the great battle which decided for all time to come the future of the Roman Empire and of the world. For here the armies of Constantine, the Christian Emperor, and Maxentius, the representative of Paganism, and competitor for the throne of Rome, met in deadly conflict; and the victory of that day made Rome and the world Christian ever since.

Or, to a spot even more sacred,—at least, to anyone of British lineage,—the greensward in front of the church of St. Gregory the Great, where St. Augustine with his forty devoted companions, took his last farewell of the great Pope, St. Gregory, and the first messengers of the gospel to the then *ultima Thule* of Britain received the pontifical blessing as they set out on their forlorn hope of converting to the faith of Christ the inhabitants of those mysterious "islands of the west," which have since become the centre of "light and leading" for half the world.

BOOKS ABOUT ROME.

To thoroughly enjoy Rome, one must have done some preparatory reading; for one's classical recollections grow faint by middle life, and it is very embarrassing for the "head of the family" to find himself posed by questions about heathen gods and goddesses, or such historical (?) personages as Hector and Andromache, Laöcoon, Cassandra, the Danaides, *et al.* For example—only to-day we were standing in the Borghese Gallery and looking at the lovely Apollo and Daphne which Bernini sculptured at eighteen years of age. [What a pity he ever grew older than that, for his maturer work is far inferior to his early efforts!] Do you remember the statue and the story? It is in Ovid, but I could not for the life of me recall it just then.

Apollo, his heart pierced by Cupid's golden arrow, pursues the fair daughter of the river god, Peneus. Exhausted and nearly overtaken, the nymph, on the banks of her paternal stream, calls upon her sire for aid; so Peneus hears and changes her into a bay tree (δαΦνη), leaving the baffled Phœbus to embrace only its trunk.

"The Idle Woman" was delighted with this statue, and I cordially agree in her opinion. She says of it:—

> "The transformation of Daphne is given with marvellous truth. She is already enclosed within the trunk of the bay tree, which seems to be mounting, as it were, momentarily to her breast. Her hair has begun to thicken into leaves; the fingers are sprouting with wonderful truth, and her toes have turned earthwards into tiny delicate roots, fibres and strings. There is, too, a certain air of desperate satisfaction in her countenance as she feels her escape from Apollo secured; and yet, she is, as it were, still flying on the wings of the wind, though only half animate."

It is also a great help to the enjoyment of the galleries if one knows a little about the history of the saints and martyrs, the popes and the painters—still I should not prescribe avery severe course of reading.

For the history of republican and imperial Rome, our old friend Pinnock's Goldsmith is (I think) enough. For mediæval Rome and the history of the Popes, I have not yet found a good short treatise. Von Ranke does not cover all the ground, and, though extremely interesting, is somewhat too diffuse; but as yet I know of nothing better. For modern Rome, Mrs. Godkin's "Life of Victor Emmanuel," and the Countess Martinengo Cæsaresco's "Liberation of Italy," (one of the most interesting histories I have ever read). For pictures, and statuary representing mythological and classical subjects, Bianchi's "Greek and Roman Mythology"; and, as a useful guide to the galleries, the short treatise of Poynter and Head on "Classic and Italian Painting," and Sarah Tytler's "Old

BERINI'S APOLLO AND DAPHNE, BORGHESE COLLECTION, ROME.

Masters and their Works." On the archæology of Rome, Professor Lanciani is the standard authority, and his books, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Modern Discoveries" and "Pagan and Christian Rome" are most interesting. For religious subjects, martyrs, saints, etc., I can recommend nothing better and I think nothing so concise and good as Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's little dictionaries entitled "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints" and "Legendary and Mythological Art." All these are popular books, and all, I think, are in our Toronto Public Library; but everyone has not time to study Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or the fuller histories of Rome by Dr. Arnold and Dr. Liddell, or even Mrs. Jameson's books on Sacred Art: and these I have named will give quite enough information to make any gallery not only interesting but instructive.

But *the* book for Rome, the "*vade mecum*" or "*sine quanon*," or whatever else expresses indispensability and usefulness is (in addition, of course, to Bædeker), Augustus J. C. Hare's "Walks in Rome," — a new "up to date" edition of which (in two duodecimo volumes) was published last year by Green & Co., (London) at ten shillings. If one can read nothing else, this is by far the best of cicerones, and, to my mind, infinitely preferable to Dr. Russell Forbes' rather rambling "Rambles in Rome," or the peripatetic lectures of Signor Spadoni.

I should indeed be ungrateful did I not acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Frances Elliott (wife of the late Dean of Bristol) now herself a resident of Rome, whose brightly written "Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy" has proved a charming guidebook to many a church and gallery, and on not a few of our excursions about the environs of Rome.

A SHORT VISIT TO ROME.

Of course I am reckoning now upon, at least, a two months' visit to Rome; such a visit as will, at the time, be a pleasure not bought by too much toil, and a delightful memory forever afterwards.

But Rome *can* be "seen" in much less time, if you wish to take it "on the American plan;" and many people from our side of the water do so pretend to see it. As I said before, it is a case of *chacun a son goût*, and "the eye sees what is in the eye." For instance, Mr. Wordsworth (grandson of the great poet), who sits at our table, told us yesterday about an innkeeper from Putney, who saw Rome in two days, and went back to England quite happy. He said he had seen everything he cared about, namely, the Punch and Judy show at the Metastasio Theatre, and the horse races at Tor di Quinto. And Mr. Sebasti, the banker, tells a still better story about an American youth from Denver, who came to him one morning with a letter of credit, saying he had only one day in Rome, and wanted to see it. Mr. S. gave him some directions, and he was to come back in the afternoon to get the money upon his letter of credit. So at half-past four in he came saying: "Well, I have seen the Colosseum, (Coly-ceum, he called it), the Forum, and the Catacombs, and St. Peter's Church, and if there is anything else in this blamed place that a fellow ought to see, I want to know, for I have to get away to Naples at eight o'clock; but I think I have about done this town, anyhow."

PAULINE BUONAPARTE AS VENUS. *Canova.*

I do not think anybody *can* see Rome, so as to remember it at all, in less than two or three weeks, and Baedeker has laid out the work for a very busy fortnight here far better than I could possibly do.

We had, however, the other day, to make out a short—a very short—itinerary of Rome for some friends of ours from Belfast, who arrived on Sunday morning, and were to leave on Thursday night. When they came to us on Sunday, they had already visited St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Church of the *Gesu*, the Colosseum, and Trajan's Forum.

ARCH OF TITUS.

We took them afterwards to the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, to hear a very eloquent Jesuit missioner preach in English to a large and devout congregation, drawn chiefly from the British and American colony in Rome. Our friends, being loyal members of the (now dis-established) Church of Ireland, were more than surprised to hear, in a foreign land, and almost under "the Pope's nose," as good a gospel sermon as they could have heard in Belfast; and when the choir sang English hymns to the familiar "Ancient and Modern" tunes of "St. Agnes" and "Aurelia," their astonishment, as a reporter would say, "might be better imagined than described."

Then we all went to the Pincian Gardens to hear the band and see the people. On a Sunday afternoon all Roman society is there, on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, with coachmen in front, and liveried footmen behind. The place is (as Miss Thackeray truly says) "in a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols" from 4 p.m, till Ave Maria, when nearly everybody (except the nursemaids, who have children in charge,) goes over to SS. Trinita dei Monti, to hear the nuns of the *Sacre Cœur* sing the vesper service.

This is the programme which we arranged for their next four days:—

ROME IN FOUR DAYS.

MONDAY—Go as early as possible (say about 8.30) to S. Maria degli Angeli, once the library of the Baths of Diocletian, converted by Michel Angelo into a church, and now containing Houdon's grand statue of S. Bruno—so lifelike, that Clement XIV. said of it, "he would speak of the rules if his order did not forbid it,"—and also some of the most celebrated pictures in Rome, *e. g.*, Domenichino's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," Muziano's "St. Jerome among the Hermits," Costanzi's "Raising of Tabitha," Romanelli's "First Visit of the Virgin to the Temple" (interesting to compare this with Titian's treatment of the same subject in the picture at Venice), Maratta's "Baptism of Christ," etc., etc.

Then cross the square to Sta. Maria della Vittoria, where you may look at some (not first-rate) pictures by Guercino and Guido, but chiefly at Bernini's celebrated group, "Sta. Theresa transfixed by the dart of the Angel of Death."

M. Taine is enthusiastic over this. He says:

> "She is adorable. In a swoon of ecstatic happiness lies the saint—with pendent hands, naked feet, and half closed eyes,

fallen in transports of blissful love. Her features are emaciated, but how noble. This is the true high-born woman, "wasted by fire and tears," awaiting her beloved. Even to the folds of the drapery, even to the languor of her drooping hands, even to the sigh that dies on her half-closed lips, nothing is there in or about this form that does not express the voluptuous ardor and divine enthusiasm of transport. Words cannot render the sentiment of this affecting, rapturous attitude. Fallen backward in a swoon, her whole being dissolves; the moment of agony has come, and she gasps; this is her last sigh, the emotion is too powerful. Meanwhile an angel arrives, a graceful, amiable young page of fourteen, in a bright tunic, open in front below the breast, and as pretty a page as could be despatched to render an over-fond vestal happy. A semi-complacent, half mischievous smile dimples the fresh, glowing cheeks: the golden dart he holds indicates the exquisite and at the same time the terrible shock he is about to inflict on the lovely impassioned form before him. Nobody has ever executed a tenderer or more seductive romance."

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

But I am much more inclined to agree with the criticism of Mrs. Jameson (wife of the first Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada), who says in her "Legends of the Monastic Orders":

"All the Spanish pictures of Sta. Theresa sin in their materialism; but the grossest example—the most offensive—is the marble group of Bernini, in Santa Maria della Vittoria at Rome. The head of Sta. Theresa is that of a languishing nymph: the angel is a sort of Eros; the whole has been significantly described as a parody of Divine Love. The medium, white marble—its place in a Christian Church—enhance all its vileness. The least destructive, the least prudish in matters of art. would here willingly throw the first stone."

Here you have (in a nutshell) the difference between French and English taste, and, with the statue before you, may decide which to prefer.

Next, go at ten o'clock to the Vatican—beginning with the Sistine Chapel,—"the ceiling of which," according to a great German critic, "contains the most perfect work ever executed by Michel Angelo during his 89 years of busy painting,"—the Stanze of Raphael, and the Picture Galleries (of which I have already written) and ending with the Museum of Sculpture, especially the Egyptian Rooms, and (if possible) those lovely tapestries — (designed by Raphael and executed by Flemish weavers),—of which one sees such frequent photographic reproductions. I suppose these pictures are better known across the Atlantic than most others in Rome (except perhaps the "Beatrice Cenci)," because most of the original cartoons are in the South Kensington Museum. Indeed, I much prefer those cartoons by Raphael himself to the tapestry copies, though the latter are beautiful. I know that great exception has been taken to them by many amateur art critics;—*e. g.*, that in the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," the boat is too small for the fishermen, and that in the "Death of Ananias," Sapphira is introduced, though according to the Scriptural account she did not come in until some time afterwards. But, as Sarah Tytler says in "Old Masters and their Paintings," Raphael, like many others of his time (notably Perugino), was quite independent of these time limits, and the tapestries cannot fail to impress upon your memory the scenes which they are intended to depict. The figure painting is simply wonderful, and the "Adoration of the Shepherds" especially, is a picture to be remembered all one's life.

Having thus spent a very fatiguing morning, you will be quite prepared to enjoy a restful afternoon in driving through the lovely Villa Pamphilj-Doria, which the Romans call "Belrespiro." The site of this villa—(a "villa" in Rome is not a building, but a park),—was once occupied by the gardens of Galba, and here the murdered emperor is believed to have been buried. From the ilex terrace in front of the Casino is one of the best views of St. Peter's, seen without the town, backed by the Campagna, the Sabine Mountains, and the blue peak of Soracte. The road to the left leads through fir-shaded lawns and woods and by some modern ruins to the lake, above which is a graceful fountain. A small temple commemorates the French who fell here during the siege of Rome in 1849. The word "Mary," in large letters of clipped box, on the other side of the grounds is a memento of the late beloved Princess Doria (Lady Mary Gwendoline Talbot.)

You will notice on your homeward drive, near the gate of San Pancrazio, a tablet on the wall of the house which was occupied by General Garibaldi during his heroic defence of Rome against the French under Oudnot in 1849. You should not fail to stop your carriage on the piazza in front of S. Pietro in Montorio, which commands the most magnificent view of Rome anywhere obtainable.

Away to the left rise the great dome of S. Peter's and the fortified heights of Monte Mario. Further towards the north the indented summit of Soracte shows clear against the brilliant western sky. To the right you may see far over the Campagna the ugly, barn-shaped outline of St. Paul's outside the walls, and the castellated tomb of Cecilia Metella, while right in front of you are the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, with the Tarpeian Rock showing upon the nearer face of the latter, and the two domes of St. Maria Maggiore looming up beyond.

HADRIAN. *Capitol, Rome.*

The middle foreground is full of interesting associations. Historic palaces, churches, and bridges crowd the picture, and all is lighted by an Italian sunset. The scene is one never to be forgotten. You have still time to enter the church, and see by the western light, Sebastian del Piombio's great

THE ROMAN FORUM.

picture of the "Scourging of Christ," and the unmarked grave of poor Beatrice Cenci, immortalized by Shelley in verse, and by Guido Reni in the well-known portrait which you shall see to-morrow. Perhaps you will go into the court of the adjoining monastery and glance at Bramante's beautiful little Greek "tempietto," erected (as tradition says) upon the very spot where St. Peter was crucified :

> "Then home returning soothly swear,
> Never was scene so sad and fair."

Tuesday Morning.—Go early to the Palatine Hill. Visit the palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and especially that of Nero. See the very bar at which St. Paul stood when he was arraigned before that human monster, and (as he tells his "dearly beloved son" Timothy in the last letter he ever wrote), "No man stood with me, but all men forsook me." Then go round the base of the hill, passing by the "cave of the she-wolf," a bit of the wall with which Romulus, 2,700 years ago, surrounded his infant city, and the guard-rooms in which St. Paul was probably confined as a prisoner.

Descend into the now fully excavated Roman Forum, the theatre within which have been enacted so many of those dramas that go to make up the stirring history of "that mother of the world, Imperial Rome."

> "It was once,
> And long the centre of the universe,
> That Forum—whence a mandate eagle-winged,
> Went to the ends of earth. Let us descend
> Slowly, at every step much may be lost,
> The very dust we tread on stirs with life, [up
> And not a breath but from the ground sends
> Something of vanished grandeur."

Here you may walk upon the identical stones, uncovered now after the lapse of centuries, which formed the (very execrable) pavement of that "sacred way," bordered by the most renowned temples of ancient Rome, along which so many returning conquerors passed in triumph from the Palatine Hill up to the Capitol, with thousands of sad captives from the defeated nations, "a mournful train chained to their chariot wheels," and doomed to death or slavery.

Here is the Senate House, where met that "assembly of kings," whose very presence awed the invading Gauls. Here is the temple of Jupiter Stator, in which the "conscript fathers" sat to hear Cicero's tremendous arraignment of Cataline.

Here was the temple of Janus—the famous index of peace or war—which Augustus, after his victory over Antony at Actium, closed for the third time only since its foundation by Numa Pompilius, 700 years before,

> . . . "Et vacuum duellis
> Janum Quirini clausit et ordinem
> Rectum, et vaganti fræna licentiæ
> Injecit."—*Horace*, Od. iv. 15.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
Capitoline Museem—Rome.

Here, too, was the temple of Vesta and the "house of the Vestal Virgins," containing the "eternal fire," and the sacred Palladium or statue of "Trojan Minerva by no male beheld," brought, according to tradition, from dismantled Troy, and which the Vestal Virgins, guardians of the "sacred fire," alone were permitted to behold.

You may stand upon the very spot where

> "Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
> To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide;
> Close to yon low dark archway, where in a crimson flood,
> Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood"

Everyone knows the lines, and the sad story of sweet Virginia's death, slain by her father's hand to save her from a fate worse than a thousand deaths.

Over there are the ruins of the Rostrum from which Mark Antony spoke that speech which Shakespeare wrote for him, and which so many school boys have since declaimed.

> "Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears
> I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him!"

Here is the Curtian Gulf, which "an oracle declared would never close until that which was most important to the Roman people was sacrificed to it, whereupon Marcus Curtius, equipped in full armour, leaped on horseback into the abyss, exclaiming that nothing was more important to the Roman people than arms and courage, and so the gulf was closed."

At the highest point of the "Sacred Way," you shall see the Arch of Titus, erected by the Senate to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem, and showing to-day on its bas-reliefs the triumphal procession, with the deified emperor standing in his chariot, while before him are borne as spoils of the Jewish temple, the table of shew-bread and the seven branched candle-stick which had stood in the Holy Place.

And (near it) the Arch of Constantine, an eternal monument of the "predatory instincts" of Christian emperors and holy Pontiffs;—for Constantine stole most of it from an arch previously erected in honour of Trajan; and Clement VIII, (the executioner of poor Beatrice Cenci) stole some of its Corinthian columns to finish his chapel in St. John Lateran.

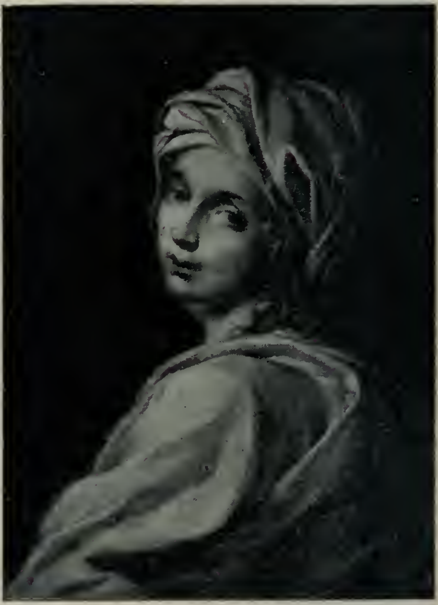
Truly one can spend a very interesting morning in this Roman Forum, even without taking too much time to admire the graceful ruins of the temple of Castor and Pollux, or the grand vaulting of Constantine's Basilica, or the magnificent Arch of Septimius Severus.

As Hawthorne says:

> "To a spectator on the spot, it is remarkable that the events of Roman history, and of Roman life itself, appear not so distant as the Gothic ages which succeeded them. We stand in the Forum or on the height of the Capitol, and seem to see the Roman epoch close at hand. We forget that a chasm extends between it and ourselves, in which lie all those dark, rude centuries, around the birthtime of Christianity, as well as the age of chivalry and romance, the feudal system, and the infancy of a better civilization than that of Rome. Or, if we remember these mediæval times, they look farther off than the Augustan age. The reason may be that the old Roman literature survives, and creates for us an intimacy with the classic ages which we have no means of forming with the subsequent ones.
>
> The Italian climate, moreover, robs age of reverence, and makes it look nearer than it is. Not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, be it as dilapidated as it may, ever give the impression of venerable antiquity, which we gather, along with the ivy, from the grey walls of an English abbey or castle; and yet every brick and stone which we pick up among the former had fallen ages before the foundation of the latter were begun."

Your afternoon should begin with a visit to the Palazzo Barberini where you shall see at least three very celebrated pictures,—the "Fornarina" of Raphael, (looking coarse, common and cruel, in every way inferior to her picture in Florence), the so-called "Slave" of Palma Vecchio (?) and last and chiefest, Guido's very well known portrait of the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci, probably the most frequently copied picture in Rome:

> "The portrait of Beatrice Cenci is a picture almost impossible to be forgotten. Through the transcendent sweetness and beauty of the face there is something shining out that haunts me. I see it now as I see this paper or my pen. The head is loosely draped in white, the light hair falling down below the linen folds. She has turned suddenly towards you, and there is an expression in the eyes, although they are very tender and gentle, as if the wildness of a momentary terror, or distraction, had been struggled with and overcome that instant, and nothing but a celestial hope and a beautiful sorrow and a desolate, earthly helplessness remained. Some stories say that Guido painted it the night before her execution, some other stories that he painted it from memory, after having seen her on the way to the scaffold. I am willing to believe that, as you see her on his canvas, so she turned towards him in the crowd, from the first sight of the axe, and stamped upon his mind a look which he has stamped on mine as though I had stood beside him in the concourse. The guilty palace of the Cenci, blighting a whole quarter of the town as it stands withering away by grains had that face, to my fancy, in its



BEATRICE CENCI.

dismal porch and at its black blind-windows, and flitting up and down its dreary stairs and growing out of the darkness of its ghostly galleries. The history is written in the painting, written in the dying girl's face by nature's own hand. And, how, in that one touch she puts to flight (instead of making kin) the puny world that claims to be related to her, in right of poor conventional forgeries.—*Dickens.*

After this you may still have time to drive round to St. John Lateran, and to see the interior, especially the Corsini and Torlonia chapels with their wealth of decoration; stop at the chapel of the Scala Santa and observe not only that sacred staircase but also Giacommetti's fine groups of "Christ and Judas" and "Christ before Pilate," as well as a capital sitting statue of Pius IX; then off to the bosky glades of the Villa Borghese to finish your afternoon among that splendid collection of statues and pictures, Bernini's "Apollo and Daphne," and "Eneas and Anchises,"—both the work of a boy and both capital—Canova's statue of Pauline Buonaparte as Venus; and (in the picture gallery.) Raphael's "Entombment," Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," Correggio's "Danae,"—with the dear little Cupids sharpening their arrows down in the corner of the picture:—Domenichino's "Diana and her Nymphs," and, —but, stay!—this is not a catalogue. You can buy one at the door for a dollar.

WEDNESDAY — Your third day at Rome shall begin at nine o'clock, when you can get into the Casino of the Rospigliosi Palace and see Guido's *chef d'œuvre*, the "Aurora." *

> This is the noblest work of Guido. It is embodied poetry. The hours that hand in hand encircle the car of Phœbus, advance with rapid pace. The paler, milder forms of those gentler sisters who rule over the declining day, and the glowing glance of those who bask in the meridian blaze resplendent in the hues of heaven, are of no mortal grace and beauty; but they are eclipsed by Aurora herself, who sails on the golden clouds before them, shedding "showers of shadowing roses" on the rejoicing earth, her celestial presence diffusing gladness and light and beauty around. Above the heads of the heavenly coursers hovers the morning star, in the form of a youthful cherub, bearing his flaming torch. Nothing is more admirable in this composition than the motion given to the whole. The smooth and rapid step of the circling hours as they tread on the fleecy clouds, the fiery steeds, the whirling wheels of the car, the torch of Lucifer, blown back by the velocity of his advance, and the form of Aurora, borne through the ambient air, till you almost fear she should float from your sight.—*Eaton.*

TRAJAN. *Capitol, Rome.*

Then to the church of S. Maria in Ara Coeli, to call upon the Santissimo Bambino, and see the frescoes of Pinturicchio, after which your morning shall be spent in one of the most interesting collections in the world,—viz., those of the Capitoline Museums.

Here are the portrait-busts and statues of many of the greatest men and women of ancient Greece and

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*See Frontispiece of May Number of this Magazine.—ED.

Rome,—emperors, orators, warriors, statesmen and courtesans, poets and philosophers. The severe, wedge-like head of Augustus; the dull phiz of Hadrian; Nero (a maturer bust than that of the angelic boy in the Vatican, and showing here an expression of low humour, like a comedy actor); the square, bull head of Caracalla; Messalina, with her double row of dainty curls; and Poppæ, with her baby smile; Scipio Africanus, with his broad, bald head, square chin and firmly closed lips; the noble, melancholy head of Marcus Aurelius; the keen face of Demosthenes; and the proud pomposity of Trajan—all these, and many more, are here, and you stand in the immediate presence of a revivified Rome. But you will not tarry long with the "Dying Gladiator"—(they don't call him a gladiator now, but a Gaul, who, to use the elegant newspaper English of to-day, has "suicided.") I shall not attempt to describe him. Every school boy can quote the lines from Byron.

THE DYING GLADIATOR (OR GAUL). *Capitol, Rome.*

In the same room is the "Marble Faun," described in Hawthorne's story, and a lovely Antinous from Hadrian's Villa. Farther down the hall is the Capitoline Venus. But even she cannot charm you away until you have taken out your *vade mecum* and read from Hawthorne:

"It was that room in which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno, all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the human soul with its choice of innocence or evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake

"In this chamber is the Faun of Praxi-

THE MARBLE FAUN.

Capitol, Rome.

tetes. It is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the stump or trunk of a tree :—one hand hangs carelessly at his side, in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment, a lion's skin with the claws upon the shoulder, falls half way down his back, leaving his limbs and the entire front of his figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more of flesh and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty The character of the face corresponds with the figure ; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin ; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so really to smile outright that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in the severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet, not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch and imbued with actual life. It comes very near to some of our pleasantest sympathies."

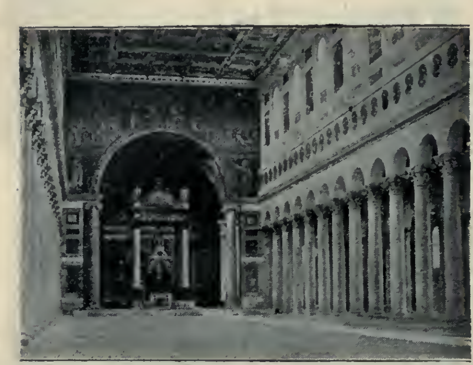
Cross the piazza now to the Palace of the Conservatori, the City Hall of Rome. See the "wolf of the Capitol," and the pictures, especially Guercino's "Sta. Petronilla," and your third morning in Rome is at an end.

Your afternoon drive to-day shall be to that most magnificent of modern cathedrals, "St. Paul's outside the walls," and to the Abbadia delle Tre Fontane.

You have seen the Corsini Chapel in St. John Lateran, with its porphyry columns and sarcophagus (stolen by Clement XII. from the Pantheon,) and its walls sumptuously inlaid with precious stones. You shall see also, in Sta. Maria Maggiore, the Borghese Chapel, with its gorgeous marbles and alabasters, its statues and pictures, and opposite to it the no less splendid chapel of the Holy Sacrament, containing the tombs of two great Popes, Sixtus V. (Felice Peretti), the iconoclast of pagan antiquities, and the rebuilder of Rome, "who as a boy kept his father's pigs at Montalto, and as an old man commanded kings, and filled Rome with so many works that from every side his name like an echo rings on the traveller's ear," and Pius V. (Ghislieri), "the barefooted, bare-headed Dominican monk of Sta. Sabina, who in his six years reign saw the victory of Christendom over the Turks at Lepanto, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the fall of the Huguenots in France."

THE VENUS OF THE CAPITOL.

But it was reserved for the great Pope of our own time, Pius IX., to eclipse all these, by building on the site of an older basilica destroyed by fire in 1823, a huge cathedral, on the same scale of imperial magnificence; and "St. Paul's without the Walls," barn-like in its exterior appearance, is, as to its interior, a veritable palace of Aladdin.



S. PAOLO FUORI.

Its richly gilt and coffered ceiling, borne by a double row of columns of Simplon granite; its pillars of oriental alabaster, presented by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and of precious malachite by Nicholas of Russia; its floor and walls of polished marble, and its magnificent mosaics, some the most ancient in Rome, others, *e. g.*, (the portraits of the popes, and the huge mosaic which adorns the west front) of modern manufacture,—all combine to make it the most ornate, if not the most impressive of Roman Cathedrals.

But we must drive on along the Ostian Way, and the lonely road across the desolate Campagna to the Trappist Abbey of Tre Fontane, with its three old churches, all within one small courtyard. There are not inhabitants enough within three miles to make up a congregation for the smallest of them, yet they are most interesting, for here you shall see the very block on which St. Paul was beheaded, the pillar to which he was bound, and the three fountains which burst from the earth at the spots where his severed head thrice struck the ground after its decapitation by the sword of the Roman executioner. Returning, you may note the humble chapel said to mark the spot where the Apostle of the Circumcision and the Apostle to the Gentiles parted, each on his way to win a martyr's crown. A bas relief over the door represents their parting, and the inscription reads:—

> "In this Place SS. Peter and Paul separated on their way to Martyrdom."
>
> And Paul said to Peter:
> "Peace be With Thee, Foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the Flock of Christ."
>
> And Peter said to Paul:
> "Go in Peace, Preacher of Good Tidings, and Guide of the Salvation of the Just."

A little further on is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and near the gate of St. Paul you will see the Protestant Cemetery, where repose the ashes of Keats, and the heart ("*cor cordium*") of Shelley.

You may pass by all that remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, erected by Augustus in memory of his nephew and intended successor, cut off by an early death. This was once capable of holding 20,000 spectators, and consisted of three tiers of arches, but the upper range has now altogether disappeared, and the lower ones are very imperfect. Still it is a grand ruin, rising magnificently above the paltry buildings which surround it, and the perfect proportions of its Doric and Ionic columns have been envied and imitated by many an architect of later days.

Near it is the Portico of Octavia, (so often mentioned in Ouida's "Ariadne,") the atrium of that magnificent hall in which Titus and Vespasian celebrated with festive pomp and splendour the conquest of Jerusalem: and only a stone's throw away are the frowning walls of the Cenci Palace, which witnessed one of the saddest stories of lust and crime that ever darkened the pages of history. You may pass over the site of the now demolished Ghetto or Jews' Quarter, within which the Roman Jews used to be locked up at night by the order of that fanatical Dominican Pope Paul IV., whose successors, Clement VIII. and XI. and Innocent XIII. forbade them to engage in any business save the sale of old clothes, rags and scrap-iron. Here is the Church of S. Angelo in Peschiera, to which Cola di Rienzi, "the last of the tribunes," summoned at midnight (May 30th, 1347), all good citizens of Rome to a meeting for the re-establishment of the "good estate,"—in which he kept the "vigil of the Holy Ghost," and whence he went forth, bare-headed, in complete armour, accompanied by the papal legate and attended by a vast multitude to the Capitol.

RUINS OF THEATRE OF MARCELLUS.

It was in this church and the neighboring one of San Benedetto alla Regola, that Gregory XIII. used to force these poor representatives of the race of Israel to hear a christian (?) sermon every week,—men, women and children being hunted into church and actually lashed if inattentive while there. It was not until the gentler rule of Pio Nono that this oriental method of evangelization was abandoned. Do you remember Browning's "Holy Cross Day"? If not, read it again!

THURSDAY — This, your last day in Rome, will be a long one, but perhaps the most interesting of them all.

Go at 9 a.m. to the Museo Boncompagni, containing the antiques of the Ludovisi collection. Here is the "Ludovisi Juno," — of which Goethe said, "No words can give any idea of it! it is like a poem," — worthy, indeed, to be placed beside the Otricoli Jupiter of the Vatican. Here is the colossal group of the Gaul and his wife, probably one of a cycle of statues, to which belonged also the Dying Gaul or Gladiator of the Capitoline Museum. Also you will here see the celebrated statue of Mars (or Ares), reposing, with his dreamy, pensive look, readily explained by the presence at his feet of the cunning little god of love. There is nothing mediocre in this collection—all is of the first water.

Next we shall visit for a moment or two the Borghese Chapel and its *vis-a-vis* in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, and Michel Angelo's "Moses" in S. Pietro in Vincoli (of which more hereafter), taking these *en route* to our next objective point, the Corsini Picture Gallery. As it happens to be the 15th of April, we have the opportunity (only available twice in a month,) of visiting the Villa Farnesina and spending half-an-hour over Raphael's wonderful ceiling paintings of the Myth of Psyche and the Jealousy of Venus, which are among the most charming creations of the master, belonging as they do to his joyously pagan period, after his genius had escaped from the conventional shackles of the school of Perugino. In these, and the "Galatea," in the adjoining room, his love of beautiful form fairly runs riot, and the result is simply superb.

LUDOVISI JUNO. *Rome.*

The Corsini Gallery need not detain us long. There are two rooms full of pictures, but it is not on the whole an interesting collection. "There is a great deal of trash, and too little variety," especially an overabundance of affected Carlo Dolci's, (chiefly women with upturned eyes and a languishing, die-away expression of countenance), and *manieré* Carlo Maratta's.—He always, like Andrea del Sarto, painted his wife's face, but, unlike Andrea, he could not idealize it.

One picture by Carlo Dolci is very good, his "Virgin and Child," and it is interesting to compare his "Ecce Homo" with that of Guercino in the same room. "Luther and his wife are curious as portraits. She is hideous, which makes his marriage all the more pardonable, as he never, assuredly, induced her to break her vows for the sake of her beauty. Luther is a fat, jolly friar, with a double chin, a vulgar face, and a rather stupid expression. But the (so-called) gem of the collection is a Murillo, a very ugly Virgin, sitting with the infant Christ in her arms, against the background of a sun-baked wall. The coloring is superb, but the figure painting is unpleasing, and the countenances are distinctly 'of the earth, earthy.'"

MARS REPOSING.
Ludovisi Gallery, Rome.

Now we turn our steps, (or our carriage) homewards, calling on the way at the last gallery which we shall see in Rome, that, namely, which has its home in the magnificent palace of the great Colonnas—one of the oldest and proudest names in a peerage beside which that of England is but of yesterday.

There are some good pictures here, but *the* thing is the gallery itself. It is 220 feet long, and ends at a sort of tribune, to which you ascend by several marble steps. One of these steps was broken by a cannon ball during the siege of Rome in 1849, and the Prince has never allowed it to be repaired. The cannon ball still lies where it rested on that memorable day in June, which seemed so fatal to the hopes of Young Italy.

This afternoon, (your last in Rome,) should be devoted to a drive along the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and a visit to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, where a jolly French monk will make the burial places of the early Christian martyrs interesting, without too much of sadness. But a description of this drive would be too long here and must be kept for another letter.

There is much more to see in Rome than the most indefatigable of sight-seers could compass in these five short days, but it must await another and a longer visit. Next time I should like to take you with me to some queer Roman Churches, to show you the Fountains of Rome and some of its interesting Relics, and to spend at least a day in an excursion to Albano, the Lake of Nemi and Frascati, or perhaps to Tivoli; in other words, to see something of the Environs of Rome.

C. R. W. BIGGAR.

(To be continued.)

AT POINT-AUX-PINS.

An Incident of a Holiday.

BY JEAN BLEWITT.

Nature evidently meant Point Aux Pins to be picturesque, but men, those pigmy children of hers, who are forever thwarting her plans and spoiling her designs, have put forth puny efforts to render it commonplace. They have invaded its solitude in places, and the barn-like structures, the crazy zig-zag fences, even the long uneven dock around which the water plays, seem strangely out of place. Lake Erie slips her arm lovingly around it, and sings to it, by night and by day, softly or hoarsely as her mood may be. The oaks, great giant fellows, have caught the measure after a century of trying, and now the very swell of the waves is in the rustling leaves. To the front lies Rond Eau Bay—a big, wondering, blue eye which always seems modestly trying to veil itself from the sun's warm gaze, but which laughs and winks up knowingly at the inconstant moon at night. A pretty, coquettish, shallow thing, and so sheltered that nothing can touch to vex its calm, save the frolicsome west wind. When only a stone's throw away, Lake Erie is in a fury, Rond Eau Bay is so unruffled that the trees make a mirror of it, and the ragged clouds hurrying over look down and see another stormy heaven far below. The little boats upon its bosom dip their white sails gaily, and looking out across the bar "they wonder why great ships go down!" And the pines! you may watch them until your eyes grow weary, and the thick green outline remains unbroken.

There is no bending or swerving about them, they turn their faces neither to the east nor the west, but ever and always up, up toward the blue sky overhead. They whisper strange stories to each other in the moonlight, stories of an earlier and more stirring time than this. Now it is of the herds of strong-limbed deer which used to bound across the valleys, seeking rest and shelter beneath their branches, sometimes spending their red life-blood there, in response te the swift whizz of an Indian's arrow; now, of dark-faced mothers singing their babes to slumber with a strange and unmelodious measure; now of the trysts kept by soft-eyed maidens and befeathered braves, in their far-away summer nights, when passion was abroad in this loneliness as elsewhere; now, of councils and of subtle craft; now, of war-dance and bloodshed—always of those who lived and loved and died so long ago. Sometimes, not often, one comes upon a hideous, staring idol, buried face down beside a stone which seems to mark the spot. They give one an uncanny feeling, worshipped and sacrificed to, in all sincerity, until the dawn of truth broke—then buried with infinite care.

> "How did they pray to you?
> What did they say to you—
> Trembling and slow?
> Did they ask gain of you?
> Freedom of pain of you—
> Kneeling so low?"

We wonder why the Indian did not destroy his idol—why bury it, and, more perplexing still, *why mark the grave?* Perhaps in some hour of dire need, some crisis in love or war, he meant to return to the old familiar worship once more—who knows? It is a slow and uncertain process, this weaning a heart from its idols.

Point Aux Pins on a warm September evening is looking its very best!

> "The place is silent, and aware
> It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
> But that is its own affair.'

Two people, at least, are regarding it with marked satisfaction. They are quite worthy of attention, these two, as they sit beside the water on a piece of timber which has been cast up by the waves—so young, so happy, and so alike are they. Their blue eyes hold the same expression; their red lips the same laughter; their long curls the same glint of gold; and their blue serge dresses are of fine texture and fashionable make, for they are the twin daughters of a wealthy man; and it is their elder sister who stands a little way off, idly scattering pine needles, and talking with a big, homely man a dozen years her senior. Of the city world is he, with the stamp of the city's greatness and weariness on him. There are lines in his face which tell the story, somewhat too plainly, of forty-odd years of vigorous living; yet he does not seem old, and when he laughs at some remark of the woman's, his merriment has a ring in it which rarely crosses over from youth into middle age? With his tall figure, broad shoulders and massive head, he gives one the idea of strength alone at first—afterward of wondrous gentleness.

"We two stood there with never a third—unless we count the twins, Dick"—she is saying. "I feel like whispering here, the silence is so deep. The spirits of the dead warriors you have been telling me about are roaming close to us, it may be, and one wouldn't care to talk prosaic nineteenth century lore in their hearing. Really, one couldn't blame a ghost for haunting a spot like this, could one?"

"Well be careful; we're on uncanny ground, remember, and must guard against giving umbrage to possible listeners. Anyway, it is almost time we started back, I think."

"Not just yet; it is so still and restful here, and once on board we are in a crowd, you know. I get a little tired of my friends sometimes, and when I do I am given to observing their shortcomings to an alarming extent. Major Scarfe gets suddenly fatter and balder; pretty Miss Ford's false bangs grow ever so much lighter than her own hair; Edith Lowdness fibs often and transparently, and even dear Miss Graeme seems full of folly. Do let me stay here and indulge in charitable reflections for a while longer; besides, the children are enjoying it you see."

"Just as you please. For my part, I could stay here for an indefinite period without experiencing a pang of homesickness for the decks of the *Bonnie Bell.* A three weeks' trip does rather dull one's craving for the companionship of the average fellow traveller, I confess. It is I who should be complaining though; you are not being confronted every hour of the day, in season and out of it, by a walking encyclopedia of every youthful exploit, commendable or disgraceful, in the person of a nice old lady. I daresay Miss Graeme means all right, but her extensive knowledge is growing to be the bane of my existence. Poets have sung of the friend of one's boyhood in a thousand different measures, but all this does not reconcile me. You can take my word for it, Mary, the friend of one's boyhood is, like a good many other idealized things, better viewed at a distance, sweeter as a memory than as a reality."

"Poor old boy! how ancient you must feel when she gets reminiscencing about the days when you both went to the village school, and sat on the same bench. Read out of the one primer, didn't you?"

"I never went to school with her in the world. Why, she is twenty years older than I!—a pretty pair of school-fellows truly! Miss Graeme is a fine woman, a little off, perhaps, on some matters, but a really fine woman though. I have to humor her whims."

"It is fun to watch her as she dives into the past for items about you; and she resurrects such curious things, doesn't she?"

"Yes, and you encourage her shamefully in it, I notice."

"But tell me, did you really walk twelve miles to get a lock of hair from the pretty school-ma'am?'

"I did. I was spending the summer holidays in the country, and being young and overflowing with honest ambition, I hired myself to a farmer at seventy-five cents a day, intending to invest every penny of my earnings in a few hundred acres of real estate and some thorough-bred stock. My desire for opulence grew apace after I made the acquaintance of the pretty teacher. I kept a memorandum, and added up my capital every night. Then, one Sunday afternoon, when the corn was all in tassel and the maples full of blushes, I told her all my plans, and in return received her full confidence. She was going to marry her second cousin at Christmas—he had fallen heir to the homestead; the house was to be re-papered, and a kind old aunt had already made her forty-seven yards of rag carpet. Ah! that last item puzzles you, Mary. You never feasted your eyes on a real rag carpet. I have now; I know all about the things, for the folk all made them in the village which proudly boasts itself my birthplace. The woman tears up all her own old clothes, and her husband's, and maybe some of the neighbors'; tears and tears and tears, and then sews and sews and sews, and finally weaves it into a wonderful thing which she calls a carpet. There is one point worth noticing in the matter; she can mix her orange and magenta and green in any and every way; she can make it as hideous as she wants to, and none dare lawfully molest nor make her afraid. But this is a digression. My heart was broken there and then. However, she gave me a nice thick lock of her hair, which I placed, with trembling fingers, in my memorandum book."

"And you kept it for how long?"

"I see you will have the whole miserable tale. I didn't keep it long, for a reason. I placed it in my book, between the leaves which held my business-like account with my employer, and the oil with which it was imbrued, soaked and spread and rendered my writing blurred and unintelligible. It was a blow, for the farmer was anything but an honest son of toil. He must have cheated me out of as much as six dollars and seventy-five cents. Do you wonder that I cast it aside, it, and sentiment and ambition? There, now, is there any other story you want verified? This was my first romance."

"And it has repeated itself so often," she says, a trifle sadly. "Your romances have multiplied with the years until their name is legion."

Over on the piece of timber the two miniature women are in a tremor of excitement. The murmur of the waves, the sighing of the pines, the tragedies of the past, present and future, all these are nothing to them—a venturesome angle-worm claims all their thought just now. "It's a wiggle-waggle," cries Dorothy, "a big creepy, crawly wiggle-waggle. Oh, look, how it can long itself out, and short itself up!"

"Hush, hush," whispers Sis; "it's looking for its head and can't find it, poor thing!"

"But it hasn't got any head at all, not a sign of one."

"No, that's why it can't find it, don't you see? Do you s'pose it would hurt me if I shoved it along a little with my finger?"

"How could it, when it hasn't any head to bite with? Shove it a little do."

There is a store of encouragement in Dorothy's words and manner, but Sis folds her chubby hands firmly in her lap, and gazes dubiously on their discovery. "I guess I won't try it," she says at length; "that hornet, yesterday, didn't bite me with its head, you know."

Over beside the pines the big homely man is keeping discreetly silent. He has had a good many "affairs," and he is too honest to deny the same, and far too cautious to affirm it.

"It seems to me I never go anywhere that someone doesn't bring up a tale of your flirtation with some belle who lived and moved and had her being when your life was in 'its green, glad spring.' What has become of your old loves?"

"Well, a goodly number have died of old age; there's a stern decree of nature, you know, Mary. Threescore ——."

"Dick," she says, with a solemn shake of her head, "for two bright, even clever people, we do talk the most arrant nonsense in the world."

Having given cheerful assent to this, he is somewhat surprised when she reverts to the old subject.

"'He was such an impetuous wooer,' Miss Graeme is always saying, 'ready to run across a county if a pretty woman called to him, and such a favorite with all of them that he daren't show special favor to one lest it should call down the wrath of the rest.'"

His emphatic disclaimer passes quite unheeded. This sweet-faced, grey-eyed woman is evidently warming to her theme.

"Do you know, when I listen to all this—I have to listen of course—I don't like it, and when I see some woman, who must have been a beauty once, smiling half tenderly as she recalls the days when she and you were inseparable, driving together, walking together, reading together, enjoying life and youth together, I get a queer lump in my throat, Dick. It isn't that I am jealous of any one person—I couldn't be that, you know—but rather of the years in which I had no part. I want to gather up the love you squandered like a spendthrift. You have laughed with many, and perhaps cried with a few, and I greedily desire both the laughter and the tears for my own. I want to be so much to you, and somehow—somehow—I realize that I am but a little late-comer into your heart, and that there isn't much space in it for me—it is so full of memories."

Who would have believed this, of quiet, cold Mary Denison? Some strange mood has come over her; never has she spoken so to him; never had she given him such a sorrowful but passionately loving look—never.

A white, young night is coming naked into a world which has only a robe of mist to offer in the way of swaddling clothes. Lights are beginning to show on the *Bonnie Belle*, and from her deck comes the sound of music, losing its strength and doubling its sweetness in its passage over the waves. He goes a step nearer, and, putting a hand on either cheek, forces her eyes to meet his. This is a new Richard Meredith, we may say, and she realizes the fact in that moment of full delicious silence. What in the world has she said? A warm blush covers her paleness quite from sight.

"Now, you shall hear the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," he says. "My romances, yes, they have been many, but my love affairs few, Mary. Don't you realize a difference between the two? Maybe I have thought a lot of a good many women—I daresay I have. But a man really loves but two women in a lifetime. One comes in youth's hey-day, and plays the first mad march on his heartstrings—he never quite forgets the sweetness of it. The other comes later, in the summer, or, it may be autumn, but come she when she will she fills his life completely. You are this one, Mary, I thought you knew it all the time, thought there was no need of the telling of it? I love you. I don't know when or where I began loving you, but I do know I shall keep on loving you as long as I keep on living—maybe longer, who knows? Nothing else seems worth remembering, little girl! Do you know that I am homesick to-night for the fireside which is to be ours—a bit of heaven in the heart of the great city. How strange and passing sweet the thought is—our home—yours and mine! Are you glad, Mary?"

And men who meet this Richard Meredith every day laugh sometimes and say that he has no heart worth speaking of.

"But, why have you never talked so to me before?" questions she. "Even when you asked me to be your wife, you said only commonplace words, but now, now."—

"Habit, dear one, habit,—we're slaves to it. The eyes of the world are so sharp, and its hearing so acute, that we get in the way of being crafty and obscure about real things.

"I had to woo you in society, and win you in society, and this society is a sort of curfew which compels us to lower our light and cover our fire, sometimes to put them out altogether. To-night we drifted over to this place and got near enough to nature's heart to be honest with one another, thank heaven!" He doffs his wide hat reverently.

"Mary," and the twins came forward hand-in-hand, "we want to tell you something, may we?" Mary put a kiss on each red mouth.

"What is it, darlings?"

"The world is a big place, isn't it?" begins Dorothy. 'But a man told Sis and me that God made every bit of it in six days, and rested and "looked round after that."

"And we've been talking about it," chimes in Sis. "There's such a lot of everything, such big bunches of water, and ground and trees and gardens and worms and birds, and some roads running one way and some another, and, oh, ever so many things," throwing out her little arms as if to embrace all creation.

"Yes?" interrogates the young woman, softly. "Well, we—me and Dorothy. you know—we don't believe it was ever made in such a little while, do we Dorothy?"

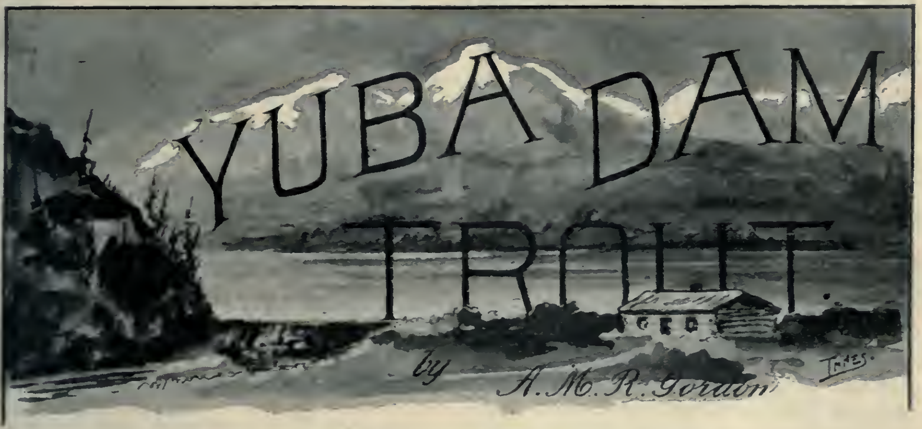
"May'be it was, " says the other grave-eyed doubter, gradually, "but we don't *think* it was."

"This case calls for prompt attention, it seems to me," says the big man. "Come, we will talk it over on board the boat, you mites of philosophers. Do you know if that little craft on the beach were to drift away we would be left here in the pines for good and all—another Swiss Family Robinson?" They go lingeringly down the path which a silver moon has kindled on the sand.

From the *Bonnie Belle* they look back at Point Aux Pins.

He seems well content; Mary's hand lies snugly in his larger one, and Mary's face is eloquent of many things as he quotes from their best loved poet:

"The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a moment the powers at play,
They had mingled us so, for once and good,
Their work was done, we might go or stay;
They relapsed to their ancient mood."



Notes of a Fishing Trip Away up Among the Sierras.

The discussion of the vexed question whether fishing up or down stream is the better method of angling for trout, had raged for months in the columns of the San Francisco *Breeder and Sportsman*, between Harry Gribbs, the Field Editor of that paper, and myself, with so much vigor and such expenditure of argument, on both sides, that we felt that something in the way of a practical test must be adopted, if anything like a settlement of the matter in dispute was to be reached. So it was finally agreed that my antagonist and myself should select some good, rapid mountain stream, and spend a day or two in whipping it—the one up and the other down stream—and compare results.

After due and careful consideration, as befitted so grave a subject, we decided on going to one of the several branches of the Yuba. The North Fork was the one finally chosen. The day of starting was appointed, and two companions were invited to accompany us and see fair play.

It is not too much to say that the result of the trip and of the contest was eagerly looked for by quite a circle of our brother anglers in San Francisco and throughout the State, their interest in the question at issue having been excited by the dispute in *The Breeder and Sportsman*. Field Editor Gribbs had a high reputation as an authority on angling, and, indeed, on all other subjects pertaining to his department of the paper, so that his opinion counted for a good deal with those who knew him personally or by reputation. In this respect I was handicapped, for I had had only one day's fishing in the State, and that was not a great success, having been put in on the little creek Purissima, near San Mateo, and having resulted only in the capture of a lot of "fingerlings," caught mostly by the use of the grub of the "yellow-jacket" as bait (worms, so far as my experience has gone, are not obtainable in California, owing, I think, to the long-continued drought of the summer season). But I was not in the least afraid of the result in this case. Aside, altogether, from the confidence I had in the undoubted superiority of the method of down-stream fishing, were we not bound for a stream away up among the everlasting hills, and was it not on such streams and among such hills that I had learned how to lure the trout from foaming rapid and swirling pool, far away among the bens and glens of "bonnie Scotland?" I was quite sure that it would take my good friend Gribbs all he knew to get away with me on that kind of "ground."

The two friends who completed our party were a stock-broker and a fishing-tackle dealer and gunsmith, both of San Francisco. The former was, like myself, a native of the Scottish Highlands, and, as I had reason to know, an expert trout-fisher—at least he had been until he adopted Gribbs' theory of fishing up-stream with fly.

The gunsmith, as we afterwards found, was a humbug, so far as knowing anything about the sport was concerned, and he, moreover, turned out a nuisance to every other member of the expedition. He is now dead; and though dead—and, a proverb says, we must not speak evil of the dead—it would be the greatest hypocrisy for me not to say that he succeeded very effectually in marring the enjoyment of the trip, and, ultimately, of bringing it to an abrupt and unexpected termination.

The gunsmith, it may be premised, had taken upon himself, without any instructions from the rest of the party, and certainly without any from me, to lay in a stock of "bait," such as a certain kind of anglers are accustomed to regard as indispensable. It was contained in two large demijohns, which, to the infinite disgust of the two Highlandmen in the party, were found to contain, the one a sweet variety of very cheap port, tasting something like the liquorice water of our nursery and school days, and the other, just about as cheap, and quite as unpalatable, as some brands of native claret. This was his first step in the direction of wrecking the comfort of the expedition and undermining the good humor of the party.

"Good heavens, man," said Gribbs, as we were speeding on by a Central Pacific train towards the foothills of the Sierras, "is that your idea of bait? I have my own opinion of you as a fisherman, after that. Why on earth did you not bring at least one demijohn of whisky,—bourbon or rye? Do you know that there are hundreds of rattlers where we are going; and that one or all of us may be bitten at any moment? In such a case what are we to do for the only antidote to snake poison that is known to science? What a lunkhead you are, to be sure!"

Then Gribbs, who had been on the Yuba before, and professed to know all about the place and its fauna, started off at score with the most blood-curdling stories of the number and viciousness of the "rattlers" we were certain to meet with, until we were fain to make him shut up and go to sleep, as we, all of us, made haste to do. But his stories had the effect of making the rest of us full of the most uncomfortable apprehensions during the whole of the remainder of the trip, as I shall have occasion to tell later on.

ALECK.

In the grey dawn of the summer morning we reached Cisco, our jumping-off place. It is a small station, only a short distance from Summit, the highest point that the railway crosses in the Sierras. Below it, in a hollow, or rather on the slope of the mountain, which shelves steeply down to the bed of the South Yuba, is a small hostelry and general store, reached by a sloping, covered way intended to preserve means of communication between the station and the hotel in the winter, when there is a tremendously heavy fall of snow all over the country. In that covered way the visitor will find a spring of the most conceivably pure ice-cold water, which is said to flow all winter, defying Jack Frost, though he reigns in those regions then as a monarch whose rule is not to be disputed.

When we arrived there was no one stirring in the hotel, and we had to take shelter in a sort of a shed in the rear of it, making the best of our circumstances (which were, to say the least, far from comfortable in the "nipping and eager" air of an early morning in the bosom of the mountains) until the people of the inn should be stirring. The soft side of a plank is not an ideal couch on which to court repose, but we were very tired, and, therefore, glad to be out of the open air. So we snoozed away, more or less soundly, until awakened by the stamping of hoofs outside and the clatter of cooking utensils in the kitchen of the inn.

The former noise was made, we found, by about half-a-dozen mules, and a horse or two, under the charge of old Aleck, a tough, gnarled, and wrinkled "old timer," who, with his outfit of horses and mules, did most of the "packing" to different houses and stations that lay scattered here and there at long intervals among the mountain canyons. He was a typical specimen of his class; seemed utterly incapable of fatigue, and looked as surly and cross-grained as he was, in reality, good-humored, sunny-tempered and obliging,

He had been notified by wire, from San Francisco, to meet us at Cisco, and be prepared to take us up the mountains, over the eight miles that intervene between Cisco and the canyon through which the North Yuba flows; so he immediately took us under his wing, brought us into the hotel, and proceeded to the kitchen, where we could hear him, in the choice vernacular of the mountains, hurrying up the cook in the preparation of breakfast. That meal was soon ready, and was disposed of with the appetite which mountain air seems always to produce.

Then we made a start, each one of us perched on the hurricane deck of a mule, on which a Mexican saddle, of uncompromisingly wooden qualities, was lashed. I was unfortunate in getting an animal of a sullen temper and the most uncomfortable gait imaginable; so that, long before we reached our destination, I would have gladly dismounted and walked, had it not been that I felt "in my bones" that, after the first mile or two, I had been rendered utterly incapable of independent locomotion. So I had to stick to my saddle, and gaze, as steadily as I could, straight between the ears of my mule, for the road, or—to be more accurate—the trail, after the first half-mile, skirted the edge and crossed the face of precipices of such dizzy height, or rather depth, that it made us almost sick to look down, knowing, as we did, all the time, that a false step on the narrow, shelf-like path, would send mule and rider headlong to death in the ravine below. It was a new sensation for us all, but one of the kind of which a very little goes a long way.

Aleck taxed our credulity to the utmost by assuring us that this was the very road by which building material, heavy machinery, and supplies, were wont to be conveyed in the days of the gold rush to the North Yuba; but we were soon satisfied that he spoke only the truth, when, at the end of five miles or so, we came to a comparatively level part of the mountain, and found the ruins of what had been substantial houses, and the rusting machinery of stamp mills, which had been abandoned by the disappointed gold-seekers when the mines had petered out. It made one melancholy to look at these evidences of disappointed hopes, and labor expended in vain. There are, however, many of such ruins to be found scattered among the Sierras.

From the time we left the valley of the South Yuba, the only traces of animal life we saw were a few scattered "bunches" of cattle, and an occasional flock of sheep, feeding far down below us in the scanty bottom lands at the base of the precipitous sides of the canyons, along which we were slowly and fearfully picking our way. To be sure we occasionally heard the shrill note of the mountain quail, but saw none of the birds themselves, as far as I remember. They are a far warier and wilder bird than the "Bob White" of the Eastern States, or the common quail found in such numbers all over the lowlands of California. We had, too, increasing aural evidence of the existence in large numbers of a kind of grasshopper, or locust, abounding in the Sierras, and of a size that would make the oldest Kansas farmer open his eyes in amazement. These insects give forth a loud and rapid "schik-schik-schik," which sounds so like the warning given by the rattlesnake just before he strikes, that it might well startle the boldest. It certainly had a most demoralizing effect on one, at least, of our party, especially after the snake stories with which the highly

UP THE SIERRAS.

imaginative Gribbs had regaled us on the train the preceding evening.

We reached our destination—8,000 feet above sea level—in good time in the afternoon—that is to say, all did but myself. The accursed animal which I had the misfortune to bestride could not be induced to move at a pace more rapid than a walk, and a very slow walk at that. Indeed, I am not sure that, after the first attempt or two, I showed any particular anxiety to make him accelerate his pace, for his so doing would have increased the discomforts of my seat perilously near to the verge of agony. The reader will readily understand what I mean when I say that I lost considerable "leather" through contact with that unspeakably "wooden" Mexican saddle. The result of my mule's deliberate gait was that I was left far behind the rest of the cavalcade, and, not having the advantage of Aleck's guidance, lost my way, as a matter of course, reaching the north fork of the Yuba a considerable distance below the dam. Immediately on realizing the situation, I "harked" back, and fortunately fell in with Aleck, who had returned along the trail to look for me. Thus I was a full two hours later than the rest of the party in reaching the dam and getting off my mule.

How thankful I was to dismount, and what untold agonies I suffered in attempting to walk, after I had "climbed down," I will not attempt to describe. I do not feel that I could do the task justice. If I could, the "tale of woe" would read like an extract from Dante's Inferno.

The house where we stopped was situated on a ridge above the dam, which filled the narrow canyon below for a distance of some three miles up towards the source of the stream. The building was a substantial one of two stories, and was the place where the man who had the care of the dam and the regulating of the flow of water supplied from it to the mining camps below resided the year round.

He had a sufficiently lonely life of it during the summer, for he rarely saw a human face save when old Aleck arrived with supplies for him or brought a party of anglers, like ourselves, to whip the waters of the dam or of the Yuba. In winter he had another man as a companion, and, together, the two men passed the long, dreary months of snow. One was glad to find that they were fairly well supplied with newspapers, magazines and other kinds of reading matter, and that they could always communicate with Cisco by the telephone erected for the purpose of giving them their orders as to the number of "inches" (miners' measurement) of water they were expected to supply.

The young fellow whom we found in charge was a Swede, but he spoke English very well, and seemed to have read a good deal. He liked the life, he said, and had no intention of quitting it. He lived in the second storey of the house, the lower part being filled with stores of food and firewood. In the railing that ran round the balcony on the top of the first storey was a gate opening into space, but the man explained that when the snow came the gate opened on a bank of it which must have been at least ten feet in depth to have reached that level. When one learned that this state of things lasted from seven to eight months each year, he could not help wondering how any man could stand a life spent under these conditions. He would be far safer, and nearly as comfortable, in jail.

I made my way into the house as best I could in my crippled condition, and learned that the two exponents of "up-stream" fly-fishing had stolen a march on me and gone down to the river a good hour before my arrival. I felt that this was hardly fair, but, after resting my aching bones and muscles for a while, and eating something with a capital appetite, I made up my mind to go fishing alone, although I would have given a good deal to have lain down on my bed and rested until morning.

I put my fishing tackle in good order, and started down towards the bed of the stream, followed by encouraging remarks from the objectionable gunsmith to the effect that Gribbs was, in all probability, by that time pulling out the trout by the dozen. "For," added he, "if they are there he's the boy that can fetch them out."

Muttering under my breath anything but a benediction on the fellow, I fired a parting shot at him in the shape of a suggestion that it would be all the better for his health if he left that port wine which he had bought for bait severely alone for the rest of the day, and I descended the rough mountain side to the stream and began to whip carefully every likely spot. It looked an ideal trout stream, and I had no doubt of giving a good account of myself during the two or three hours of daylight that remained. But I was disappointed. I learned afterwards that an extra head of water was on, in accordance with orders from some hydraulic mining camp down the stream, and the consequence was that the volume of water in the rocky channel was at least three times that which usually flowed through it. This had the effect of seriously diminishing the chances of making anything like a good basket, and at the end of an hour I had only nine trout, and these of a very ordinary size. Then I stopped fishing, and struck out for home, not having seen a sign of the "up-stream" champions.

It was not, however, altogether, or even chiefly, the poor success I had had in fishing that made me leave and strike up the stream for the Swede's house. The fact was that I could not have continued fishing any longer had the sport been all that I could have desired, for I had become sick, very sick, from a cause which is easily explained, and which, I think, will be readily recognized as sufficient to have produced the effect it did.

I have already more than once referred to the snake stories to which Gribbs treated us just after we had started. I have also mentioned the large grasshoppers and their shrill, rattle-like note. I may add that, at that time, I had an altogether unreasoning horror of falling in with a rattlesnake, never having seen one in a wild state in my life. Well, as I walked along the rough banks of the stream, stepping carefully from rock to rock, in the intervals of watching my flies float from ripple to ripple and across likely eddies and swirls, every now and then a sharp "schick-schick-schick" would sound just at my feet, and I would jump, as it seemed to me, several feet in the air, hurry away from the spot where, I felt sure for the moment, a rattler was coiled up and ready to strike. It was no matter that, in every instance, I found I was mistaken. On the very next recurrence of the sound I would jump just as high and just as far, while my heart palpitated, from abject terror, till its throbbing sounded in my ears like the beating of a trip-hammer. I was, moreover, somewhat run down, in consequence of a solid year's very hard and unremitting work on the paper with which I was connected, and my physical condition was anything but improved by the awful experience I had had that day on mule-back. The result was that the repeated scares (the grasshoppers were very plentiful by the side of the stream), so worked upon my nerves that, as I have said, I grew deathly sick, and made my way as best I could to the welcome shelter of the house.

Arrived there, I threw myself on the bed, after giving my nine trout to the Swede to clean and sprinkle with salt, more as evidence to convince the "up-streamers," when they should arrive than for any value they were in themselves. I soon fell into a troubled slumber, and only woke up for a little when my friends reached the house, which they did not do until sometime after night-fall.

I learned, with no little satisfaction I am free to admit, that they had only three trout between them, and that their "up-stream" method had proved an utter failure on the Yuba. In point of fact, neither of them had caught a single trout on the stream, as I learned from the candid stockbroker the next day, and they had, as a last resort, gone to the dam, taken one of the two boats kept there for the use of the keeper, and had fished as long as daylight served them, with the result indicated.

Fortunately for their feelings, I was too ill to indulge in the luxury of "crowing" over them, as I should have been otherwise delighted to do, and all hands were soon asleep, neither of my friends having said one word about up-stream or down-stream fly-fishing after they learned that I had brought home just three times the number of their combined catch and had honestly caught mine on the Yuba, not on the Dam, and by fishing down-stream.

I passed a miserable, restless night, the result of over-excited nerves, and only dozed off, at intervals, into an uneasy and troubled slumber, from which I awoke with a start to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration. Besides this, my muscles were as sore as if I had undergone a sound mauling with a club, and, altogether, I was just about as miserable a man as could be found that night from the Sierras to the sea.

HEADQUARTERS.

As soon as day broke, however, I got up and crawled down, as best I could, to the side of the lake—Fordyce's dam was the name it was known by—and took a dip in its clear, and almost ice-cold waters. This braced me up wonderfully, and helped to restore my nervous system to something like its proper tone. It also relieved, to a remarkable degree, the soreness of my muscles and the stiffness of my joints, so that, when I appeared at the house, I looked and felt a different kind of a man from the wreck that had crawled away from it an hour or so before.

I cannot possibly give the reader, with pen and ink, the faintest idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene that I looked on, as I paused before entering the house and gazed away up the canyon in which the lake lay. The bare, precipitous sides of the Sierras rose on each side, almost sheer from the edge of the water, until their lofty peaks seemed to pierce the cloudless sky of the California summer. Their nakedness was not even screened, but was rather accentuated, by the occasional scrub pines that found a precarious foothold among the rocks and loose boulders. Looking down the river, a similar scene met the eye, the only striking difference being that the stream, broken into rapid eddy and swirl in its rocky and boulder-strewn bed, took the place of the placid, mirror-like lake. It was an inexpressibly grand scene: but one could not help feeling something like depression at the absolute solitude that reigned over it all. Yet it gave me the idea, somehow, of a fit dwelling for the Deity, the innermost shrine of the glorious temple furnished by Nature to be the abode of her King. It had the grandeur, the sublimity and the solitude which Infinite Majesty might be supposed to inhabit.

When I turned my back on this wonderful scene, bathed, as it was, in the golden light of the early morning sunshine, and entered the house, I found my companions hurriedly dressing and getting ready to discuss an excellent breakfast which our host had prepared. We soon satisfied our hunger, and then decided to take to the boats, of which there were two on the lake, and try for some of the big Webber Lake trout with which it was said to have been stocked. The stockbroker, Gribbs, and myself, went in one boat, and left to the objectionable gunsmith the entire and exclusive use of the other. And here, again, the abominable and unblushing selfishness of the man showed itself. He did not, like the rest of us, use the fly, but threw out two spoons, attached to strong lines, and then pulled and splashed his way up the lake, yelling, meanwhile, at the pitch of his voice, all sorts of inquiries and observations. If ever there was a man heartily and emphatically anathematized that day, it was the gunsmith.

We three, or rather two of us—for one had to man the oars—tried a few casts as we rowed up the lake, but, probably because the day was too bright and the surface of the lake too placid, we did not even get a rise. The member of the stock board, having, however, noted where a small stream ran into the lake, forming a fairly large pool just at its mouth, we pulled to the shore, landed at a point a little below it, and crept carefully to within casting distance of the pool. Our success was marked and immediate, and soon half-a-dozen two-pounders were in our baskets, the lion's share falling to the broker, to whom, as the first discoverer of the pool, the right of first fishing was conceded. But a speedy end was put to our sport. That irrepressible gunsmith came pulling toward us, and rowed his boat right into the pool. That settled it. We re-entered our boat in great disgust, and pulled as fast as we could for the head of the lake, endeavoring to shake off the gunsmith. But he was not so easily to be shaken off. We had scarcely reached the head of the lake and begun from behind the rocks, in which an ideal pool, or "pot," as the Scotch would call it, had been formed by the Yuba, after falling over a succession of rocky shelves on the hillside, when the unconscionable villain, shouting his idiotic remarks and splashing and floundering with his oars as before, pulled up into the centre of the pool and drove every trout in it away out into the lake. We could have killed him right there; and, if I remember rightly, Gribbs, who had a revolver and a big hunting-knife strapped to his person, muttered some words expressive of an overpowering desire to have his blood. However, beyond giving him a highly-garnished piece of mind, couched in the picturesque and vigorous language of the West, Gribbs did nothing, and we soon took to our boat and rowed away back to the lower end of the lake. We were all too much disgusted with the way in which our sport had been spoiled to do any more fishing, so we disposed ourselves as comfortably as we could around the Swede's sitting-room, and smoked and read, making all sorts of resolutions to make up for the lost time on the morrow.

Our well-laid plans, however, went "agley," and our resolutions were only partially fulfilled. Gribbs and the gunsmith got into an argument regarding some gut "casts" which the former had bought in the latter's store, and which, he asserted, had turned out to be worthless. They sat opposite each other, and the longer they sat the more denunciatory of the "casts" did the Field Editor become, and the more doggedly did the gunsmith maintain their excellence and superiority to all "casts" in California or elsewhere. Personalities soon came to be exchanged; finally, the two adjourned to the veranda, with the avowed intention of having it out. The broker did his best to pacify them, but, for some time, without avail. Finally, and through sheer exhaustion, they "let up" and retired, in gloomy and offended dignity, to their respective rooms.

The next morning they were still morose and sulky, and, after breakfast, Gribbs expressed his unalterable determination to walk back to Cisco. No amount of persuasion would induce him to change his mind, and he started. The gunsmith, not to be outdone, followed at a safe distance, and the broker and I were left alone to await the return of Aleck and his pack mules from another point farther away among the mountains.

As he was not expected until towards evening, we went to the lake and succeeded in catching a very nice basket of trout, which we carefully cleaned and salted, with the intention of taking them with us to San Francisco.

As we had to walk about a mile in order to strike the trail along which Aleck and the mules were to come, we consigned the demijohns, and what was left of their contents, to the Swede, until either Gribbs or the gunsmith should come or send after them—something we knew they would never do—and we started.

We had to wait until it was dusk before Aleck and his cavalcade picked us up, and we had the pleasant prospect ahead of us of descending that awful apology of a road, down the mountains to Cisco, in a pitch dark night. The mules were, however, familiar with the route, and as sure-footed as chamois, and we reached Cisco in safety, but, if possible, stiffer and sorer than we had been after our ride up.

We found the deserters at the inn, regaling themselves on something a little more wholesome than that sickly sweet port or sour claret, and recounting their feats in catching fingerlings in the South Fork of the Yuba, having apparently buried the hatchet and agreed to drop, for good, the question of the merits or demerits of those gut "casts."

So ended our trip to Fordyce's dam, on the North Fork of the Yuba, for we left, that same night, by rail for 'Frisco; but we had learned one lesson, —yea, two, which we had laid to heart —that is to say, the broker and I did. The first was never to go on a fishing expedition with a loud-mouthed, ignorant and drunken companion who knows as little of fishing as he does of the canons of ordinary courtesy, and of what one might call "the rule of the road," (or, say, "of the rod") when fishing near you. The second was, never to take any "liquid" bait with us, when we went fishing—or, at least, if we did, something more palatable and invigorating than sweet port wine or sour claret—for example, "the only antidote to the poison of a rattlesnake known to science."

Another thing was settled entirely, to the satisfaction of, at least, one member of the party, that up-stream fishing with the fly, is a fad, a fraud, and a fallacy.

And still another fact—the imaginative Gribbs, to the contrary, notwithstanding—we were assured of, viz.: that there is not one single "rattler" on the North Yuba.

BYRON.

True poet, cherished by the brave and free,
Hater of guile and dull hypocrisy,
Who saw too clearly with those piercing eyes,
And showed too well the world's vile creed of lies.
Adored and hated, flattered and betrayed,—
O ! noble heart by treachery savage made !

The soul of flame, the words of life and might,
That were thy gifts from Heaven, child of light,
(Though now some dolts to flout thy verse presume,
Like monkeys chattering o'er a sultan's tomb)—
Will make thy name, while England's speech shall last,
Endure like some grand temple of the past,
While envious dullards' words that vexed thee so,
Have vanished like the flakes of last year's snow.
And for thy faults—for faults thy greatness stained—
Surely thy death can plead a true atonement gained.
Surely thy life of storm had earned thee rest,
Surely thou knowest now that all was for the best.

—Reginald Gourlay

THE STORY OF CASTLE FRANK, TORONTO.

BY H. SCADDING, D.D.

THE widely-extended limits of Toronto now enclose several localities which once bore independent appellations of their own, significant and interesting as having been derived from the properties or residences of early inhabitants.

Thus, Caer-Howell, a well-known place of resort, situated on the west side of Queen-street Avenue, was the name given by Chief Justice Powell to his park lot extending from Queen to Bloor-streets. The name signifies the stronghold or headquarters of the Hoels, and has reference to the noble Welsh family name borne by the Chief Justice Powell, that is Ap-Hoel.

On this lot, but somewhat nearer Queen-street, was the mausoleum or family vault of the Chief Justice, since transferred to St. James' Cemetery.

Along Queen-street, a little to the west on the north side, where the expansion occurs between Beverley-street and Spadina Avenue, was formerly a property entitled "Petersfield," denoting the park lot or farm of the celebrated Peter Russell, whose name remains attached to Peter-street, leading up from the south into the expansion aforesaid, which marks exactly the frontage of the property formerly known as "Petersfield."

The name Spadina, now so extensively applied, in the first instance properly appertained only to the site of Spadina House, situated on the rising land immediately to the north of the avenue. In fact, the word Spadina is a modification of a native Indian term, sounding somewhat like Espadinong, and denoting a hill or rise of land, an expression selected by Dr. William Baldwin, the former owner of the spot, who also affixed the Indian term Mashquoteh,* signifying a meadow or plain, to the adjoining property.

At a later time, "Deer Park," just to the eastward, extending to Yonge-street, had its name likewise suggested by the level character of the land around. Captain Elmslie surrounded a number of acres here with a picket fence eight feet high, for the purpose of keeping deer.

Mr. Heath, who at a later period became the owner, changed the name to Lawton Park, but the old title is still often to be heard.

Russell Hill was another portion of the rise of land hereabout, as is also Summer Hill, across Yonge-street to the eastward.

Westward from Spadina, on the same rise, was Davenport, a name given by Colonel Wells to his property there; and further westward still, but to the south, were Oak Hill and Pine Grove, the former the home anciently of General Eneas Shaw, and the latter that of his neighbor and old friend, Colonel Givins.

Bellevue Place and Bellevue Avenue, a little to the east of these properties, preserve the name of Bellevue, a primitive and central home of the Denisons.

A pretty expression, long attached to a considerable strip of the Elmslie estate west of Yonge-street and somewhat south of Bloor—Clover Hill—is now I fear banished from Toronto nomenclature.

The extensive area known by the pleasant nane of "Rosedale," contains a reminiscence of the picturesque residence and grounds of Stephen Jarvis, Registrar of the County and father of the first Sheriff, William Botsford Jarvis.

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* Longfellow adopts the orthography, "Muskoday." See Hiawatha, 5th section.

"By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow."

The fine approach to the Rosedale region from the south, known as Jarvis-street, derives its name from the distinguished Secretary Jarvis of the early Simcoe period, through the centre of whose park lot, all the way from Queen to Bloor-street, it was made to pass in after times by his son, Samuel Peters Jarvis. Jarvis-street is now applied to the whole thoroughfare leading southward to the bay.

Street names, as we have seen in various other instances, perpetuate the designation by which certain distinct localities in Toronto were formerly known. Two or three of such localities still remain, not as yet wholly absorbed into the sum total, so ot speak, of the city, although that absorption is steadily going on, and must ultimately be complete. The domain around Beverley House is perceptibly diminishing, and the same must be said of that surrounding Berkeley House in the eastern portion of the city, the old seat of the Smalls; as also of the spacious surroundings of Moss Park, which extended until quite recent times northerly to Bloor-street.

The Grange, at the head of John-street, associated so intimately with memories of the Boulton family, seems likely to be the last to succumb before the aggressions of city extension.

There remains to be mentioned a notable locality now enclosed within the limits of Toronto, towards the north-east, and bounded by the River Don. I refer to the Castle Frank portion of the city, where a Castle Frank avenue and a Castle Frank Crescent, have been authoritatively established.

The name of Castle Frank is invested with a number of associations now become quite historic in Canadian annals, and of these I proceed to make some record.

The Castle Frank region may be roughly defined as the piece of land bounded on the east by the River Don, on the west by Parliament-street, on the north by Bloor, and on the south by Wellesley-street. It consisted of the northern halves of lots 16 and 17, in the first survey made of this part of the county of York, and contained about 225 acres. The southern halves of these lots, stretching to the water's edge on the south, formed the reserve set apart for the Government buildings of the province and grounds attached thereto.

The 225 acres just referred to were patented by Lieut.-Gov. Simcoe to his son Francis Gwillim Simcoe, a child born prior to his father's mission to Canada, from whom the property was styled "Castle Frank Farm," as may be seen in a plan drawn from the survey of Augustus Jones, attested by the acting Surveyor-General, D.W. Smith.

This plan, drawn on a scale of four chains to an inch, shows the exact situation of a building erected on the property, with the track, leading thereto from the westward cut out through the woods; it also shows the windings of the Don, by means of which Castle Frank could be approached in boats coming up from the mouth of the river.

The attractions of the spot where the building was placed must have been its picturesque wildness and its elevation above the level of the river. The heights here were covered with tall pines; below, in the Don valley, were fine elms, (clothed, some of them, with the Virginia creeper), basswood (the linden), and buttonwood trees (*platinus or plane*). On the opposite side of the valley were clusters of the wild apple, or crab, noticeable for its beautiful and fragrant blossoms, the prickly ash, shad-bush, or service berry, dogwood, sassafras bushes, and white birch; the hemlock, spruce and white cedar, the high bush cranberries, alder, dark willow, nine bark spirea, etc., in moist situations.

Several "Hog's Backs," as they are termed, or long, narrow ridges, ran down to the valley, on both sides of the River Don, at this point. In far back pre-historic times, Lake Ontario spread its waters a good way to the north of this, and as the land slowly ascended, the waters correspondingly descended, and scooped out for themselves various channels in the Drift along the shore, thereby forming these so-called "Hog's Backs," two or three of which come out into the valley of the Don just here in a curiously converging way, probably from some peculiar conformation of rock below.

Immediately under the site of Castle Frank, to the west, was a deep ravine containing a perennial stream known and marked on plans as "Castle Frank" Brook, which entered the Don at the southern point of one of the "Hog's Backs" referred to, where also was a small island formed in the river, covered with vines of the wild black grape, close to which island, and in some way connected with it, was a large patch of genuine wild rice, duly visited every fall by discerning wild fowl.

SIMCOE CHAPEL, ENGLAND.

On the east side of the site of the building the bank of the Don was steep and precipitous, and a little way to the north was a singular conical mound always spoken of as the "Sugar Loaf," the apex of which must long have appeared, above the retiring waters, as a minute island.

Castle Frank itself, situate on a narrow plateau between two steep declivities, was a structure of carefully hewn logs, covered with a widish clapboard.

It was an oblong about 80 feet in length and 40 feet in width, and some 20 feet to the eaves. The entrance door was in the middle of the southern end, where the stout boles of four pine trees, with the bark carefully preserved, supported a projecting gable somewhat after the manner of pillars at the end of a Grecian temple. The windows were on the sides.

Out of the middle point of the roof arose a massive chimney containing several flues. It may a once be said that the building was never thoroughly completed or occupied, and was never intended to be in any sense an official residence or anything more than a kind of occasional summer picnic resort. The term *Castle*, which was intended to be simply synonymous with the French *Chateau*, has been somewhat misleading.

It is amusing to observe how conspicuously the name figures on the American Plan of the capture of York in 1812, to be seen in Lossing, page 590. D. W. Smith also, in a plan of his Maryville estate, marks the road to Castle Frank in large letters.

On the plan drawn by Augustus Jones the whole plot of ground is described as "Castle Frank Farm," and is stated to be the property of

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Francis Simcoe, Esq. This, as we have already seen, meant the very youthful son of the Governor; the "Esquire" is possibly appended in a somewhat playful strain. The plan also shows the exact situation of the house of Mr. Playter, whose name is given. This was Mr. George Playter, the first patentee of the surrounding land. His house stood exactly where the modern "Drumsnab" is now seen.

FRANK G. SIMCOE.

The full name of the young patentee was Francis Gwillim Simcoe, the middle name being that of his mother's family. During the progress of the building he was often seen, I have been told, clambering with boyish glee, in company with a young sister, up and down the steep and thickly wooded bank on the river side, passing to and from the boats, in the stream below, which had found their way to the spot, though the innumerable sinuosities of the Don, all the way from its mouth in Toronto Bay. The after life and premature end of the youth from whom this region has taken its name imparts to the story of Castle Frank a certain degree of romance.

Governor Simcoe was a well-read and scholarly man. His journal of the operations of the "Queen's Rangers," printed in quarto, for private circulation, in 1787, and reprinted in octavo at New York in 1844, by Bartlett and Walford, for general circulation, has become a classic in the literature connected with the American Revolution.

In that work, to avoid the appearance of egotism, the writer uses the third person and not the first—in this respect, as also in purity and conciseness of style, reminding us of Xenophon in his "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and Cæsar in the commentaries.

In the course of his military studies Governor Simcoe may have had his attention arrested by operations under the walls of the old town of Castelle Franco, in the north of Italy, in the Venetian territory; or, under the walls of another old town of the same name, Castel Franco, in the territory of Benevento, in the south of Italy; or it may be his attention had been directed to campaigns near the town of Castle Franc in the south-west of France, not far from Bordeaux.

Accordingly, where a name was to be given to the quaint chateau of pine-logs overlooking the valley of the Don, erected on the property lately patented to his little son and heir, Francis Gwillim Simcoe, "Castle Frank" may have suggested itself, at first probably not in serious earnest, but at last good-humoredly adopted as a sufficiently descriptive appellation.

The young son of the Governor thus commemorated figures again in the accounts which we have of the Governor's life at Navy Hall, on the opposite side of Lake Ontario. Navy Hall, as will be remembered, was the title given, probably also in a mood somewhat jocose, to a long and capacious frame building adapted for the reception of marine stores and material for the general equipment of Government vessels on the lake. This edifice, situated on the west bank of the Niagara, a little way up from its mouth, had been partially cleared out and hurriedly fitted up as a temporary residence for the Governor and his family on their arrival at Newark, as Niagara on the Lake was styled in 1792.

Navy Hall, of which I have an original water color drawing of the period, from the hand of Mrs. Simcoe herself, was the only fixed abode of the Governor while in Canada.

During his sojourn at York, on the north side of the lake, he found shelter in a movable canvas house which had once been the property of the celebrated navigator, Capt. Cook, and was regarded as a curiosity throughout the whole country. At Navy Hall he dispensed a liberal hospitality, gave balls, and entertained passing visitors of eminence. As to the lite in the curious canvas house at York we have the following testimony of Commodore Bouchette:

"Frail as was its substance, it was rendered exceedingly comfortable, and soon became as distinguished for the social and urbane hospitality of its venerated and gracious host, as for the pecularity of its structure."

It was probably in one apartment, the ball-room say, of the rude structure of Navy Hall that the first parliament of Upper Canada was held. The Duc de Liancourt in his "Travels in the United States, &c." vol. 1, p. 256, describes the scene as witnessed by him, it may have been in this very chamber, at the second session of the Parliament. "The Governor," the Duke says, "entered the Hall dressed in silk, with his hat on his head, attended by his adjutant and two secretaries, and the speech was then read.'

In this same book of travels by the Duc de Liancourt, the son of the Governor, from whom Castle Frank takes its name, again appears.

"The Governor," the Duke says, "was very anxious to oblige and please the Indians: his only son, a child some four years of age, was dressed as an Indian and called Tioga, which name was given him by the Mohawks." "This little comedy," the Duke adds, "may be of use in the intercourse with the Indians: the child, we are told, was adopted as a chief."

The term, Tioga, I was once assured by an intelligent Indian missionary (Mr. Elliot), designates something that stands between two objects tending to unite them: and so the child of the governor thus distinguished and titled might be hoped, in after time, to prove a link of union between the Government and the Indian community; but it was destined to be otherwise. The after history of the boy, however, as we have already stated, served to form a link of association between the name of Castle Frank and certain events happening in the outer world on a broad scale. In after years, the child became, like his father, a soldier.

Gen. Simcoe, on the occurrence of his fiftieth birthday, in 1801, uses the following language to the clergyman of his parish, while suggesting to him subjects for a jubilee sermon:—

"There is a text in Leviticus, I believe, that particularly enforces purity of heart to those who aspire to military command. As mine, in all views, is a military family, it may not be amiss in a more especial manner to inculcate the remembrance of the Creator to those who shall engage in the solemn duties of protecting their country at these times from foreign usurpation.

For Leviticus here we should probably read "the book of Joshua,' whence the text selected by the clergyman for the Jubilee Sermon was derived—chap. 24, verse 15.

The young soldier was carefully educated in accordance with the principles indicated in the General's letter.

He was trained classically and mathematically at Eton, and in due time obtained a commission in the army.

That he was mathematically trained I have evidence in a volume which I am so fortunate as to possess; it is a Simson's Euclid, bearing date 1804, and containing an original autograph, "F. G. Simcoe, Eton Coll." The father died before the son's anticipated career had yet commenced: he survived his jubilee for a brief period of four years.

Before his departure from England to undertake the government of the new Province of Upper Canada, Governor Simcoe addressed a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society of England, in which, in an informal and familiar way, he gave a sketch of his plans. He evidently saw that he was about to lay the foundations of a very important community, of a state in fact, and he consequently speaks of himself as a kind of Romulus on a small scale.

This phraseology was in harmony with the fashion of the times prevailing among gentlemen, in and out of Parliament, who had, most of them, been classically trained. Had Sir Joseph Banks or any other gentleman of this character chanced to have seen the Governor at Navy Hall, standing up in the presence of an Indian Council, or it may be even of a Parliament, with his youthful son conspicuously by his side, they would possibly have thought not so much of a Romulus, as of an ancestor of this Romulus—Æneas, accompanied by the little Ascanius or Iulus, so graphically described by Virgil.

"The little Iulus clings around my right hand and follows his father with unequal steps." For myself, knowing now the brief career and crowning fate of the youth, I should be rather reminded of the young Marcellus, im-

DON VALLEY—CASTLE FRANK IN THE DISTANCE.

mortalized by Virgil in his 6th Æneid, of whose shade, seen for a moment in Hades, advancing by the side of that of his sire, it was so pathetically said

"Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's
severe decree,—
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee."

Even so, had it been ordained that the young soldier should have longer survived, it is likely he would have proved a true Marcellus, a true son of his father, and an enthusiastic soldier. Even in 1812, the dangers to Great Britain from foreign usurpation which had troubled Gen. Simcoe's mind in 1801 had not fully subsided. Napoleon Bonaparte still survived, and was strongly entrenched in Spain. In 1812 occurred the famous Siege of Badajoz by the Duke of Wellington, followed by the storming of the fortress and the destruction of so many gallant English soldiers. It was the lot of the young Francis Gwillim Simcoe to be amongst these.

I have a copy of the letter written by a military chaplain immediately after the event, and addressed by him to the young officer's widowed mother, conveying to her the sad intelligence. This letter will tell its own sad tale. It reads as follows:—

"Though perfectly unknown, yet my feelings dictate that I should in the present melancholy season address you, as I am aware your anxiety must be great respecting the fate of my most esteemed friend, your son. Sincerely lamented by all who knew him, he fell, on the night of the 6th, in the midst of several others, his brother officers, and hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, while storming the town of Badajoz: to state the details of this circumstance would be needless. In him I have lost a promising young friend, an agreeable companion, and a good Christian; and allow me most sincerely to sympathize and condole with you in the great loss you have sustained by the death of an affectionate and dutiful son.

"On the morning of the 7th, I went in search of my esteemed and valued young friend, and was so fortunate as to find him lying in the breach where (as I am sure it will be satisfactory for a friend and parent to be informed) I performed the last offices over him, and got him as decently interred as the great confusion of our most melancholy situation would admit He has left no memorandum behind him, though frequently entreated by me to do so in case of accident; neither did he make any requests when I parted with him, but committed his fate entirely to Him who is the Disposer of all events."

"Proffering to you and your afflicted family my future services in any way I can be useful, allow me to subrcribe, etc.,

"George Jenkins,

"Chaplain to the forces, 4th Division;
"Badajoz Camp, April 9th, 1812."

From childhood to maturity had been passed in an atmosphere intensely military. In addition, as the Chaplain's letter gives us to understand, the religious faculty had been developed and duly trained; as a Christian soldier, his warfare was speedily accomplished. Whatever in the order of Providence had been appointed for him to do was done, and the young life sacrificed in the doing of it was one more witness to the truth of the motto appended to the Simcoe Family Arms, *Non sibi sed Patriae*—"Not for himself, but for his Country."

Enough has been said to show that our familiar expression "Castle Frank" has associations of historical interest connected with it, and that its story involves the story of one, who, if not a distinctly individualized hero, died heroically in the direct discharge of duty as a soldier in the midst of circumstances most appalling. We are told by Napier, in his description of the storming of Badajoz, that "When Wellington saw the havoc of the night, the firmness of his nature gave away for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

The young officer's remains were never removed from the spot where the good Chaplain saw them deposited. The interior wall of the private Chapel at Wolford, the seat of the Simcoe Family, shows the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANCIS GWILLIM SIMCOE,
Lieutenant in the 27th Regiment of Foot,
ELDEST SON OF
LIEUT.-GENERAL JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE AND
ELIZABETH HIS WIFE,
BORN AT WOLFORD LODGE,
Fell in the breach at the Siege of Badajoz,
April 6th, 1812, in the 21st year of his age.

"Be of good courage; let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people, and let the Lord do that which is good in His sight."—CHRON. 19. 13.

"Badajoz" takes us back, first to the Moorish days in Spain, and second, to the Roman Period in the same country, Badajoz being, we are told, a phonetic effort on the part of the Arabs to write down the words Pax Augusta (the name of a Roman military station), as Saragossa also was to be reproduced on paper from Cæsarea Augusta, the Latin name of another station. Some of our Indian local names in Canada are similar phonetic efforts on the part of Europeans to reduce to writing long and difficult expressions in the Iroquois and Algonquin languages.

It is to be added that one night in the year 1829 the wooded structure so widely known as Castle Frank, left solitary and uninhabited on the steep height over-hanging the Don, was totally consumed by fire through the carelessness, I will not say the malevolence, of some fishermen who had ascended to the spot for shelter or some other purpose. A slight depression in the sandy soil, a few yards to the north of St. James' Cemetery fence, still shows the spot where the central chimney stack of Castle Frank was situated, on the hill overlooking the Don. In "Goad's Atlas of Toronto," 2nd edition, 1890, plate 27, showing the lately laid out Castle Frank Avenue and Castle Frank Crescent, there is a range of narrow building lots abutting southwards on the St. James' Cemetery fence, and northwards looking towards the Crescent. It is possibly on the lot No. 8 or Lot No. 9 on this range, that the depression referred to is situated. The modern residence,

ANOTHER VIEW OF CASTLE FRANK.

built by Mr. Walter McKenzie, known popularly of late years as Castle Frank, is situated some distance to the north-east of the site of the original Castle Frank. The depression on Lot No. 8 or 9 was visited by the writer on the 4th of May, 1895, in company with some friends, and was fully identified. On the same occasion a photograph was taken by Mr. Humphrey Wood. The boundary lines of the lots not having been marked out on the soil, it was impossible to ascertain accurately on which of these lots the depression was situated. It had been feared that building operations, etc., might have obliterated the depression, but this, happily, was not the case, and the writer, who was perfectly familar with the spot years ago, was able to recognize it easily. He hopes this brief sketch will prove of interest to those who may peruse it.

The foregoing paper was read in the first instance, before a meeting of the York Pioneers in Toronto. At the unanimous request of the members of that society, it is now published in its present shape. Some few additions have been made to the text.

Of the engravings given, the author regrets that he is able to have only those contained in this article reproduced, though there are several others which were exhibited when the paper was first read.—H. S.

REVENGE!

Dark-browed "Revenge,"—the wicked weakling's plea,
Too oft the answer to a noble foe,
Lulling the conscience for a coward's blow;
He dare not strike when other eyes may see!
To take a mean advantage o'er a friend,
Because of fancied insult, slight, or wrong,
Can never build a nature good and strong,
And oft defeats its object in the end!
"Revenge is Sweet,"—the craven coward saith,
And skulking, hides himself in hell's dark hold,
Till some advantage makes him wond'rous bold,
Then steps he forth with venom bated breath!
Revenge makes man the devil's willing slave,
To do his will, and fill a coward's grave!

John Imrie.

THE LABARUM.

HOC SIGNO VINCES.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY. F.R.S.C.

To the several considerations which Cicero says should enable us to support advancing years without repining we may add the singular pleasure of reviewing, with the added experience of age, conclusions formed in youth. In many cases, our immature judgment has been faulty, in others prejudiced and completely wrong. With years, our views have become broader and more tolerant, and, during the past generation, new methods of examining facts have been introduced, the principles of development have become better understood, and a wider range in thought has become possible, if not habitual. Half a century ago, for instance, how lofty was the pedestal on which Demosthenes was placed! A man nobly battling for his country's freedom, lifting his most eloquent voice in defence of the glory of Athens, and, unterrified, holding at bay the tyrant Philip by the influence of his brilliant patriotic speeches! Now, he seems but a gifted demagogue, a voluble Mrs. Partington, not engaged, it is true, in sweeping back the Atlantic with a broom, but, what is the same thing, combating the inevitable with mere rhetoric, while Philip was gathering, under the authority of one strong military power, all the Hellenic forces, for the extension of western civilization over the Asiatic monarchies. Where once the orator was idolized, the side of Philip is now espoused; that quiet, determined, far-seeing organizer, who, with a strong hand, swept away the obstacles put by the Gladstone of the 107th Olympiad in the way of his uniting the various states of Greece. A study of the history of Christopher Columbus is no less destructive of old ideas. Where the flattering image did exist of a noble, self-sacrificing personage of high enterprise, there now stands the truthful portrait-bust of a self-seeking commercial adventurer, who, with venal views and impious methods, brought a curse to the continent he was fated to discover, and largely contributed to the ultimate ruin of Spain. Whether a re-survey of the period in which Christianity became the religion of the Roman world will interest the reader as it has done the writer is what we will now seek to discover.

A recent number of the Transactions of the Philological Society of Constantinople contains a paper by Christopher Samarsides, the gymnasiarch or principal of the High School of Adrianople. This paper, without further preface, I will translate from the Greek, and slightly condense.

1. Of those who have written about The Sign which appeared to Constantine the Great, Eusebius, the son of Pamphilus, is the most trustworthy, because he lived at the same epoch as that Emperor, and came to believe in the account of the vision from his own lips. That writer distinctly calls the apparition a Divine sign. Ducange, in his work on the coins of the emperors of Constantinople, testifies that on account of what transpired in connection with it, Constantine called it the Labarum. He considers the Labarum a barbaric emblem, and that as to the word itself, those who have written about it enquire in vain.

2. The whole body of our historians, who have simply copied the notes of Eusebius, call this portent a Divine sign—but say nothing about the word Labarum, referred to by Ducange.

3. So, thinking it worth while to finish the enquiry from which they have recoiled, I have persisted in the study and have worked with patient industry to discover what was

the sign that appeared to Constantine, and what is the meaning and derivation of the word Labarum.

4. The father of Ecclesiastical history writes about the Divine sign as follows :—"During bright sunshine, but after noon, he (Constantine) said he saw, with his own eyes, in the heavens, the figure of a cross, overlying the sun, consisting of light, and markings were pieced together with it, reading *TOΥTΩ NIKA*.* Amazement at this sight had pervaded the whole army, and he, following out a person who had come to enquire whither they should march, became a spectator of the marvel."

5 Thus do the most celebrated meteorologists and aëronauts speak when the upper regions of the atmosphere are charged with vapors which become small transparent polyhedral particles of ice. The meteorological phenomena called *Parhelia* and *Paraselenia* appear when the sun or moon are near the horizon, and the rays are refracted, during clear weather, by these little particles ; they are variously colored halos about the sun or moon—two, and sometimes three. The smallest of these halos is 23° in diameter ; the next, 46°, and the largest, 99°. Outside each halo are seen shining disks, somewhat resembling the sun or moon, as the case may be. Symmetrical, beautifully-colored bows appear beside the halos, when the rays pass through aslant.

6. Putting these statements, taken from Marcotte and Zurcher, *Les Meteores*, and those of Eusebius, side by side, it is evident that the sign which appeared to Constantine the Great was nothing else than a parhelion. * * * We must now see how the letters appeared in connection with the lines and general figure.

7. In this simple meteorological phenomenon can be clearly discerned by an easy analysis all the nine component symbols of this *TOΥTΩ NIKA*.

The ruling letter of the first word, *T*, is composed of the horizontal diameter of the smaller, with that part of the vertical diameter of the larger circle which is below the centre. The next, *O*, appears complete in the periphery of the small circle. The third, *Υ*, is shown, by the accompanying diagram, to be composed of the curve tangent to the smaller circle and the upper half of the diameter of the same. The fourth, *T*, is formed by the curve tangential to the large circle, and the part of the diameter of that circle which lies above the diameter of the middle one. The fifth, *Ω*, is given us by the middle circle, which has at the bottom an incomplete joining, and the two curves tangential to it, where it is thus interrupted.

The first letter of the second word is indicated by the left portion of the lower incomplete semicircular arc, tangential to the middle circle, part of the left semi-circumference of that circle, and the left half of the curve which is above it and tangential to the small circle. The second letter, *I*, is the vertical diameter of the middle circle. The third, *K*, may be seen by the diagram to consist of the upper half of the vertical diameter of the middle circle, the right half of the curve tangent to the little one, and of the right upper quadrant of the circumference of the same. The fourth, *A*, is revealed by two transverse semidiameters of the middle circle and the included quarter-circumference of the small one.

8. In the whole cruciform shape of the transverse diameters of the middle circle, the cross may be distinguished, which Constantine saw projected against the sun, in which the inscription was monographed, *TOΥTΩ NIKA*.

The symbol connecting this with the Saviour, the letter X, with P upright through the middle of it, is also to be remarked in the figure of this atmospheric phenomenon, for the X is the upper half of the circle of 23° with the curve tangential to it, while the P is the vertical diameter of the larger circle, the right half of the tangential curve to the small circle of 23°, and that part of the circumference of the larger circle included between the two. This symbol adorned the middle of the crown of the military ensign, and was stamped on the coins of the period. With this symbol the Emperor secured his face, and this it was his custom to carry upon his head.†

9. Nor did the crown (*στέφανος*) placed upon the top of the staff of the Imperial standard of Constantine, and made of gold and precious stones, differ at all in pattern from one of the many-colored halos seen in parhelia.

10. Thus, comparing meteorological knowledge with the apparition, and leaving the miraculous altogether out of consideration, I have, with all seriousness, shown that The Divine Sign was probably a meteorological phenomenon. Whatever fear from religious awe, whatever courage or advantages were given to people of old by the sight of celestial and atmospheric events, we are now familiarised with them, for the light of Science now illumines the darkness of Ignorance, views the everlasting nature of the laws of the eternal * * * and makes it evident that Divine Omnipotence never was, is, or will be, the slave of the ideas and necessities of humanity through the upsetting of everlasting law.

11. As to the derivations and meaning of

**σταυρὸν, . . τοῦ ηλιοῦ υπερκειμενον και ῾ῷ συνηπτο ῾η γραφη,* etc.

† Eusebius—*Λογ. α, κεφ λ*, and *Λογ. γ, κεφ β*

the word *Λαβαρον*, I have heard a number of absurd roots proposed, which, as a mere jest to good judges, I dismiss

12. In the 29th chapter of the first book of his Life of the Blessed Constantine the Emperor, Eusebius relates—"And he (Constantine) then began to be quite at a loss to know what the apparition meant. While meditating and reasoning deeply about it, night came on, and, while he was sleeping, Christ, the Son of God, was seen in a vision in the heavens, with a repetition of the sign which had been noticed in the sky, and ORDERED him to make a copy of it, and use it as a defence against the standards of his foes."*

13. Keeping this in mind, and recognizing that the spirit of command tends to show itself in many things appertaining to leadership, I am persuaded that the words chosen in the appearance of Christ to the Emperor, were called forth by the requirements of command. The word associated with the cross, NIKA, makes this evident. For Christ, as Lord and God, is always evidenced as speaking like a person of rank and position. This appears in the Gospel,† with which Constantine was acquainted. That the Emperor knew Greek well is expressly stated by Eusebius, while the holy men of God, whom he had placed beside him, and who would reason about the sign and its meaning, were mostly, if not all, Greeks, and used the Greek language—which none will deny after considering their names.‡

14. It is easy, then, to perceive that Christ, appearing to the Emperor in his sleep, commanded him to use for a protective emblem (ῶς *αλεζιτηρια*) the representation of the sign which had appeared, in two imperative words *Λαβε 'Αρον*, to which was added the NIKA, which was there in the apparition. The Emperor, it is likely, having the words as it were ringing in his ears, which, in his sleep, he heard Christ utter, called the representation he ordered to be made the *Λαβε 'Αρον*. Those who received this ensign, as the one particular thing personal to Constantine the Great, who were not acquainted with Greek, and yet were soldiers and followers of the Emperor, would write this in Greek or in Latin as *Λαβαρον* or Labarum. The word has, in vain, as I think, had its roots sought for in a single word.

Let us now glance at the political history of the time.

Julius Cæsar having achieved the conquest of the Western World, and Augustus having re-organized the Roman Empire, a succession of emperors had kept it together for three hundred years, until Diocletian, finding foreign foes threatening on several sides without, and civil wars distracting the empire within, introduced an entirely new system. Elected Emperor by a general assembly of the army in A. D. 284, he soon associated with himself, for the defence of the commonwealth, a distinguished warrior, Maximian, to whom he ultimately gave the equal dignity of Augustus. A few years afterwards, each of the Augusti appointed a lieutenant, with the title of Cæsar. Constantius assumed the defence of Gaul, Spain and Britain; Galerius, that of Illyria and the Danubian frontier; Italy and Africa were assigned to Maximian, while Diocletian reserved for himself Thrace, Asia and Egypt.

Each of these four personages was sovereign within his own provinces; their united authority extended over the whole empire, and the confederation, under the recognized leadership of Diocletian, seemed likely to produce the happiest results. Constantius recovered Gaul from an insurrection of the peasants, and retook Britain from Carausius and Allectus; Galerius had fifteen years of hard fighting against the Germans on the Danube; Maximian chastised the Moors, and drove them to their mountains; while Diocletian, himself, reduced Egypt and vanquished the Persians, employing in the end, the high military talents of Galerius. These labors consumed twenty active summers, but, at length, the two Augusti celebrated at Rome a magnificent triumph—the last Rome ever beheld. "Soon afterwards," says Gibbon, "the emperors ceased to vanquish, and Rome ceased to be the capital of the Empire."

**Τον Χριστον του Θεου συν τω φανεντι κατ 'ουρανον σημειω 'οφθηναι τε και ΠΑΡΑΚΕΛΕΓΣΑΣΘΑΙ μιμημα ποι'ησαμενον του κατ 'ουρανον 'οφθεντος σημειου τουτο προς τας των πολεμιων συμβολας αλεξηματι Χρησθαιν.*

†Examples too numerous to repeat are given by the author. *Αρον σου την κλινην*, etc.

‡*Αλεξανδρος, Ανεγνλητος, Αντερως, Διονυσιος, Ελευθερος*, etc.

This division was necessary, because Rome had ceased to command the respect of the world; her own people, enervated by luxury, no longer formed the flower of the armies; the Senate had been reduced to a nullity by a long series of military dictatorships; the once highly prized rights of Roman citizenship had been extended by successive decrees to the whole empire, so that there was no hereditary ruling family, no ruling class; personal ambition had become paramount, and evidences were not lacking of the revival of something like national aspirations in the outlying provinces.

All these forces tended to decentralization, and Diocletian was probably wise in his generation in accepting the position, and forming an entirely new constitution or system of Government, in harmony with the requirements of the times.

To prevent too close personal intercourse, to preclude occasions of jealousy, and to ensure even a short period of repose, it was also necessary that each emperor should have his headquarters away from Rome; Maximian fixed his seat at Milan, and Diocletian began the embellishment of Nicomedia.

Julius had refused the semblance of a crown. Augustus, to please the people, had affected modesty and economy in his ways. How changed the people were, can be imagined when we reflect that Diocletian, also to please them, began to imitate the pomp of Persia, assumed the title of Basileus or king, and encircled his forehead with a jewelled fillet. He instituted forms and ceremonies, "schools" of domestic officers, while subjects, on approaching him, had to prostrate themselves in eastern fashion. Gibbon, comparing him with Augustus, says "It was the aim of the one to disguise and of the other to display the unbounded power which the emperors possessed over the Roman world."

One result of this policy was increased national expense; several courts had to be maintained, and the foundation was laid for grinding taxation, which, under the successors of Diocletian and his associates, began to increase as fast as municipal taxes in Canadian cities under spendthrift administrations. It seems strange that this should not have been seen: perhaps it was, but in those times, the sword made short work of an opposition leader, and we are ignorant of protests or prophecies of disaster.

The unexpected happened in those days as often as at present; and, in the twenty-first year of his imperatorship, Diocletian, in shattered health, abdicated the purple. On the same day, Maximian, perhaps unwillingly, did the same, and the two Cæsars, according to the newly established order, succeeded to the title of Augustus; two new Cæsars being appointed, Maximin and Severus; Maximin, a nephew of Galerius, seems to have aimed at establishing a dynasty, after Constantius' death.

But, to Constantius, in Naissus of Dacia, had been born a son, Constantine, a tall and striking figure, "dexterous in all his enterprises, intrepid in war, affable in peace * * * the active spirit of youth tempered by habitual prudence, and, while his mind was engrossed by ambition, he appeared cold and insensible to the allurements of passion." His mother, Helena, an innkeeper's daughter, had been divorced when Constantius was made Cæsar and married to Diocletian's daughter, but this did not diminish the father's reliance upon the son, nor the capacity of the latter; and, especially in troubled times, ability must make its way. Divorces, by the way, were common; marriage being a dissoluble civil contract, with as little of love and as much financial calculation as we find prevailing, in their marriage arrangements, among the Romance peoples of to-day. This Constantine, after distinguishing himself in the East, obtained the reluctant permission of Galerius to join his father's expedition to Britain; reached Boulogne in time to embark with him, share in his victory over Allectus, and witness his death two years thereafter, at York. The army then saluted Constantine as Augustus and Imperator. Galerius, at first enraged, finally assented to his assuming the title of Cæsar and the fourth rank among the princes of the empire, with which concession Constantine could afford to be satisfied for a time.

The quartet of rulers was, therefore:

1. Galerius, warlike, headstrong, dictatorial.
2. Maximin, his sister's son.
3. Severus, a mere instrument of Galerius.
4. Constantine, whom we have just described.

Now Galerius, in the course of a general taxing of the empire, ordered the same schedules to be applied to Rome as to the rest of his world. Up to that time, the Romans had exacted tribute from others, but had been in a large measure themselves exempt. So they flamed into revolt under Maxentius, the son of the old warrior emperor Maximian, who broke from his retirement and reassumed the purple. Severus opposed him, but was beaten by diplomacy, if not by arms. Maximian then sought out Constantine, met him at Arles, married him to his daughter Fausta, reasserted a claim to empire, and named Constantine joint Augustus with himself. Galerius, on the other side, advanced to the attack of Rome, and nominated a new Cæsar, Licinius, to help him; thus showing the world six emperors at once—"I think there be six Richmonds in the field."

It is not to our purpose to enter into particulars of the quarrels between the three western princes; suffice it to say that it ultimately fell to Constantine and Maxentius to dispute with each other the supremacy of the west; so the former, with 90,000 foot and 8,000 horse, burst across Mount Cenis into Italy, stormed and burned Susa, beat the lieutenants of Maxentius in the plains of Turin, defeated one Pompeianus at Verona, and, marching upon Rome, met Maxentius himself, nine miles from the city, at the head of a third army, even more numerous than these previously scattered. The place is known as Saxa Rubra.

There, to do battle for Maxentius, were the Prætorian Guards, in the centre of the array, with their old historic associations to animate their valor; there on the wings were the heavy Roman horse and the Numidian and Moorish lighter cavalry. The Gallic horse of Constantine, possessing "more activity than the one, more firmness than the other," pressed these squadrons back; the flanks were left without defence; confusion became general; thousands, panic-stricken, tried to swim the swollen Tiber, only to be drowned, and Maxentius himself, endeavoring to retreat over the Milvian Bridge, or a wooden supplementary structure near it, now Ponte Molle, was forced into the river by the surging crowds, and the weight of his armor sinking him into the mud, he shared the fate of thousands more.

It is not certainly known whether Constantine saw the *θεοσημεία*, the Divine Sign, when crossing the Alps, or at a later period, but it is usually assumed that it was just before the battle at Saxa Rubra and the Milvian Bridge. *

Our friend Samarsides is not the first who has thought the sign was a natural phenomenon,—a strange appearance in the sky, which the Emperor and, others supposed to be miraculous,—his originality consists in remarking how a parhelion, as figured by him, contains Christian emblems, and, in a monogrammatic way, the words also of the Labarum. It may also be here remarked that his etymological derivation is fanciful, though his statement as to the frequent use of the imperative in the language attributed in the Gospels to Christ Jesus deserves attention. It is stated, moreover, that the word was used in relation to an Imperator's special standard before the time of Constantine, and is Basque in origin, though this is by no means certain.

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* Nazarius, writing only nine years after the battle, alludes to some such portent, but he says an army of divine warriors seemed to fall from the sky—beautiful and huge shapes which were seen to fly, amid streams of light, to the assistance of Constantine This seems to indicate an unusually bright auroral display. Eusebins wrote shortly after the death of Constantine.

We may, perhaps, profitably, see what other meteorologists than those quoted by him say, and turn for an authority to Camille Flammarion, on the atmosphere. First, let us glance at an account of a phenomenon seen by Messrs. Bravais and Martins:

> "The shadow of Mount Blanc, thrown at sunset upon other mountains, and gradually rising in the atmosphere until it reached a height of 1°, still remaining visible, the air above the cone of the shadow was tinted with that rosy purple which is seen in a fine sunset coloring the lofty peaks. Imagine," —says Bravais—"the other mountains also projecting their shadows into the atmosphere. the lower parts dark and slightly greenish, and above each of those shadows the rosy purple surface, with the deeper rose of the belt which separates it from them; add to this the regular contours of the cones of the shadow. . . . the laws of perspective causing all these lines to converge towards the summit of the shadow of Mount Blanc, that is to say, to the point of the sky where the shadows of our own selves were . . . It seemed as though an invisible being was seated upon a throne surrounded by fire, and that angels with glittering wings were kneeling before him in adoration."

Another phenomenon possessing the characteristics of a supernatural intervention, is called the Spectre of the Brocken·

> "A thick mist which seemed to emerge from the clouds, like an immense curtain, suddenly rose, a rainbow was formed, then certain indistinct shapes were delineated. First, the large tower of the inn was reproduced upon a gigantic scale; after that we saw our two selves in a more vague and less exact shape, and these shadows were in each instance surrounded by the colors of the rainbow, which served as a frame to this fairy picture."

Ulloa, in company with six others, upon the Pambamarca, beheld his own image reflected in the air as in a mirror:

> "The image was in the centre of three rainbows of different colors, and surrounded at a certain distance by a fourth bow with only one color. The inside color of each bow was carnation, the next violet, the third yellow, the fourth straw color, the last green. All were perpendicular to the horizon and followed the image of the person they enveloped, as with a glory."

The meteorologist, Kaenitz, often observed the same fact in the Alps. Whenever his shadow was projected upon a cloud, his head appeared surrounded by a luminous aureola.

The Illustrated London News of July 8th, 1871, illustrates the Fog Bow, seen from 'the Matterhorn, observed by Mr. Whymper. "By a curious coincidence, two immense, white, aerial crosses projected into the interior of the external arc. These two crosses were no doubt formed by the intersection of circles, the remaining parts of which were invisible. The apparition was of a grand and solemn character."

Coming now to halos, we find a description of parhelia very much like Samarsides' plate. In addition to the halo and the two parhelia, a number of other circles, arches, bands or luminous spots are sometimes seen upon the sky.

> "When a halo appears, light cirrus-clouds are generally seen, and it is upon them that the phenomonon appears to be delineated, * * * they were in early ages deemed marvellous phenomena, signs of celestial ire, presages of the death of princes, etc. * * * The cloud must be of a certain degree of thickness, for if too thin, the halo would not occur; if too dense, the light would be intercepted. The crystallization of the water must proceed slowly, and not be disturbed by wind, as, with a rapid. irregular crystallization, the points lose their transparency, the angles of the facets their consistency, and the surfaces their smoothness. * * * The halo, with all its aspects, is explained on the hypothesis of snow or ice crystals falling slowly in a calm atmosphere. * * * If the halo and the parhelia are seen together, the latter occupy in height a distance equal to the diameter of the sun. The various tints are clearer than in the halo; the yellow

is very distinct, and so is the green, but the blue is pale, and scarcely visible, while the violet, over-lapped by the other colors, is too indistinct to be seen. The phenomenon is completed by a trail of white light, sometimes very indistinct, but occasionally attaining a length of from 10° to 20° in the opposite direction to the sun, and parallel to the horizon. * * * * The effect produced by the refraction of light across angles of 90°, which produce the large halo, is still more remarkable. * * This arc, which may be termed the upper tangent of the halo of 46°, or the circumzenithal arc, is the most remarkable of all the appearances which may accompany the halo. The brightness of the tints, the distinctness of the colors, the precision with which its edges, as well as its extreme limits, are shown upon the sky, give it the characteristics of a real rainbow. * * * Crystals falling and turning can also reflect the sun, forming upon the celestial sphere a luminous, horizontal band, extending right round the horizon, and passing through the exact centre of the sun. As reflection does not separate colors, this circle will appear to be quite white, and its apparent width will be equal to the diameter of the sun. Such is the origin of the white circle called the parheliacal ring; it is upon its circumference that the ordinary parhelia always appear, also the secondary ones; hence the name. * * * Finally, the prisms of ice, which are horizontal in the atmosphere, give rise, by reflections and refractions analogous to the above, to tangent arcs, which often appear on each side of the halo."

The most complete halo that has yet been seen is that which Lowitz observed at St. Petersburg, June 29th, 1790, from 7.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m."

Passing from Halos to other optical effects, we read:

"The columns of white light, the crosses and the different luminous aspects sometimes visible at sunrise and sunset, are due to the reflections of light upon the surfaces of crystals of ice situated high in the atmosphere. * * Previous to sunset, April 22, 1847, four luminous columns, each about 15° in extent were seen from Paris, presenting the appearance of a cross with the sun in the centre. After sunset one of these four columns (the uppermost), still remained visible for some little time. * * *

"With the progress of astronomy and physics these optical phenomena lose their supernatural attributes. * * * The historian Josephus relates that at the beginning of the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, the Jews foresaw their disaster 'in armies marching upon red clouds' Nearly analogous apparitions were visible at the commencement of the siege of Paris in September, 1870, to say nothing of the aurora borealis on the 24th of October; but we now know that the physical effects are purely natural, and are produced merely by the action of light in the atmosphere."

Thus far Flammarion. In Canada parhelia are very common, especially in the far northern and north-western regions. The earliest record I find is in the "Relations" of the Jesuits, and as this combines superstition with description in a curious and instructive way, it may be quoted:—Jerome Lallemand is writing, in 1663.*

"The Heavens and the Earth have spoken to us many times during the year * * we have been in fear and wonder * * * interlacing serpents flying through the air, carried on wings of fire * * a great ball of flame over Quebec * * * But what seemed most extraordinary was the appearance of three suns! One fine day, last winter, about 8 o'clock in the morning, a light and almost imperceptible vapor rose from the grand river (St. Lawrence), and, being struck by the first rays of the sun, became transparent, yet so that it had body enough to support the two images, which that luminary painted thereon. These three suns were almost in a straight line, some yards apart it seemed, the true one in the middle, the others on each side. The whole were crowned with a bow, whose colors were not permanent, appearing, sometimes, like those of the Iris, and again, of a luminous white, as if below them, and quite near, there was a very strong light. The first time the spectacle appeared, January 7th, 1663, it lasted nearly two hours; the second time, on the 14th, not so long, merely until the colors of the rainbow, fading little by little, disappeared, when the two side-suns eclipsed themselves, too, leaving the one in the middle as the conqueror."

We now approach the question—what induced Constantine to place Christian emblems on his Labarum? We may at once dismiss the idea of religious conviction, for there was very little that is Christian in his conduct. His enemies were relentlessly exter-

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*Possibly, however. Father Brebeuf's cross was a parhelion. Father Raguenay, Voyages (1649 page 18). In 1640, the winter of which he spent in a mission to the Neuter nation, a great cross appeared to him, which was over the Iroquois territories (*qui venait du coté des nations Iroquoises*). He spoke about it to the Father who accompanied him, and, in reply to a request for particulars of the appearance, he said no more than that the cross was large enough, not only to hang one person on it, but all of us, as many as there were in this country.

minated, even the infant child of Maxentius did not escape; he murdered his own brave son Crispus, his nephew the young Licinius, and many others; nor was this done at a crisis, it was a continuous policy. Again, if he placed on the standard the Christian monogram, there, too, was his own bust to be adored. He attended the sacred games, he restored the pagan temples, he became Pontifex Maximus and discharged the duties of that office. Of course he knew, as most of the assistants and spectators knew, how hollow and merely formal all this business had become. A feeling of utter indifferentism had grown up throughout the Empire,—that is, among the intelligent; as for the illiterate, their superstitions even yet survive. There had been a time when the Roman people, high and low, reverenced their gods and believed in their direct interposition. Jupiter, Saturnus, Mavors, Quirinus, Ops, Volumnius, Victoria, Honor, Pecunia, Terminus, Tiber, the Lares and Penates, were very real existences in early days. Turning, almost at hazard, to Livy (Lib. VII., cap. 2), we read that during the pestilence of B.C. 361 the people tried the remedial efficacy of religious dances, getting in their dervishes from Etruria. The Tiber, however, overflowing, stopped the shows, which was thought to mean that the gods refused to be placated thus. Then the old men remembered that a former pestilence had abated when a dictator had driven into the door-post of Jupiter's temple the nail which for the unlettered people kept count of the age of the republic, and, behold, it was found that this sacred custom had fallen into abeyance, and, a special dictator having been appointed to restore it, we hear no more of the plague.

In B.C. 341, as they were dedicating a temple to Juno Moneta, there was a shower of meteoric stones, and darkness spread over the land, so they consulted the Sybilline books again, and appointed a special officer to superintend religious ceremonies, who made the whole people go up to the temple to pray—and not the Roman tribes alone, but the neighboring people, too, appointing a special day for each. Going on to A.D. 214, in the tenth chapter of the 24th book, there are wonderful portents mentioned, and, as Livy says, the more the simple-minded and faithful men believed them to be such, the more were reported. Crows nested inside the temple of Juno, the preserver; a palm tree in Apulia was consumed by fire, though green. A marsh at Mantua, caused by the overflow of the Mincius, turned red as blood. It rained blood in the cattle market at Rome, and white mud at Cales. In an Istrian village, a subterranean spring burst out with such force that it carried all the pots and tubs away, like a swollen brook in springtime. The public hall in the Capitol was struck by lightning; so was a building in the square of Vulcan, a walnut tree in the Sabine territory, also the gate wall and way at Gubii. The spear of Mars, at Prœneste, moved of its own accord; a bull, in Sicily, spoke. In the land of the Marrucini, an unborn babe exclaimed "Rome forever." (*Io triumphe*). At Spoletum, a woman was transformed into a man. At Hadria, an altar was seen in the sky, with figures of men around it, in white clothing. Yea, at Rome, again, a swarm of bees lighted in the market-place (*forum*). Some people said they saw armed legions on the Janiculan hill, and called the city to arms, but those who were on the Janiculan said they had seen nobody there, except the usual market gardeners. These prodigies were all taken note of, and important sacrifices made according to the soothsayers' advice, while a general supplication was made to all the gods who had temples of any kind (*pulvinaria*) at Rome. Even local prophets—so to call them, "medicine men"—were not neglected; but had due respect paid to their fortune-telling.

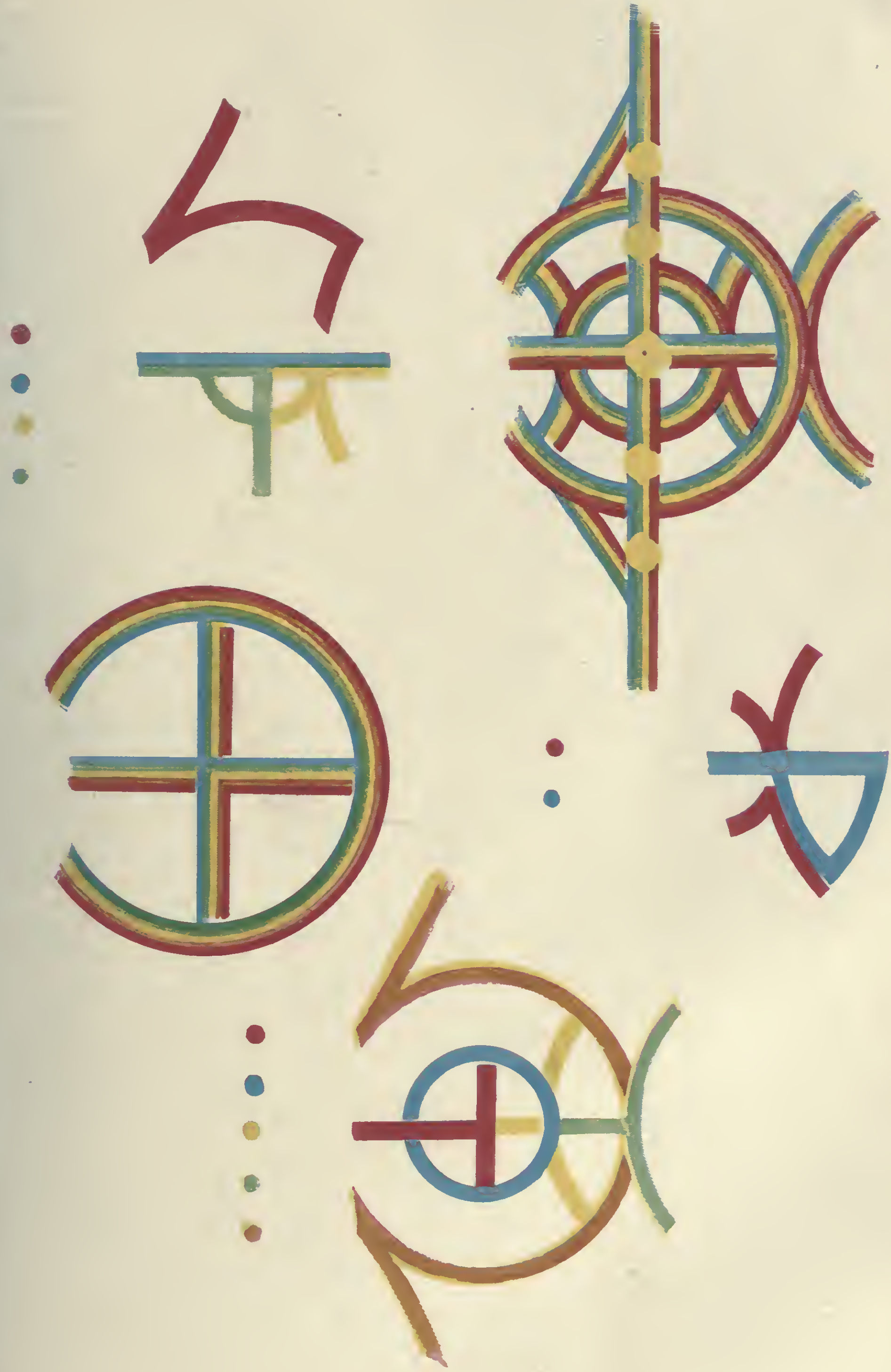
All this is duly set forth by that

admirable Livy. We will now skip some generations, and open Tacitus at the 76th chapter of the first book of the annals. The Tiber, he says, swollen by continual rains, had overflowed all the low-lying quarters of Rome; great loss of life and of house property ensuing. Asinius Gallus, an eminent citizen, proposed that the Sibylline books be consulted. But this was in the reign of Tiberius, and Tiberius said "No." Tacitus, indeed, complains of his thus shutting out Divine and human guidance; but Tacitus is unhappy unless he can be finding fault, and this disposition leads him to say things about Tiberius and Nero, which, to a candid enquirer, are quite past belief. Tiberius was politic enough not to have run counter to the feelings of the educated classes, or to strong popular feeling among the citizens. If there had been much general faith in the Sibylline books left, he would have had them consulted, and if there had been much confidence remaining in the priesthood, he would have followed their counsels. Instead of this, he appointed a commission of two to find a means of confining the river to its banks in future! We saw a similar thing in Montreal not long ago; the people suffering from smallpox; some persons wishing them to go to their churches to pray, and thus to stop the scourge; the State telling them to go and be vaccinated, and disinfect their houses and clothing. The Imperial commission reported to the Senate that, to moderate the inundations, some rivers and lakes which feed the Tiber should be diverted, but the expense of the works, a disinclination on the part of the farming population to change natural waterways, and perhaps some remaining superstition against troubling the river-gods, influenced the majority, and the business received the six months' hoist.

This feeling of indifferentism continued to grow, as edict after edict added to the number of "allowed religions," as the Philospher Emperors encouraged among their *entourage* the agnosticism which speaks out in "*animula, vagula, blandula—hospes, comesque corporis*," and as Christian apologists, from Aristides downwards, pressed home the point:—How can gods be divine, whose admitted thefts, deceit, rapes and adulteries would merit the severest reprobation from any of our tribunals?

We can easily understand in this our day, when a traveller can in a very few months see Christians of Greek, Roman and other denominations, Buddhists, Brahmans, Parsees, Mohammedans, Spiritualists, Jews, all setting up different articles of faith, what a state of things must have existed in Rome and other large cities when the Olympian deities had been in a manner miscegenated with the Roman gods, and when, in a spirit of toleration or credulity, Cybele, Isis and Serapis, El Gabal, Mithra and Astarte, with hosts of other national or tribal gods, had been licensed and welcomed; all of them, after a short period of enthusiasm, going, like new dresses, out of fashion. The general indifference brought about by this kaleidoscopic spectacle involved frightful laxity of household unity and rule, and of all moral fibre, leading swiftly to a decrease of fecundity and the depopulation of the western world.

But there was one faith which was exclusive, in that its adherents could honor and admit no other. It was professedly based on principles of morality, equity, and mercy. It regarded the unseen future as a definite certainty. It preached an eternity of consciousness, in lieu of, at most, a vague possibility in which individuality gradually vanished. It placed its standard of conduct high, and was only persecuted because it was not on the list of authorized religions, which was impossible while the Imperator Augustus had to be saluted as Divus—the Very God in whom the majesty of the Roman power was embodied. It



did not aim at temporal dignity or wealth, and was, therefore, not popular with the rich and well-born, though it numbered some of these among its adherents; nor was it favored by the conservative forces of the society of the time, the military, the literary class, and the country folk—therefore, per haps, spoken of as Pagans. It was a creed whose members, from its earliest times, had overseers, and were organized in churches or lodges, with an unknown, and, therefore, a magnified number of adherents.

Reasoning from analogy, any body of people having a strong faith like this is a force that must be reckoned with by an aspirant to power. Consider, as in some respects similar, the Puritans of the days of the English Charles I., the active spirits in the American colonies in the early days of the Great Rebellion, the Jacobins of the French Revolution, the Fenians of Ireland, the Mackenzie men of '37 here, the Arabian fanatics of the time of Mahomet, the Salvation Army of to-day, the Methodists of a hundred years ago—any men who will die for their belief, political or religious.

Persecution and repression seldom succeed in stamping out such a set of enthusiasts, and the singular treatment the Christians had experienced, on account of their defying the power of the State to bind their consciences, must have had an attractive influence on all the Revolutionary elements in the Empire. It must, then, have been the design of Constantine, who was meditating great changes, to rally to the support of his throne and his ulterior projects this energetic, persistent, dogged or obstinate middle-class element—as rulers do in our times. The German emperor dallies with the socialist workman; British statesmen give Chartists the franchise; Reformers are influential in Tory Cabinets. Every age beholds in all countries some class, which is growing because it has earnest convictions, abandoning hostility to the ruling power, and making with it some concordat—and the more hostile, revolutionary, determined, irreconcilable this class is, the more prolonged the "dead-lock" or other difficulty it can create, the better are its chances of securing the immunities, privileges or power it may desire. For strength, either in active fight or in passive resistance, is ever the condition of survival.

Arguing thus; that nothing but the recognition of the value to his enterprise of a band of zealots who were not formidable by their numbers or social influence, and therefore must have been stiff-necked and stubborn; that nothing but the desire to bring them into line with his policy, to use them in his armies and as his party adherents, would have swayed this Roman ruler; we shall be met on parallel lines, which fairly justify such conceptions, by those historians who narrate facts in regular order and reason the other way, from antecedent to consequent. This is certainly the safer method in studying history, but not always the most enjoyable; it leads to few original views, while, if we got into the groove of annalistic routine, farewell for us to history as a science. It is easy to utter the formula that history repeats itself, that like causes produce like effects, and that mankind moves in a circle of monotony. But, as we never can have the conditions of any historical crisis repeated without variations, there must be changes in results, and no condition is more important than the temper of the times, the *zeit geist* of each successive period. We can, to a certain extent, appreciate the tendencies of past ages, and to do so should always be our first study. Until this century, mental movements have been considered secondary to dynastic and personal considerations. Now, possibly, we bestow too much thought upon psychologic conditions, and unduly minimize the weight of strong personalities. But how difficult it is to know the nature of the tendencies of to-day! We, who are in the smoke of the battle, can scarcely tell how the fight is going; that will be the privilege of our descendants, who will view the struggles of our times as men may see, from a balloon, an engagement between mighty armies. And so, to our history again.

We have shown that Galerius was probably meditating the establishment of a dynasty, and there seems to be little doubt that in the secret counsels of Diocletian and his confederated empire-sharers the policy of establishing a new seat for the empire, nearer the dreaded Persians, had been discussed, and was resolved upon as soon as Rome should have become accustomed to the absence of a court. Galerius would, therefore, naturally be the first to insist on the unification of the religions of the Empire, and the extirpation of all that were not "allowed" or licensed. The Christians, moreover, were probably more troublesome in his, the Eastern portions of the Empire, and more churches and other signs of the existence of an unlicensed cult were to be seen there than in Italy or the West. During the year A.D. 302, Galerius seems to have pressed upon his politic associate his wish to stamp out this rebellious section, and it was finally decided to consult the Oracle of Apollo at Miletus. The reply proving favorable to the views of Galerius,

> "Diocletian submitted (says Milner, whom I condense) to the irresistible united authority of his friends, of Galerius and of the god * * Galerius proposed that all who refused to sacrifice should be burned alive. Diocletian stipulated that there should be no loss of life."

The first measure was the demolition of the church at Nicomedia: all the churches throughout the empire were then ordered to be levelled to the ground, and the sacred books delivered up to be burned. The edict further prohibited all Christian assemblies, confiscated all church property, degraded all Christian officials, deprived Christian plebeians of the rights of citizenship, and placed all Christian subjects outside the pale of the law. Soon after, the palace of Diocletian was burned, whether from ordinary causes, incendiarism, or lightning, is not known, but this decided Diocletian; his protection was withdrawn.

> "Prisca and Valeria (of the Imperial Family), were constrained to pollute themselves with sacrifice, the powerful eunuchs Dorotheus, Gorgonius, and Andreas suffered death. Anthimus, the bishop of Nicomedia, was beheaded. Many were executed, many burnt alive, many laid bound with stones round their necks in boats, rowed into the lake and thrown into the water. From Nicomedia, the Imperial edicts were promulgated through the East, and letters required the co-operation of the Western Emperors in the restoration of the dignity of the ancient religion and the suppression of the hostile faith. Constantius made a show of concurrence, commanded the demolition of the churches, but abstained from violence against the persons of the Christians. Maximin readily acceded to the wishes of Diocletian and Galerius * * * Edict followed edict, rising (says Milman), in regular gradations of angry barbarity. The whole clergy were declared enemies of the state. * * * Bishops, presbyters and deacons were crowded into the prisons intended for the basest malefactors. Their liberation was prohibited unless they obtained consent to offer sacrifice. * * * The abdication of Diocletius left Galerius sole master of the East, where the persecution continued in all its severity. Maxentius at Rome was not a violent enemy of the Christians until he saw that Constantine was bidding for and had secured the Christian support, when he threw himself upon the ancient gods, and identified his cause with Polytheism. * * * Notwithstanding the persecutions had lasted seven years * * * the inert resistance of the general mass wearied out the Government; the patience and fortitude of the victims caused even their judges and executioners to feel sympathy; and at last, as Galerius lay dying of a loathsome malady, he admitted the total failure of the severe measures for the suppression of Christianity. The prison doors were thrown open, the mines yielded up their condemned laborers, they hastened to their ruined churches, and visited the places sanctified by their former devotion. The public roads were crowded with long processions, singing psalms of thanksgiving for their deliverance. Maximin, after Galerius' death, endeavored to discredit Christianity, and to reform the Pagan hierarchy and faith, but at length,

> alarmed by the progress in universal favor of the tolerant Constantine, he too, had to avow principles of toleration; commanded the suspension of all violent measures, and recommended mild and persuasive means to win back the apostates to the religion of their forefathers."

That the Christians formed no great proportion of the population may be inferred from the evident fact that no such harsh measures as those described could have been resorted to against a very noticeable minority. Gibbon, quoting Origen *contra Celsum*, says:

> "The proportion of the faithful was very inconsiderable when compared with the multitude of an unbelieving world;" but, he adds, "it is impossible to determine, and it is difficult even to conjecture the real numbers of the primitive Christians. The most favorable calculation, however, that can be deduced from the examples of Antioch and of Rome will not permit us to imagine that more than one-twentieth part of the subjects of the Empire had enlisted themselves under the banner of the Cross, before the important conversion of Constantine."

But even the half of five per cent. is a noticeable element; when it is an earnest one, it may be like leaven in making bread, and after Constantine (with Licinius) had issued at Milan an edict of toleration, Christians began to multiply, as in our times we may see a political party augment its strength when a favorable circumstance gives it the reins of office. Probably the Emperor saw the need for some one religion to be established as the creed of the Empire, and that none possessed vitality except the new and rising Christian creed, which he proceeded to favor by the successive stages of toleration, encouragement, and formal personal adoption. By the time Constantinople was founded, its influence had become so great that the Emperor was led to profess Christianity, to use the Labarum in his northern campaigns; while, before his death, he submitted to baptism—a sacrament which was in those days often long postponed, that one might have the benefit of washing away the sins of mature age as well as those of youth. In less than another century, Christianity was, by Theodosius, established, and Polytheism prosecuted. But further investigation of this branch would be foreign to our purpose.

We had to examine:—

1. The condition of the Roman Empire just previous to the adoption of a Labarum with some Christian emblems emblazoned on it.
2. The circumstances connected with this adoption, which is the central point in the history of Christianity.
3. Samarsides' views as to the sign which suggested the peculiar emblems and the motto of this Labarum.

Dean Milman, while favoring the idea that Constantine saw a natural phenomenon and assumed it to be a Divine sign, says, "The great difficulty which encumbers the theory which reduces it to a solar halo is the legend." It is for the reader to judge whether Samarsides has thrown any new light on the subject, and whether his method of deciphering the cryptography of the interlocking and crossing arcs and bands of solar halos is, or is not, too fanciful to be probable.

* * *

MR. STEARNS, HIS HERBAL.

BY SUSANNA P. BOYLE M.D., M.C.

If there is one thing harder than another for us to realize, it is that our work, our books, our vaunted scientific attainments, in this nineteenth century, will be looked back upon with amazement and pity by the people of the future. Though we may be amused at the absurdities of bygone years, our mirth is likely to be moderated somewhat by the thought that *we*, perhaps, will be equally ridiculous to our know-it-all descendants of the twentieth or other succeeding centuries.

The writer was made to feel this the more forcibly lately, while looking over an old book which thus announces itself to the American public:

THE AMERICAN HERBAL

OR

MATERIA MEDICA

Wherein

THE VIRTUES OF THE MINERAL, VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PRODUCTIONS OF NORTH and South America are laid open so far as they are known, and their Uses on the Practice of Physic and Surgery exhibited.

By Samuel Stearns, L.L.D.

Solatium Afflictis.

Walpole.
Printed by David Carlisle,
For Thomas & Thomas and the Author.
1801.

The author sets out with a "Preface to Physicians and Apothecaries," in which he states that he is "a native of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where he was instructed in the medical art, according to the methods that were in vogue in the younger part of his life," but "he soon discovered that both the theory and practice of medicine stood in great need of reformation and amendment in our American borders."

He "also observed that the methods of instruction were likewise different, amongst the different teachers of the healing art: that some had been taught one way, and others another, &c., and that, by their being differently instructed, they had imbibed different opinions concerning the virtues of medicines and the cure of diseases. Therefore, when they met to consult upon difficult and dangerous cases, they could not agree in prescribing remedies; and such disagreements too frequently terminated in contention and discord, to the great injury of the patients."

Thus, Dr. Stearns, on the methods of a century ago—*Nous avons changé tout cela.* It is a well-known fact that now-a-days doctors never disagree on diagnosis or treatment!

"Therefore," he goes on to say, "for the purpose of laying a foundation for the removal of these clouds of darkness and ignorance, which too many had imbibed (apparently they imbibed clouds as well as other things a century ago!) by the reading of erroneous books (what a pity we have, in these latter days, no medical Index Expurgatorius!) and by being wrongly instructed, he undertook, in September, in the year 1772, to compile an *American Dispensatory*, and, afterwards, a *system of physic and surgery*; and to make the work as complete and useful as our knowledge in the present age will admit, he travelled in nine of our

American Governments, and in England, Scotland, Ireland and France.

* * * * *

"His productions are ready for the Press, and he is greatly mistaken if he has not collected a larger number of new medical discoveries, and improvements, than ever was collected in any former period of time, since the world began.

* * * * *

"It was the *Author's* intention, several years ago, to have published the *American Dispensatory*, by subscription, and he accordingly sent forth subscription papers with the names of the late Gen. *Washington*, Gov. *Huntington*, and Dr. *Rush*, and some of the most celebrated characters on the continent, but found a large number of practitioners who esteemed themselves unable to pay for that production only, being, to appearance, not under so good circumstances as our common farmers."

* * * * *

Not a bright picture of the life of an American practitioner a hundred years ago. Our author then tells of the scheme which was proposed of raising money by a lottery to defray the expenses of publication, and how several attempts were made to obtain the consent of the legislature to this plan, but in vain, "other lotteries being in the way."

"But, although lotteries have frequently been given to Colleges, Churches, Congregations, Blacksmiths, and Weavers, yet some have appeared to be opposed to the Physicians' having the benefit of such favors, and this seems very strange! . . . . .

"At a great expense, and with much care and attention, he has compiled (medical) systems, and is very sorry that he has found so much coldness, deadness, dulness, and backwardness amongst some, who do not incline to promote the increase of medical knowledge in this country.

"Had proper encouragement been given, these systems might have been chiefly published and spread by this time, and our citizens greatly benefitted thereby, not only by having their health restored in a cheaper, easier and more expeditious manner; but by saving their money from being sent to distant countries for medical productions."

Evidently, however, the people of America either did not care to have their health restored in a cheap, easy and expeditious manner, or else this was a case of "a prophet being not without honor, save in his own country," for Dr. Stearns now waxes quite eloquent over his own merits and the foolishness of the folk in failing to recognize them. He attempts to spur them on by comparing them with other peoples, thus:—

"The great utility of the medical art among mankind, has induced almost every nation to cultivate and improve it; it has been greatly encouraged by the Jews, Christians (not by all of them apparently), Turks and heathens, and even by the worst Barbarians, who were fond of promoting their own health and happiness; but, in America we have been too backward, careless and inattentive, in cultivating and improving this useful branch of knowledge. Nay, both the theory and practice of physic, in this country, in the present age, is in such a horrid condition, that we make ourselves a mere laughing-stock amongst the learned in distant nations, for our theory stands greatly in need of reformation and amendment, and every ignorant fellow or paltry gossip is suffered to rush into the practice of medicine, to administer dangerous remedies without weight and without measure, and even to over-run the regular bred physician."

There is sarcasm for you, and yet it is not recorded that, even after this was written, the Americans realized their awful condition.

He brings his preface to an end by assuring his readers that as soon as physicians are allowed the same privileges as other citizens, regarding lotteries, and a sufficient sum shall have been raised in that way to defray expenses, they will have two other learned productions from his pen. Dr. Stearns then makes his bow to the "Gentlemen of the Faculty" and disappears, only to bob up serenely again on the next page with an

"INTRODUCTION TO THE MASTERS AND MISTRESSES OF FAMILIES."

He proceeds to remind them that "next to their everlasting salvation, their health demands their most serious and candid attention."

"In order to promote your health and happiness, the *Author* hereby presents you (for a consideration, of course), with the first American Herbal ever compiled in America. It is written in such plain and easy style that those who are acquainted with the English language can easily understand; but it ought to be published in the German, French, Spanish, and other languages, for the information of all the different Nations who inhabit North and South America, including the West Indies."

It will be observed that Dr. Stearns has the interests of humanity too much at heart to be afflicted with any false modesty. He says in effect, later on, that no family can afford to do without this Herbal; even the children and servants should share its benefits.

"Every man and woman ought to be their own physician in some measure. . . . . They ought to wear proper clothing, keep clean, avoid intemperance, sloth, and idleness; use gentle exercise, a nutritious diet, and keep the passions of the mind in a state of tranquillity.

"These things ought to be observed by all persons endowed with rational powers and faculties; and if their health is impaired and they attempt to administer remedies themselves, they ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the disease and the qualities of the medicines they exhibit, otherwise they may do more harm than good."

Then, to prevent anyone having too good an opinion of himself after absorbing this invaluable "Herbal," he reminds his readers that "the study of this book alone will by no means make a man a complete physician, for much more learning will be requisite before that great and important work can be accomplished.

"I shall, therefore, earnestly recommend to all persons who are not regularly bred physicians, that when they are smitten with dangerous diseases, they lean not too much on their own understandings, nor upon the powers of nature, but apply in season to some skilful physician for relief."

"I thought (here speaketh the true doctor) it was my duty to give you these hints; and after wishing you present felicity and future happiness, subscribe myself, ladies and gentlemen,

Your most obedient and
Very humble servant,
THE AUTHOR."

Then comes a list of subscribers, three of whom, it may be noted, are in Lower Canada: Mr. James Barnard, Montreal; Mr. Elmer Cushing, Shipton; and Mr. James Bangs, Stanford. The rest of the names are of general interest only in so far as they are curious and quaint. Scriptural names abound, and Levi, Ezra, Jacob, Reuben, Noah, and Elkanah, are found on every page. Still more curious, however, are such names as Bezaleel, Arunah, Comfort, Submit, Pairla, Abiather, Orea, Ono, and Selah. Mr. Ichabod Onion seems to have desired an Herbal, somewhat naturally as one would judge from his name; and Maj. Abiather Joy and Captain Zerubbabel Eager, appear to have found that one required to know how to cure as well as kill. Mr. Alpheus Bugbee, Mr. Obediah Joy, Mrs. Submit Huggins, Deacon Moses Chamberlain, Mr. Aholiaz Sawyer, Dr. Medad Pomeroy and Hon. Col. Jona Grout, were also amongst those who allowed themselves to be overcome by the wiles of the crafty book-agent, or whatever torture they had in those days to supply the place of one. Let us hope that they profited by the good things set forth for their edification in this valuable manual.

The "Herbal" is arranged alphabetically, and no invidious distinctions are made between animals and vegetables, or the latter and minerals. All is grist that comes to the mill of S. Stearns, LL.D. Just why it should have been called an Herbal is not quite clear, but, presumably, it was because "the country people," of whom our author speaks so much, would have been inclined to regard a book called simply a *Materia Medica*, as of an extremely doubtful and correspondingly uncanny nature. However this may be, Dr. Stearns begins with "Abanga, the fruit of a palm-tree," and goes clear through the alphabet to "Zinc—a semi-metal....extracted from the lapis calaminaris, which is its ore," and concludes in a blaze of glory with an "Indian cure for a Cancer,' in which, by the way, the preparation employed is not given. Presumably, those suffering from cancer were to apply to Mr. Stearns for further particulars, and that benefactor of the "human species" would furnish them for a professional fee.

Just why some items are inserted, it is hard to see. For instance, he says: "There are a great many kinds of *clay*, as the white, brown, grey, blue, yellow, green, red, black, etc. Clay is not only used by potters in making earthenware, but by brick-makers, masons, or bricklayers; and also by farmers, for manure, etc. But it does not seem to be much used in medicine." One is inclined to wonder how he resisted the temptation to put in such things as "Potato-mashers, used by cooks, quarrelsome husbands, and others, but not much use in medicine, except, it may be, as *counter-irritants*;" or "House—side of—occasionally falls, and, by causing fractures, gives employment to surgeons; otherwise not much used in medicine!" In the same curious category might also be included Mr. Stearns' note on coal mines: "We have some excellent coal mines in America . . . but I have never heard of their being used in medicine." There was reason for thankfulness in this. It would surely have been a rather cumbersome remedy for an ordinary physician to carry about with him, and the internal application of one would seem to have been fraught with some danger. The "Gentlemen of the Faculty" will also be pleased to learn that "Crystals, which are a very large class of fossils, and have been used as astringents and dentifrices, have been found to wear away the enamel of the teeth . . . . and as they are lately found to be indigestible in the human stomach, all pretension to their value is rejected."

"*Earth-worms* and *toad-stools*" are, too, we find, "not much used in present practice." *Apropos* of toadstools, we should like to quote our author's article on *Frogs*, which contains some valuable information:

"There are divers (Is that a pun, Mr. Stearns?) kinds of frogs, as the common frog, the bull-frog, the speckled frog, and the tree frog.

"The bull-frog makes a noise that resembles the roaring of a bull at a distance, whence the name. It frequently swallows young duck or water-fowls. The tree-frog lives in trees.

"The common frog was formerly used as an antidote against the bites of serpents (Were they used *al fresco* or cooked, externally applied, or administered in the form of tincture of batrachian? Oh shade of Stearns!) for stiffness of tendons, etc. (Note the survival of this usage in the ways of the small boy with his prim young lady sister), but it is now out of use."

Our author shines most on the field

of history. He evidently knew more of plants than of animals, and consequently is most entertaining when discoursing on the latter. We are told that "Geese are very beneficial to the human species on account of their eggs, feathers and quills," and that a fox, which we somehow naturally associate with geese, however disagreeable such company may be for the geese, "in his first year is called a cub, in his second a young fox, and afterwards an old fox." All of which is no doubt most interesting and improving, but must have been somewhat trying to the tempers of our ancestors, who would expect to find some medicinal value in these animals. But none is given. Then again we are informed that the "hare has an abrupt tail, not used in present practice," and also that the hornet "has a sting in its tail." "Hornet stings are troublesome," he says, "for when they (the stings ?) are enraged, they strike mankind with great violence; and a pain, inflammation, and swelling follows." (*sic*)

The medical qualities of the ant, and its remarkable productions, are, we find, not fully known. "A teaspoonful of them is, however, recommended in some diseases. A scruple of *cobweb* before and after a fit of the ague has been given with success," but Mr. Stearns believes there are better medicines than these for controlling hæmorrhage.

The herbalist dwells at some length on the composition and virtues of various *salutary* drinks, taking care, however, to be strictly non-committal in his praise of each. He "has heard that this one was salutary," and "has been informed" by Mr.——— that another 'was of use' in certain cases," so we may be quite sure that, so far as the learned gentleman himself was concerned, one drink was very much the same as another, unless we might be permitted to make an exception in favor of "Punch," on which he seems to dwell somewhat affectionately.

"Punch," he says, "is an agreeable liquor made of water (of course, water is the main constituent), lemon-juice and fine sugar, and this liquor alone is called sherbet; to which, if a sufficient quantity of rum or brandy be added, it commences punch." We are rather at a loss to understand "commences punch," but presume that on the addition of more rum or brandy it would become a finished punch. "Some," goes on Mr. Stearns, "instead of lemon-juice use lime-juice, which makes what is called *punch-royal*. This is found less liable to affect the head (of course it was the lemon-juice in the first instance that went to the head), and more grateful to the stomach, according to some people" Oh, modest Mr. Stearns! "according to some people!"

"Some also make milk punch by adding as much milk to the sherbet as there is water.—Others use green tea instead of water; and *chamber maids'* punch is made without any water or lime-juice, twice as much white wine as lime-juice, and four times as much brandy with sugar.

Too frequent use of it may be injurious. Some say it is prejudicial to the brain and nervous system." Could anything be more graceful than the accidental way in which the intoxicants find their way into the mixture? Apparently the rum and brandy are merely put in as an after-thought, and in *chamber maids'* punch, which one would naturally suppose to be a very mild tipple indeed, it is broken to us gently that there is neither water nor lime-juice, and as these were the only other two constituents of the former compounds, we are forced to the conclusion that white wine and brandy are the only ingredients employed. And just here also is a nice little mathematical calculation. Mr. Stearns says there is *no* lime-juice used, and then specifies that "twice as much white wine as lime-juice, and four times as much brandy," are to be added. Now, are twice and four times nothing—nothing, or as much as you like?

Then "Toddy" comes in for a share of notice. "It is called a salutary liquor, and especially in the summer season, if it be drank with moderation." This liquor is prepared by adding to three-half-pints of water, one of rum or brandy, a little sugar, and, after stirring, a little nutmeg."

"Flip" comes next, and receives its due share of attention. "It is made by putting a spoonful of brown sugar into about five or six quarts of malt beer, which is then warmed by putting a hot iron into it, called a loggerhead; afterwards half-a-pint of rum or brandy is added, and the mixture well stirred with a spoon. This quantity is enough for four men. It is nourishing and strengthening, but in some constitutions it excites a pain in the head, and also corpulency."

At last, however, of "Rum" Mr. Stearns confesses to have some personal knowledge, for he says "he bought two hogsheads of rum in Salem, and that they were carried to sea, and when they were returned the flavor was much improved.

"Good rum properly diluted with water, sweetened with sugar, and drank with moderation, strengthens the lax fibres, incrassates the thin fluids, and warms the habit. But rum, drank to excess, produces drunkenness, tremors, palsies, apoplexies, and a train of other disorders which often prove fatal. Add to this the poverty and distress of families."

Perhaps Mr. Stearns' inward monitor began at this time to upbraid him for having dwelt so long and so lovingly on *salutary* drinks, and so does mine for having quoted him at such length; the only excuse being found in the unconscious humor of the learned gentleman's descriptions.

PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

BY H. ARTHUR.

1—A DAY-DREAM OF IMMORTALITY.

A GENERAL belief must have a foundation in fact. Who has not heard of the wide-spread traditions, among all races, of a deluge, and of the argument therefrom in favor of the ark, or of the curious precocity of children, who utter thoughts they can hardly have derived from their surroundings, but seem like reminiscences of a former life?

The writer had some coins melted in a crucible, and poured into an ingot mould. On the paper-weight before him, the old coats of arms are traceable; the image and superscription is not quite effaced. Is it more difficult for the soul to retain consciousness of a prior incarnation, after passing through the alembic of the tomb, than for minted metal to keep the impress of the die after seething in the furnace of the smelter?

Dreaming thus of the analogies of the material and immaterial worlds —quasi verities, sophistries, I know not what—a shape stood there before me of a man with whom on such subjects I had oftentimes conversed. As I had known him he appeared, not with unearthly pallor, diaphanous drapery or flowing beard, but with clear complexion and the warm, fresh color of life, though his body had long been resting in an honored grave. His well-fitting dress showed the familiar bright strip of ribbon in the lapel, which testified to the enlightened appreciation of his attainments by a foreign government.

"I was just thinking, Chevalier," said I, "of your theory that the earth and all the worlds are living organisms. You were fond of saying that the subterranean drainage channels of the waters are like veins in other animate beings, and that metals are even now being sorted out from their solutions and deposited in certain layers, even as flesh and bone are being created and re-created in the organic bodies all around us."

"You are still busy upon the old problem," he replied. "I knew it, for I see the impress of recent as well as former thoughts upon your brain. They are like assorted photographs, and though you can only examine them one by one, I perceive them all—an interesting panorama."

Our conversation began thus easily. I felt no wonder, no alarm. Indeed, I should have greeted him in life with more effusiveness, and taken the visit less as a matter of course.

"I must rejoice," he quietly continued, "in my power of observation and perception. I no longer merely think; I know. How I enjoy the expansion of view that dawns upon me!"

This seemed a little eerie, so I roused myself and asked if he had found fresh proofs to support his theory of a living world. Only now did I become conscious that I was conversing with a soul no longer tied to mortal elements, and I muttered something about evidence—what evidence of his old views could he now advance?

"Evidence," he smiled, "I want no evidence. I perceive; I am convinced; I know. Nothing seems to be; it *is*. My fancies, then, are now, in great part, facts."

I began to wonder why I was thus honored with an interview; but before I could frame my question—"Will power," he broke in, as if anticipating me—"will power is the secret, first, last, and forever—the will of the unnumbered beings of which you consist and by which you are moved. You are not one; you are an innumerable family of atoms, whose lives are never extinguished, whose loves are sempiternal."

"Fine words," I thought. "You always liked sonorous vocables. But what on earth or in limbo can you mean by the loves of a molecule?"

"Just what's meant," said he, "by the love, affection, wish, affinity—call it what you will—of human beings. Do not the particles of iron that escape in fumes from factory chimneys find their way, by their volition, to mines, with other iron particles dissolved out of decaying mosses or become discrete by other means? There are, there must needs be, many stages in their journey, in which Time scarcely counts at all, but in the end they will be reunited in another bed of iron ore. From the ocean, that huge reservoir of all the salts, the various layers of land are, like sponges, soaking up seas of water, each choosing for assimilation its fitting element. Gold and silver are the chosen metals now which perhaps influence men, those parasites upon the surface of the globe, who think themselves all puissant, yet are no more than a sort of *acarus* upon its crust. Thus does the earth feed upon and constantly recreate or reconstitute itself. Thus does like ever seek out like, and affinity rule the universe as well as the lives of men."

"You speak depreciatingly of men," quoth I. "That is curious, for you did not lack for honors while among us. And how do you like being a disembodied soul?"

"I cannot tell," was the unexpected answer. "This is my first experience of the sensation. I can see, that is, I infer and know from your brain, that I have been some years separated from you, but the intervening years are blank. Nothing is further from facts, than the common ideas about disembodied spirits. Can you really think it possible that a spirit sleeps or rests, hears, sees, smells, feels or tastes? that, without organs, it moves, speaks, exercises force? You think, perhaps, you are now seeing a shape and hearing a familiar voice. It is to you an illusion; you believe you see and hear, but it is the stuff that dreams are made of. No spirit, among spirits, can need or take work or repose; it must think on, think ever. Thus it must become or be omniscient, or, at least, all-knowing along its allotted lines, if there be a limitation; even as the space between the lines which enclose an angle is infinite in one direction. Can such a spirit be possible, apart from Deity? No. The soul must become an inseparable part of the divine essence; and what it must become, it has always been and is. Thus, all spirit can be but one. For a time, matter enthrals some portions, or, rather, emanations of the spirit are materialized. This function of the divine essence is called life, the inscrutable object of which who knows? When kindly death ends the existence of a being whose pains and weakness have made life undesirable, not only does the bond of unity between soul and body end, but sentient existence, by which I mean that consciousness of being called independence, ends for both."

"How then came you here, you metaphysical thing?" I at once enquired, though, I suppose, I did not speak aloud, but thought I spoke.

"You are brusque," he said. "Let me proceed. I did not say existence would not recommence. There is a sum of spiritual essence as there is of matter. If you light a match the carbon burns, but in time it will return to be another pine, another saw-log, another match. So, too, with what I must call the particles of soul. Some will be wedded to or cause to be formed another body in another cycle, while in a great cycle, like that referred to by Cicero in his Dream of

Scipio, there will again be a very similar soul,—in short, the same spirit in a similar body: that is, a Resurrection."

"Your pardon, friend," I cried. "How then come you here, the same in speech and figure as a dozen years ago, and similar in thought? The single cycle cannot be so short; the cycle of cycles must be almost an eternity!"

"Quite true," quoth he. "You remember Virgil,—

'Has omnes ubi mille rotam volvere per annos
Lerneum ad flumen Deus evocat agmine magno.
Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
Rursus et incipiant in corpora nulle reverti.'

"The bard well knew that a thousand years had to elapse before the souls wanted to return from hell to upper air. Am I here by my own wish? No, by yours. Your thoughts about my theories set up something like a point of crystallization, and, as in a chemical solution, a crystal forms, so on your thoughts my spiritual being has renewed itself. A few moments ago I was not; you have re-created me. I am; I think; I remember; I know. I am possessed of the knowledge of the present and the past, but I know that in a few moments I shall cease to be. Your wandering mind will no longer be a centre of compulsion, and no such combination of events as that which has permitted me for the time to exist again to you and to myself will ever recur."

"Is this, then," I asked, "the promised immortality?"

"Immortality?" he cried. "How often must I repeat that all things are immortal; that immortality is but a phase of life, as life is but a phase of immortality. Does not the weed whose seeds are scattered to the winds again live, again feel the spring breeze fan its tender leaves, again unfold its petals to the sun, ripen its seeds, and thus forever endure? Is not all life transmitted thus, ever nearing perfect adaptations? Ask the biologist if even his microscopic cells, ever sub-dividing, are not immortal?"

"I glimpse your reasoning," I mused, "as in a glass, darkly. Strange that a half unconscious effort of my memory should thus recall your spirit into being, re-unite or re-crystallize the particles of your soul. Memory is ——"

"Memory," he whispered, or suggested (which it was I cannot tell), "is the seed of life, nay, more, it alone is life. When I am forgotten, my name quite faded, I cannot be thus recalled to an unsatisfactory kind of ghostship, but I shall be free to live, in time, a new existence, and, under some other name, become a child again. Oh, happiness ineffable! New joys, new life, new friends! Old jealousies, hatreds, old musty knowledge gone! Yet some, 'tis thought, remember, in the new existence, a little of the old, not having drunk of Lethe quite so deeply as the rest. Pythagoras felt that he had lived during the Trojan war, when he was—was it not Alectryón?"

"Bother Pythagoras," I blurted out, shaking my head, to clear my thoughts for some more queries. It was a fatal act. The vision faded slowly like a dissolving view upon a screen. Some motes in a sunbeam that had strayed into my study, alone marked the place where I had so distinctly seen my departed friend.

II.—REAL AND IMAGINARY SOUNDS.

I saw the shape; no doubt of that. An illusion it may have been, but I recall with certainty its color and form. When I think of the voice, I cannot be so sure. I understood it, but I cannot affirm that it was soft or hoarse, musical or noisy. Does any one hear voices in a dream? I cannot answer for myself, as yet. Can you—and you? Next time we dream let us try, at waking, to remember the sounds we suppose we heard. Meanwhile I hold that a dream is rightly called a vision, because imaginary sight is its sole characteristic, the images being like marionettes, which move, suggest words, but never even seem to utter any.

Pantagruel and Panurge, with all their jolly party, are sent by Rabelais on a cruise, well out to sea. They are chatting and laughing, when up jumps Pantagruel (the son of Gargantua), and looking around, quite anxiously, "Don't you hear something?" he asks. "I hear voices in the air, but I see nothing. Listen, all of you." "And we listened," says the historian, "listened with ears like the *other* half shells of oysters, and we even put our hands behind our ears, palms outward, as Emperor Antoninus used to do. At first we could hear nothing at all, but, as Pantagruel said he heard something, we kept on, and finished by doing the same. The longer we listened the more we heard, even to whole words, which alarmed us very much, and no wonder, for though we saw nothing we heard men shouting, women crying, and horses neighing and screaming, until Panurge cried, 'It is sorcery; we are lost. Let us sheer off! Friar John, my friend, stand by me. Have you your sword? Take care it does not stick on the sheath. (He tries it). That's not half drawn. We are lost, I say. Hark! There are cannon shots, by Jove! Let us sail away, row away, anything to get out of this. (I never have the least courage at sea, but lots of it in the cellar and other places.) Let us turn tail (not that I am afraid; I fear nothing but danger.) Let us be off. Right about face. Turn the tiller, you son of a sea cow. Would to God I were on dry land, though I had to vow I'd be a bachelor all my life! Let us get off...we don't belong to them. They are ten to our one, I assure you. They are on their own dung-hill too; we don't know the lie of the land. They will kill us, sure: we need not be ashamed to run away, because, as says Demosthenes, 'he who runs away may live to fight another day." Let us at least make a strategic movement to the rear. Haul away. Down with your helm. Look to the booms. Ware the lines,—we are dead men else. By all the devils, let us be off!'"

Pantagruel, hearing all the outcry, asked who the skulker was. "For," said he, "we ought first to find out who these people are. Perhaps they are our own folk. I can't see any one yet, though there must be a hundred thousand all around! I once read that a philosopher named Petronius thought there were several worlds, touching one another like equilateral triangles, apex to apex, in the centre of which was the dwelling of Truth, where abode words, ideas, and the exemplars and portraits of all things past and future, while around them was the Cycle. In certain years, at long intervals, a portion of them fell upon the human race, as falls the influenza, or as fell the dew upon the fleece of Gideon, while other portions were reserved until the end of the cycle. I remember that Aristotle calls the words of Homer swift, leaping, flying; so they must be living. Antiphanes, too, says Plato's doctrine of words is of the same kind, because in winter, in some countries, they are frozen as they are uttered, and not heard at all. Thus Plato taught children things they could not understand until they grew old. We ought to philosophize and think if this is not the place where such words thaw out. Should we not be delighted if we found the head and the lyre of Orpheus, which the Thracian women, who tore that singer to bits, threw into the Hebrus, which floated them to the Black Sea and so on to Lesbos, and the head was always uttering a mournful chant, as if lamenting Orpheus' death, while the lyre, among whose strings the winds were playing, made harmony for the song. Let us try to find them somewhere hereabouts."

Find the Orphic lyre, indeed! Since

the Thracian women destroyed the spirit of song, Orpheus has not been again incarnate. Scrawny females, in this or that conventicle, with their so-called hymns and anthems, are murdering him still. What absurdities we are guilty of, even in this nineteenth century, pandering in all things to the low average of the poor mass of us, instead of crying Excelsior, and aiming high. Our northern throats are raucous at their best, save now and then a Jenny Lind's or an Emma Juch's, yet we permit such wretchedness as congregational singing. By Saint Cecilia, it is tough to have to endure the croaking of the poll, if one's ears are at all attuned to softer melody and sweeter harmony! What makes these folks take part in such a Brekekoax chorus? Not a bricklayer or grocer, not a barrister or doctor, can carry on his trade or calling without due apprenticeship, but every vulgar snob, under the pretence of worship, is allowed to mouth a travesty of music, and level things divine to the standard of a pot-house song. Small wonder that organs are in fashion, for they serve, like the drums and cymbals of a Turkish band, to drown a horrible din.

"Hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tic, tac, brededin, b75ededac, frr, frrr, frrr, bon, bon, bon, trr, trr, trrr, on, on, on. on."—such were the sounds they say they heard on Pantagruel's ship: the noise of horses and the shock of a charge. They anticipated Professor Garner in his study of the language of monkeys and other animals, and that without a phonograph. Barbarians were the people who said "Ba, ba, ba," for speech. Why does not Garner visit our churches with his phonograph, instead of spending his energies in Africa?

Thracian women! Rabelais seems rightly to understand the Orphic myth. How could such melancholy folk appreciate true song? When a child was born to them, the relatives used to condole with (not congratulate) the parents; they would weep and howl at the prospect of misery that was before the infant, and would rejoice when a friend died, because he was delivered from the misfortune and wretchedness of life! Some of these Thracians were polygamists, and when the man died, the wives used to dispute which of them had been the best beloved, for she was privileged to slay herself on her husband's tomb. Herodotus (iv. 93), calls the best of them an ignorant lot. I wonder if the Serbs and Roumanians have had the Orphic murder sufficiently revenged upon them, and if their hate has yet turned to respectful love?

A GLIMPSE OF PORTLAND, MAINE, AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY ROBERT E. NOBLE.

LAST summer, my doctor, who, by the way, is a very old and valued friend, in addition to being my medical adviser, and who takes advantage of that fact to order me around in the most imperious and autocratic fashion, informed me that I was "run down," "overworked," and "in need of a good rest and a change of air and scene."

I am free to own that I believe he was, in the main, right, although at the time I protested vigorously against what I considered his gratuitous—or, at least uncalled-for—interference in my arrangements, and resented his assertion that I was not in perfect health. But I had, on this occasion, as on not a few others, abundant reason to think that he might be in the right, and I in the wrong.

At any rate, after taking his prescription—which was not in the form of bolus or pill, nor even of regimen—I felt at least 100 per cent. better after I had followed his advice, which, by the way, he couched in the following canine (or medical) Latin:

> ℞. Ite, per G. T. R. viam, ad Montreal—inde ad Richmond. Inde ad Portland—Super-mare.
>
> Ibi mosare, circumambula, et circumspice, et invenies quid in tota re sit. Id est quid.
>
> JOSEPH S———, M.D.

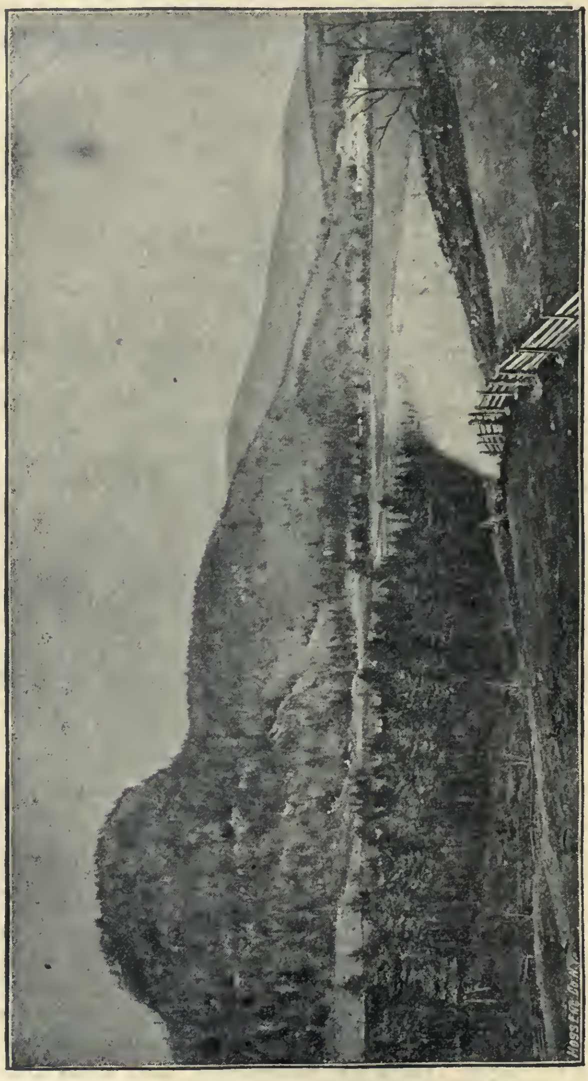
I read the prescription and followed it—principally because I wanted to see what Portland was like, and the scenery around it. I have a friend who, since he visited that part of Maine, two years before, had never ceased to 'deave" me, as the Scotch say, about the charms of the place, and had taken every opportunity, when my conversation turned on the different pleasant spots I had visited on this and other continents, of interjecting the curt and highly irritating remark: "Ah! but, Noble, you never saw Portland and Casco Bay."

So, to get even with my friend, the party of the second part, I took the advice of my friend, the party of the first part, the doctor aforesaid, and I went to Portland.

In order to make sure of the route, and the hours of departure and arrival of the trains, I went to see my friend, Mr. M. C. Dickson, the district passenger agent of the road designated—the Grand Trunk—in the prescription. That courteous gentleman not only supplied me with the information I wanted, but, by giving me a picturesque description of the various points of interest, both in Canada and the United States, with which the Grand Trunk makes regular and easy connections, convinced me that for variety of scenic attractions and facilities of recuperation for those in search of health there is no line on the continent like the Grand Trunk Railway. I have, in my time, tested them all, and I am free to own that I have found no reason, so far, to disagree in the very slightest particular with Mr. Dickson's judgment.

I need not say much, if anything, regarding the run from Toronto to Montreal over the Grand Trunk. Very many of the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE are familiar with Hamilton (and its "mountain"); with Niagara (and its cataracts); with Kingston (and its limestone); and with Montreal (and its commerce, and the beautiful vista seen from Mount Royal). It will suffice to say that I passed over the route in the enjoyment of every comfort, and received, at the hands of the officials of the company, every possible courtesy and accommodation.

I have this much to say, however, that the last portion of the journey, through Uncle Sam's domain, was not as attractive as that which was traversed in Canada. There is nothing very conspicuously attractive, along the route, in the scenery of "The Green Mountain State," and it requires something of an effort to get up very much enthusiasm in the contemplation of the scenery passed in New Hampshire, or that in the state of the great Blaine. But, when we reach Portland and the coast, all that is changed.



DEVIL'S SLIDE.

Then, indeed, sameness ceases, and there appears that diversity, characteristic of almost all the shores on which the surges of the Atlantic beat, and which shows such a marked and picturesque contrast to the cliffs and shores which the less urgent and more leisurely waves of the Pacific have shaped and moulded. The scenery in and around Portland is, in short, such as could not fail to delight the eye of the artist who seeks for, and revels in, picturesque "bits." Every cliff is a study, with its shifting changes of shade and coloring, and every bay, with its background of wooded slope and hill, a choice specimen of Nature's fairest handiwork when she is "in the mood" and at her best.

Of course, I am not to be understood as saying that the whole of the scenic beauty of my trip, from the time we left Canadian soil, was focussed in Portland and its vicinity. "The Devil's Slide," for example, is a very striking and a weird piece of scenery, formed by a rugged and almost precipitous rock, rising over, and mirrored in a beautiful tree-margined lake below. A very fine piece of broken water on the Androscoggin river, known as "Berlin Falls," is deserving of more than a passing notice. There are, too, here and there, along the same river, numerous bits of beautiful landscape, formed by the windings of the river, fringed with a luxuriant growth of trees and underwood, and these it will well repay the visitor, who has time on his hands, and an eye for the picturesque in his head, to see.

But, as I have already said, it is only when we reach Portland and the coast that we feel that the scenic climax is capped, and that all of the beautiful and the romantic that could be expected is spread out before us.

GORHAM, N.H. THE GATEWAY TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The approaches to the city, from seawards, are beautiful exceedingly. The steep cliffs, against which the surges of the stormy Atlantic beat incessantly, are seamed and carved with the Runic characters which the waves trace, and which tell the story of the incessant attack and repulse of the billows through the passing centuries. White Head, Cushing Island, is a fine sample of this form of rock-writing. The lower but not less scarred and indented rocks on which Portland Lighthouse is built, furnish another, and when these are passed, we enter into a scene, or rather a succession of scenes, of ideal loveliness. Every cove and bay around the harbor is a gem, both in itself and in its setting. Perhaps the most beautiful of these, and the most delightful as a resort, both from its surroundings and the excellent sport which the fisherman can always get there, is Great Diamond Island Cove—though there are many others which will be found quite as pleasant to choose for a haunt. In fact, it is quite impossible, in the space at my disposal, to give the reader even a slight idea of the numberless spots where the visitor can enjoy what is amongst the most beautiful scenery on the continent, and at the same time inhale health from every breeze that fans his cheek. It must suffice to enumerate a few of the more notable, and to advise the reader, that when he has a fortnight or more to spare, to spend the time in visiting the spots which I went to see, and the charms of which I shall never forget.

Cunner Rock, on Long Island, exemplifies the grandeur of a heavy surf, beating itself into spray against an immovable wall of adamant, and churning itself into froth and spume, as it recoils from the ineffectual impact, only to return to the charge, and again be repulsed.

ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER, NEAR BERLIN.

On Peak's Island there are some very fine pieces of rock and cliff scenery, and the "cunner" fishing along its coast is splendid.

In the beautiful Casco Bay is Mackworth Island, to see which alone would be worth the whole journey. Along the foresides of Falmouth and Yarmouth, the visitor sees, opening up before him, in endless succession, coves and sheltered bays of the most bewildering, because most varied, beauty, and Prince's Point, Brickman's Point, and Cousen's Island, present so many attractions that one is almost compelled to stop off at each place for a time, in order to more fully explore and enjoy their obvious charms.

Across Hussy's Sound from Peak's Island is Long Island, which has beauties peculiarly its own, and is the favorite camping and manœuvering ground of the military of the adjoining country. A large number of the "boys in blue" were encamped there when I visited it.

At Orr's Island is to be had, perhaps, the very best fishing on the coast, and it is even said that, so numerous are the fish, and so heavy the catches made by the fishermen, there is never any occasion for fishermen to draw upon their imaginations.

Perhaps the very finest piece of wave-washed rock scenery in the whole neighborhood is at Thunder Cave, on Bailey's Island, and certainly the most impressive of the rock-work unwashed by the sea, are the "Giant Steps," on the same island. So vast are those masses of terraced stone that human beings, when picking their way from one shelf to another, are dwarfed into insignificance. It is a wide stairway of unspeakably grand proportions, and suggestive of the days when "there were giants in the land."

Orr's Island, it will be remembered, is the scene of one of Mrs. Stowe's stories: "The Pearl of Orr's Island;" and at Harpswell, another point well worth visiting, and within easy reach of Portland, is the scene of the incident on which is founded Whittier's beautiful ballad of "The Dead Ship of Harpswell."

Cushing's Island is a gem in itself. Embosomed in the beautiful Casco Bay, and rising well above the sea-level, it affords an unrivalled view of bay and shore, with mountains rounding off the scene at the horizon. It is unrivalled for the purity and invigorating qualities of its atmosphere.

A visitor to Portland should not, if time permits, miss "doing" the White Mountains, the monarch of which is Mount Washington. The lesser peaks are named after other occupants of the Presidential chair. The range is easy of access from Portland. The Grand Trunk train lands the visitor at Gorham, whence he is drawn up "the glen" in a six-in-hand tally-ho coach, and enjoys, what is now a very rare thing, a bit of "mountain staging." The party with which I visited the mountains, as we stood on the veranda of the "Glen House," (since, I regret to learn, destroyed by fire), agreed that they had never seen more impressive mountain scenery, and, indeed, the view of the giant peaks which is had from that point is, under almost any atmospheric condition, one that imprints itself in unfading colors on the memory. The five greatest peaks of

BERLIN FALLS, ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER.

EMERALD POOL.

the range are visible at one *coup d' oeil,* namely, Washington, Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, and each is seen from base to summit without obstruction by intervening hills.

Among the picturesque points which we visited in the neighborhood of the mountains may be mentioned, Crystal Cascade, Glen Ellis Falls, Thompson's Falls, and Emerald Pool.

Of course we ascended to the summit of Mount Washington by the railway, a marvellous piece of engineering, and affording an experience which was unique, so far, at least, as I was concerned. We returned by the carriage road which ascends to the summit from the Glen, and found the drive delightful, the magnificent views that burst upon our gaze at every turn of the road being worth going ten times the distance to see.

Of course, I cannot "begin to" tell the reader a tenth part of the points of interest to be found among the White Hills, but they are easily found, and the facilities for reaching them are all that can be desired. I was very sorry that the time at my disposal was too short to explore them as fully as I could have wished, but I came away with my memory stored with vivid recollections of beauty and grandeur.

My headquarters, during my sojourn on the coast, was Portland, but I cannot say that much of my time was spent in the city, so numerous and so alluring were the attractions of the surrounding country. Indeed, I spent far too little time in what Longfellow calls "The Beautiful City by the Sea," to do anything like justice to it in a description. It is, in very truth, one of the loveliest cities in America. "Beautiful for situation" it undoubtedly is, for it stands on an ideal site, and it is well laid out. The architects, too, of its buildings public and private, seemed to have been, without exception, inspired with a sense of the necessity of keeping the edifices in harmony of design with the beauty of the site. Standing on a lofty promontory, with a bay on each side, it has every advantage of a picturesque position, and every facility for perfect sanitation. No wonder, then, that it attracts the traveller for pleasure and the invalid in search of health. Its climate, too, in summer, leaves nothing to be desired. Its water is as pure as water can be, being brought from Sebago Lake, seventeen miles distant. Its sewerage system is as nearly perfect as the fine situation of the city can make it. No wonder that it is spoken of as "the cleanest city of America." It thoroughly deserves the name.

As has been already stated, the city is beautifully laid out, and the buildings are in excellent taste, and are substantial in structure. The public buildings are models of what a progressive city should have, and there are a great many exceedingly handsome private residences, betokening both the wealth and the refined taste of the occupants.

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the city is possessed of every modern improvement, and that the visitor has the means of enjoying every advantage and comfort that can be found in any large city. In addition to this, I may say that the man of limited means can find accommodation in Portland to suit his pocket; for, while those with expensive tastes are amply provided for in very fine hotels, there are a large number of less pretentious hostelries where a man can live about as cheaply as he can in his own home.

Among the many objects of interest to the visitor in the city may be noted the house, at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, where Longfellow was born; the Wadsworth Mansion, (where the poet lived, and where the Longfellow family still live), next to the Preble House, on Congress street; the Longfellow monument on State Street Square, and the monument to the soldier Sons of Portland, who fell fighting for the Union. It is hardly necessary to mention the various public buildings, or the prominent business houses. It is sufficient to say that they compare favorably with any similar edifices in any city on the continent.

But when all is said, Portland's great claim to be a favored resort in the summer rests, and rests securely, on the salubrity of her climate, her bracing, health-laden sea-breezes, and the infinitely varied nature of her surroundings. The environs of the city were fitly described by an admiring visitor recently, as "A Paradise with a Thousand Doors"; and, to be convinced of the propriety of the name, one has only to go along both the Eastern and Western promenades and look around on the panoramas spread before him. It is impossible to give even a proximate idea of the beauty spread out on every hand—the blue sea, dotted with islands clothed with verdure, and crested with balsam-breathing pines; beaches of ideal smoothness and beauty fill the foreground, while, in the distance, the grand White Mountain range rounds off a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten.

I have given the reader but the merest sketch of this lovely city and its surroundings. To fill in the details and to get anything like a true idea of one of the most charming pictures in the world, he must go to Portland and see the country for himself. Instead of only two weeks, let him spend two months there, and, during this time, he can take a pleasant excursion every day, without having to visit the same spot twice, and without incurring much more expense for living, if he be a man of moderate means, than he would at home. He will, moreover, find himself greatly benefited, both mentally and physically, and if, as a result of close contact with nature in some of her fairest and some of her grandest phases, he does not also find his soul elevated and brought nearer to nature's God than it was before, I shall be greatly in error. Even the brief sojourn I made there did me great good, and I shall certainly, this season again, travel back over my old route to Portland-by-the-sea, with longer time at my disposal to revisit the scenes of which I only got a glimpse last year, and to explore more of the beauties of what I think is altogether a most delightful country to spend a holiday in.

GABLE ENDS.

A STAMPEDE.

In October, '91, I was engaged as assistant engineer under a Mr. A———, upon an undertaking of importance near S———, and having completed my operations in the field, I was at this time employed in preparing plans and in otherwise making substantial record of the result of my labors.

Now, the "Dickson Block," in which our officers were located, must have been constructed with a rush, to judge from the gaping cracks in the walls, the warped windows and doors, and floors like the waves of the sea, all evidences of the shrinkage of timber and an unsafe foundation. Shortly before the following little episode occurred, a carpenter had been employed to adjust the doors, so that they could be used as such, and I recollect saying in a jesting manner that some fine day the building would be down about our ears, like a pack of cards, little dreaming that a time would come when such an event would seem a possibility. This particular evening, the labors of the day being over, Tom C———, one of our draughtsmen, and I dined at an Italian restaurant, which we had dubbed "The Hole in the Wall," more from its unprepossessing exterior than anything else, for the fare was decidedly good, and satisfied even Tom, who was quite an epicure in his way. This was a regular resort for men of our craft, and was celebrated for "spighetti" and other dishes with outlandish names, not to speak of the charms of the dark-eyed little waitress, Mina. After fortifying the inner man and allowing Tom a few extra minutes to whisper sweet nothings to Mina, we strolled up F—— Street, where we stumbled across Kent, a mutual acquaintance, who proposed that we should take in the theatre that evening. I agreed, on condition that they would consent to come up to the offices for a few minutes, to enable me to finish some letters. This was acted upon, and was quite a concession on their part, too, considering that our offices were at the top of the building—fifth flat—ten flights of stairs; and, as the elevator had stopped running for the night, we just had to "shank" it the entire distance. To men, however, whose muscles were daily hardened by exercise in the open air, this was a mere nothing, and in a short space of time, we were chatting away quite comfortably in my sanctum. Having completed my tasks, and finding there still remained another forty minutes before theatre time, we decided to smoke it out up there.

I recollect, very well, being seated before a book-case, the upper part of which was filled with books, with two swing doors of glass, and the lower half fitted with receptacles for plans, papers, etc. My chair was tilted back upon two legs; my heels were upon the back of another, and in this most restful attitude, I was pulling away at a big meerschaum and dreamily watching the rings of smoke as they ascended from my lips, curling, wreathing, revolving, and assuming all manner of fantastic shapes. Kent was relating some experiences of his on the Mexican Central Railway anent Spanish girls with languishing eyes, tomates, tortillas aguardiente, and goodness knows what, mixed in—when, crash!!!—down fell a large steel straightedge that had been leaning against the bookcase, the glass doors of which flew open, and it became apparent to me that the bookcase itself was swaying to and fro. At the same instant I jumped upon my feet, and felt the whole building trembling and shaking beneath me. The thought flashed through my brain that part of the foundation had given away, and the building was in a state of collapse; in another moment the Dickson Block would be a mass of ruin, of which we should form a part, crushed out of all semblance to humanity.

I have read that those momentarily expecting death have a review of the principal events of their past lives, visions of dear ones to be seen and loved no more, actions we would wish to recall, some hasty words, oh, so deeply regretted. Many such thoughts as these surged through my brain during those few moments of inactivity. Then, glancing at Tom and Kent, who were standing with strained look of fearful expectancy on their faces, as if awaiting the next dread moment that was to hurl them into eternity, I saw Tom's eyes turn to the door, and, then, as if impelled by the same impulse, we simultaneously rushed towards it. I was about two yards in advance, and solely possessed by the thought of escaping from the building. My every muscle thrilled with action, and it seemed as if fear had lent me an almost supernatural quickness of eye and limb, for the way in which we went down those stairs was a perfect wonder, and to this day it seems a miracle that broken bones were not the result.

I jumped two, three, four, yes, five steps at a time, then, at a landing between two flights of steps, grasping the banister with my hand, I swung upon my arm as on a pivot. Never stopping, never slipping, down, down we go, then swing again, then bound down, down. The mad procession at my heels was becoming rapidly augmented as each flat was passed, and the rush and din of those tearing from their offices to join the frantic throng, only seemed to me to be caused by the crushing in and final destruction of the building, spurring me on to additional speed. What a smashing and dashing of doors, and hurrying and scurrying effect! I was unconscious, however, of my now numerous following, being possessed by the one idea of reaching the street as quickly as my legs would carry me. Here we are, though, at last at the entrance; now the street; and sixteen such bumping, jumping, tearing, breathing, frantic men as streamed out after me across Second-street, never were seen before. Arriving at the other side of the street, a burly guardian of the peace immediately pounced upon me, and a crowd speedily gathered together to learn my offence; they and the policeman evidently regarding me as a thief or culprit of some description, to be chased in that manner. I was, however, too much occupied with my own thoughts just then to notice this; staring intensely at the building we had just vacated so hurriedly, expecting every moment to see it topple over. It did not, however, and there it stands to this day, firm and intact, cracked walls, warped doors, and earthquakes notwithstanding.

Yes, an earthquake had occurred, and although those walking the streets had perceived nothing unusual, in buildings quite a severe shock had been sustained. Explanations being volunteered, my friend the policeman released the grip he had retained upon my arm, and, a proposal being made, we paid a visit to the "Grotto," and indulged in a mild stimulants for the benefit of our shattered nerves. Before leaving, I thanked them one and all for the hearty support they had given me, and expressed the wish that if ever I had the honor of leading another charge, the enemy would be in front and not behind. To which Tom slyly replied that he thought we certainly deserved space in the *Clipper* for a record of time. Having again toiled up those awful stairs, at a much slower rate of speed than when last descending, we obtained our headgear and other necessary toggery, and upon investigation, discovered it was just ten minutes to eight. So we were permitted after all to follow out our original intention, and we enjoyed "The Private Secretary" very much.

David Owen Lewis.

A NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD ADAGE.

Let me but write the songs of a nation,
 And I care not whose laws they obey,
For the author of "Dear Molly Doolan,"
 Gets more than a senator's pay.—P.T.

BOOK NOTICES.

Motley Verses, Grave and Gay. By J. W. Bengough. Toronto: William Briggs.

"A fellow of infinite humour!" cries Hamlet, as he contemplates the skull of the dead jester, and the reviewer of *Motley* may repeat his words, the difference being that the jester still has his head on him, and may yet delight us again with his "quips and cranks." As the title indicates, this collection of Mr. Bengough's papers is of varied color, "mottled," we might call it, without being out of taste. But no one will regret the mingling of grave and gay, and we imagine many who have hitherto only known the witty editor of *Grip* as a comedian, will be somewhat surprised to find that he is a tragedian also. Remembering some of Mr. Bengough's clever little comedies that appeared in *Grip* during the earlier part of its career, we regret he did not add one or two of them at least to the present collection. Still, *The Late Mr. Columbus* and *Theological Incompatibility*, *Bill Judson*, and *Justice for Ireland*, will sufficiently sustain the author's reputation in the farcical, while the comic setting he has given to social moral questions, show the estimate he holds of the true jester's office.

The pathetic papers show the poet's heart. The *War Cry*, and *Made Whole*, are touching pleas for a higher humanity, and will touch the universal conscience. *The Doomed Ship* is a fine poem, and so is *Jimmie*, the story of an emigrant mother in the Far West, the loss of whose child, on the prairies, affected the poor brain. The ghostly call of the bereaved creature, as she wanders about looking for *Jimmie*, is finely idealized, and Mr. Challoner's masterly drawing of the demented mother, wandering the wide wilderness in search of the lost one, his little shoes and stockings in her hand, is worthy the poem, which would be a telling recitation, if not too painful. *The Charge at Batoche* is the only distinctively patriotic poem in the collection, but it says everything. Many elegiac poems are here collected; politicians, laymen, and philanthropists are in the list. Perhaps the best of them all is that to Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. The tributes to each one of the great names enshrined in these *in memoriam* verses, are all not only appropriate, which is but a small thing to say, but show the poet's largeness of heart and clearness of perception, no shadow of party politics obscuring the tender light he has thrown upon each sad memory.

Not an unimportant value is given this volume by the illustrations. To some the comic drawings of Mr. Bengough himself will appeal, to others the portraits of so many prominent Canadians known to us all. The drawing for *Jimmie*, already alluded to, is good, and Mr. J. D. Kelly's fine picture of *The Doomed Ship*, telling out her tragic tale "Of man's inhumanity"—

> To the icebergs, cold and high,
> While the trembling polar star
> Looks down tearful from afar,
> On the frost-encrusted deck
> Of the lone and battered wreck,
> Where the meditative gulls
> Brood upon the whitened skulls.

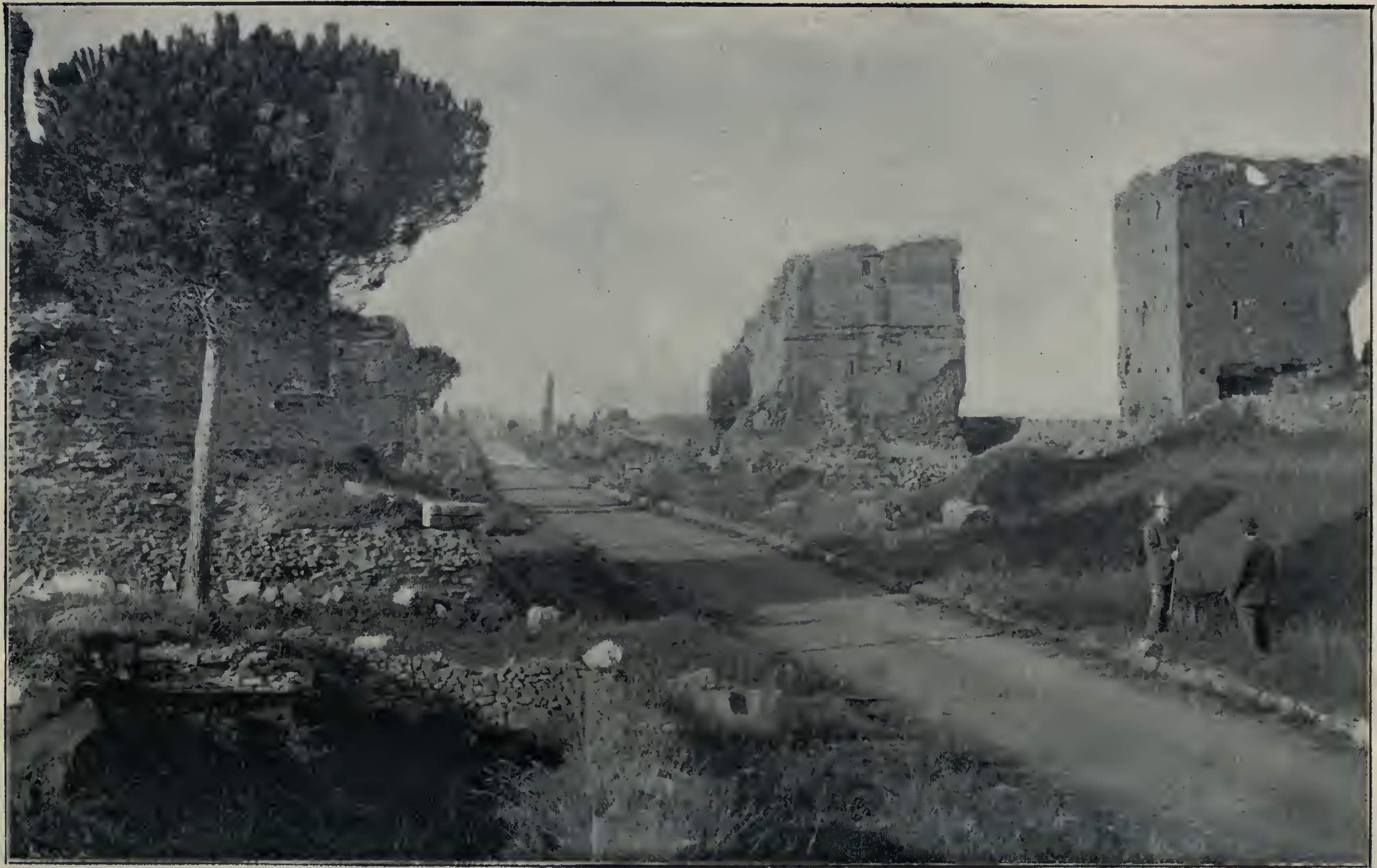
The finial drawings add a particular further artistic value to the volume.

The book is got up in the usual creditable manner of the Briggs' publishing house.

Short Studies in Ethics. An Elementary Text Book for Schools. By Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., Principal Bishop Ridley College. Toronto: The Bryant Press.

This is a handsome little book of 124 pp. The paper, type and binding are excellent. This much we have pleasure in saying for its mechanical appearance. When we turn to its contents, the bill of fare is full, for a small work. There are twenty-four short chapters on the following topics: Duty, Obedience, Truthfulness, Courage, Purity, Unselfishness, Honesty, Faithfulness, Profanity, Justice, Benevolence, Ambition, Patriotism, Bodily Exercise, Habit, Industry, Self-Control, Self-Reliance, Friendship, Gentlemanliness, Courtesy, Repentance, Character and Conscience. The advice given on all these topics is sound and timely. We would like to see this little book in the hands of every boy and girl. Much good would come from its careful perusal. J. F.

Three friends (Horace L. Tranble, Richard Maurice Buckle and Thomas B. Horned) of Walt Whitman have published a book entitled "In Re Walt Whitman"—a suggestive title. It is a book upon which Canadian thought can afford to spend much time. As a people, we are not thinking. Such thinking as we do takes its direction as the man who is carried off his feet in a crowd determines his course by what is around him, and without reference to anything fixed. In this book huge nuggets of philosophy are thrown at the reader with such directness and violence that he must bestir himself to dodge them or be hit by them. Walt Whitman's poetry is an attempt to unfold the mystery of human existence. All miss his teaching to some extent, some to a considerable extent. This book contains what may be called a course of preparatory reading for him who would grapple with Whitman, and who has heretofore felt unequal to the task. Those who have read at Whitman and have not been rewarded unmeasurably, should read "*In Re* Walt Whitman," and find there a key to many difficulties. J. M. M.



THE APPIAN WAY, ROME.

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(Continued from page 139.)

A CITY OF CONTRASTS.

APRIL 19th, 1894.—A little drive which we took this afternoon, and also our morning walk, have brought forcibly home to us the truth of Henri Taine's criticism that Rome is *par excellence* "a city of contrasts." He says:—

PORTA MAGGIORE AND TOMB OF EURYSACES, ROME, 1894.

"On leaving, for example, a noisy, animated street, you skirt for a quarter of an hour an enormous wall, oozing with moisture and encrusted with mosses, encountering nobody—not even a cart. At long intervals an iron-knobbed gate appears under a low arch, the secret exit of some extensive garden. You turn to the left, and enter a street of shops, with garrets swarming with ragged *canaille*, and dogs rummaging in heaps of offal. It terminates in front of the richly sculptured portal of some over-decorated church, a sort of ecclesiastical *bijou* fallen upon a

> dunghill. Beyond this the sombre, deserted streets again resume their wonted development. Glancing suddenly through an open gateway, you see a group of laurels and rows of clipped box, and a population of statues, surrounded by jets of spouting water. A cabbage market displays itself at the base of an antique column; booths, protected by red umbrellas, stand against the façade of a ruined temple, and on emerging from a cluster of churches and hovels, you perceive plots of verdure, vegetable gardens, and beyond these a broad section of the Campagna."

And if this was true when Taine saw Rome in 1864, (30 years ago), it is ten times more true now, when Rome has become in many ways a modern capital, like Berlin or Paris, though she yet retains so much of that flavour of the antique and the classical as must always distinguish her from these comparatively youthful (?) cities.

For instance, in our drive to-day past the six-storied boulevard residences that flank the Via Carlo Alberto and the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele [there is always a "Victor Emmanuel Place" in an Italian town, just as surely as there is a "Washington" or a "Liberty" in every State of the American Union], we came, at the Porta Maggiore, upon a queer old tomb, which suddenly carried us back at least 2,000 years, into Republican Rome.

It is the tomb of a baker named Eurysaces, who describes himself thereon as "a public purveyor of bread and an official," meaning (I suppose,) that he was, "by appointment, baker to the City Corporation," or something of that sort. He evidently erected the tomb during his lifetime, and it is a curiosity, even in this city of curious tombs. The sides represent grain measures, laid alternately in vertical and horizontal rows, and the frieze is covered with reliefs, telling the whole story of a baker's work from the reaping and binding of the corn to the baking of the loaves and their distribution from the oven to the customer.

There used to be on the front a bas-relief, representing the baker and his wife Atistia, and an inscription stating that her mortal remains were deposited "in this bread basket;" but both relief and inscription have been most stupidly removed to the opposite side of the road.

We had a still stronger contrast last Tuesday, as we were driving out the Appian Way—"that magnificent street of tombs," as Frederika Bremer calls it—to get a nearer view of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which, thus far, we had seen only from afar as a striking feature in the landscape.

It happened to be the day of the races at Capanelle, the "Woodbine Park" of Rome; and as we poor pilgrims from the western wilds drove musingly along the ancient highway by which SS. Paul and Luke and Aristarchus made their entry into Rome, the *elite* of the Roman society of A.D. 1894 began to pass us on their way to these races.

Apart from the contrast, the scene was striking enough—a splendid turnout and *very* English—English horses, English coachmen, English four-in-hands. The procession included even an old-fashioned mail-coach of the style which run from the "White Horse Cellars" in Piccadilly, with guard, etc., all *comme il faut.* The ladies' toilettes, however, were not English—they were distinctly Parisian.

THE "STREET OF TOMBS."

So much for the contrast:—now I must tell you about our drive. Our first stopping-place was within the walls, at the Baths of Caracalla—to my mind one of the most interesting ruins in Rome, and certainly, after the Colosseum, the most imposing. Here again we realized the justice of Taine's criticism. Down a long dusty road, flanked by blank vineyard walls,—then up one of those Roman lanes that look as if they could lead to nothing but a rubbish heap or a horse pond; and, behold, we descended at a great portal, and entered the mighty ruins of one of the greatest clubs that ever was on earth. No modern club can be named in the same breath with such magnificent memorials of the luxurious days of the later Empire as these Baths of Caracalla, and the still larger but not so magnificent Baths of Diocletian, in the Piazza delle Terme.

BATHS OF CARACALLA.

"Imagine a club like the Athenæum of London—a palace open to everybody, and which, besides supplying intellectual wants, supplied those of the body; people resorting to it not only to read books and journals, to contemplate works of art, to listen to poets and philosophers, to converse and to discuss, but also to swim, to bathe, to scrub, to perspire, and even to run and wrestle, or, at all events, to enjoy the performance of those who did." These Baths covered an area of two and a half millions of square yards, and their entire circuit, including the adjoining *stadium*, or racecourse and circus, is said to have been five miles and a half. No wonder old Ammianus Marcellinus said that "The Roman baths were like provinces." They were supplied with water by an aqueduct specially built for the purpose, and could accommodate 1,600 bathers at once. The ruins of eight great halls have been traced, as well as those of many smaller rooms. These rooms are now identified as the *palaestra*, where the boxing matches took place;

the *frigidarium*, or cold bath; the *tepidarium*, or hot bath; the *sudatorium* (Turkish bath); the anointing (or shampooing) rooms; the women's bath; the gallery of statuary, whence the Farnese Hercules, and other celebrated statues, (now chiefly at Naples,) have been dug up, and the *pinacotheca* (picture gallery).

> "The walls of these lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics, which imitated the art of the pencil in elegance of design, and in the variety of their colours. The Egyptian granite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia. Perpetual streams of hot water were poured into the capacious basins, through so many wide mouths of bright, massy silver, and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia.
>
> Let us follow one of the elegant youths of Rome into the great *thermae*. He is welcomed at his entrance by the *ostiarius*, or porter, a tall, majestic fellow, with a sword at his side, and by the *capsarius*, or wardrobe-keeper, who takes charge of his wraps. Then follows a general salutation and kissing of friends, exchange of the last topics and scandals of the day, reading of the newspapers, or *acta diurna*. The visitor then selects the kind of bath which may suit his particular case—cold, tepid, warm, shower, or perspiration bath. The bath over, the real business begins,—*e.g.*, taking a constitutional up and down the beautiful grounds, indulging in athletic sports, or simple gymnastics to restore circulation and to prepare himself for the delights of the table. The luxurious meal finished, the gigantic club-house could supply him with every kind of amusement,—libraries, concerts, literary entertainments, reading of the latest poems or novels, shows, conversation with the noblest and most beautiful women. Very often a second bath was taken to prepare for the evening meal. All this could be done by three or four thousand persons at one and the same time, without confusion or delay, because of the great number of servants and slaves attached to the establishment."

A winding stair leads to the top of the walls, which are worth ascending, as well to gain an idea of the vast size of the ruins as for the lovely views you gain of the Campagna. It was here that Shelley wrote his "Prometheus Unbound." He says in his preface:—

> "This poem was chiefly written on the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees which extend in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the new life with which, in this divinest climate, the vigorous awakening spring drenches the spirit even to intoxication, were the inspiration of the drama."

Leaving the Baths of Caracalla, and passing some interesting old churches (which I shall not pause even to name, lest you should have a surfeit of churches), the tomb of the Scipios, and what Dr. Forbes believes to be the tombs of Tryphena and Tryphosa (Rom. xvi. 12), Onesimus (Phile. x), and Epaphras, "my fellow prisoner," (Phile. xxiii), we pass under the great Arch of Drusus, "the most perfect existing monument of the Augustan age," and drive out through the city wall by the gate of St. Sebastian, upon the Appian Way.

Five minutes from the gate, just where the road divides the two, is the

Church of *Domine quo vadis*, with its beautiful legend, told by St. Ambrose:

> "After the burning of Rome, Nero threw upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. Thus originated the first persecution, in which many perished by many and hitherto unheard-of deaths. The Christian converts besought St. Peter not to expose his life. As he fled along the Appian Way he was met by a vision of our Saviour travelling towards the city. Struck with amazement, he exclaimed: 'Domine quo vadis' ('Lord, whither goest thou?')—to which the Saviour, looking at him with mild sadness, replied: 'I go to Rome to be crucified again,' and vanished. St. Peter immediately returned to the city and to death."

Not far beyond the Church of *Domine quo vadis* our driver suddenly pulls up beside the gate of a vineyard, where several other carriages are waiting, and tells us that we have arrived at the catacombs of St. Calixtus, the largest and most interesting in the neighbourhood of Rome. In a few minutes we have entered our names in a book, paid our franc apiece, and received our long, curly wax candles (*cerini*), from the hands of a young French Trappist monk, a man fairly brimming over with jokes and laughter, and the very antipodes of what we had expected in a Trappist monk, and especially in one chosen as a guide to the burial places of the early Roman saints and martyrs. Notwithstanding any previous impressions to the contrary (drawn, perhaps, in part from Hawthorne), we know now that all descriptions of dangers attending a visit to the Catacombs, if accompanied by a guide, and provided with *cerini*, are entirely imaginary. Neither does the visitor suffer from cold: the temperature of the catacombs is mild and warm; the vaults are almost always dry and the air pure.

> "The Roman catacombs; a name consecrated by long usage, but having no etymological meaning, and not a very determinate geographical one—are a vast labyrinth of galleries excavated in the bowels of the earth, in the hills around the Eternal City—not in the hills in which the city itself was built, but in those beyond the walls. Their extent is enormous. Not as to the amount of superficial soil that they underlie—for they rarely if ever pass beyond the third milestone from the city—but in the actual length of their galleries, for these are often excavated on various levels or planes, three, four, or even five, one above the other; and they cross and re-cross one another sometimes at short intervals on each of these levels; so that on the whole there are certainly not less than 350 miles of them; that is to say, that if stretched out in one continuous line they would extend the whole length of Italy itself. The galleries are from two to four feet in width, and vary in height according to the nature of the rock in which they are dug. The walls on both sides are pierced with niches like shelves in a book-case or berths in a steamer, and every niche once contained one or more dead bodies. At various intervals this succession of shelves is interrupted for a moment that room may be made for a doorway opening into a small chamber. The walls of these chambers are generally pierced with graves in the same way as the galleries.
>
> These vast excavations once formed the ancient Christian cemeteries of Rome. They were begun in Apostolic times, and continued to be used as burial places of the faithful till the capture of

> the city by Alaric in A. D. 410. In the third century, the Roman Church numbered twenty-five or twenty-six of them, corresponding with the number of her parishes within the city, and besides these there are about twenty others of smaller dimensions—isolated monuments of special martyrs, or belonging to this or that private family or individual, the villas or gardens in which they were dug being the property of wealthy citizens who had embraced the faith of Christ and devoted their substance to His service. Hence their most ancient titles were taken merely from the names of their lawful owners, many of which still survive.
>
> It has always been believed by men of learning who have had an opportunity of examining these excavations, that they were used exclusively by the Christians as a place of burial and of holding religious assemblies. Modern research has now placed it beyond a doubt that they were not deserted sand-pits or quarries adapted to Christian uses, but a development (with important modifications) of a form of sepulture not altogether unknown among the heathen families of Rome and in common use among the Jews, and elsewhere."—*Northcote and Brownlow, "Roma Sotterranea."*

Our cheerful guide first took us to the Chapel of the Popes, a place of burial and of worship, where the graves of at least ten popes of the third century (many of them martyrs), have been positively identified. From this, by a short passage, we entered the *cubiculum* of Sta. Cecilia, in which her body, buried after her martyrdom in her own house, was discovered in 820, by Pope Paschal, "fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb, lying in a cypress coffin, and clad in rich garments, with linen cloths stained with blood rolled up at her feet." There were many other chapels and cubicula, but these two were to us the most interesting.

Nevertheless we listened with attention and curiosity to the peripatetic lecture of our monkish guide as he pointed out the various tombs and the *graffitti* or inscriptions or rude drawings on the walls.

Most of us have read and heard of these, but to see them is a revelation.

The "Good Shepherd" is a very favorite subject. Again and again it is painted upon the walls of the sepulchral chambers, or scratched upon gravestones, or more carefully sculptured upon sarcophagi. Symbolical designs are also of very frequent occurence:—the anchor (hope), the palm-branch (victory), the ship (the church), and the fish, because the Greek name is made up of the initial letters of the words,

("Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Saviour.")

All the inscriptions and paintings which one sees in these catacombs (and many more) can be seen in better light, and in a more leisurely way in the Museo Sacro of the Lateran, but it lends them much additional interest when one has seen the Catacombs themselves.

A very little way beyond the Catacombs of St. Calixtus we came upon another memorial of ancient Rome, the Circus of Maxentius, the contemporary and rival of the Emperor Constantine.

From its admirable preservation, the beauty of its situation, and the associations connected with the ruins which surround it, this is one of the most unique and interesting of these ancient remains. The external walls are almost unbroken. You can still trace the site of the *carceres* or barriers from which the chariots started on their mad race round the arena, the *spina* or wall which ran down the

TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

centre, and the *metæ* or goals which formed its ends. I noticed that the *spina* does not run straight down the middle of the arena, but is placed a little obliquely, so as to give each chariot an equal chance. The barriers, too, for the same reason, are a little "on the bias." On each side is a high seat for the judges, and near it the "band stand" or gallery for the musicians. The spectators sat all round on ten tiers of steps, capable of holding about 18,000 persons. We found this little circus very interesting, but it must have been a mere *kindergarten* compared to the great Circus Maximus, which had accommodation for nearly 400,000 spectators.

On the hill-top which rises before us is the most interesting of all the Roman tombs, that of Cecilia Metella, a great grey round tower, seventy feet in diameter, and about one hundred feet high. Byron's lines come to our mind at once:

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown;
The garland of eternity, where weave
The green leaves over all, by time o'er-thrown.—

What was the tower of strength. Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—
A woman's grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead
Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived, how loved, how died she? Was she not

So honoured—so conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal
lot?

* * * *

This much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife—behold his
love or pride"

All that we know of her now—(and Byron knew this)—is that she was the daughter of one of the great family of the Metelli and the wife of that Crassus (popularly nick-named "Dives"), who was consul in the same year with Pompey, and having been chosen proconsul of Syria, was treacherously slain on the plains of Mesopotamia about the time that Julius Cæsar invaded Britain.

Hare says that "it is at Cecilia Metella's tomb that the beauties of the Appian Way really begin," but we did not find it so. The views across the wide, flat Campagna are lovely, darkened here and there by the shadows of flying clouds; and these long lines of ruined aqueducts give a quaint charm to the picture; but, after all, it is a "street of tombs;" and gravestones, however classical, soon pall upon the taste; so at Casale Rotondo we gladly turned our horses' heads and drove back again to Rome, leaving behind us the Via Appia and its unknown dead.

> "Yes, its unknown dead! For, except in one or two doubtful instances, these mountainous, sepulchral edifices have not availed to keep from oblivion so much as the bare name of an individual or a family. Ambitious as they were of everlasting remembrance, the slumberers might just as well have gone quietly to rest, each in his pigeon-hole of a *columbarium* or under his little green hillock in a graveyard, without a stone to mark the spot."

So says Hawthorne; yet the tombs of these departed ghosts have led us to take a very charming drive along the Appian Way.

ROMAN CHURCHES.

To most Anglo-Saxons, especially to those of us of Calvinistic training, a church is a very severe and solemn building. When we think of an English cathedral, it is of "ivy mantled towers," surmounting a stately pile with long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, into which, from painted windows, streams a dim religious light, and of which every association and suggestion tends to sadden and solemnize.

So of the great German cathedrals, Strasbourg, Freyburg, Cologne, etc.

But here in Rome it is not so. Although the churches are also burial grounds, they lack the repose and solemnity of their trans-alpine congeners, and are, as Prof. Lanciani acutely observes,—like the Pagan temples which most of them have succeeded—museums of art as well as places of worship. Perhaps it is the difference between Latin and Teutonic taste; perhaps Calvin has imposed something of his austerity even upon those who do not wholly embrace his severe creed. I cannot tell.

At all events, he who comes to Rome with a fixed idea that the English or German cathedral is the best, or the only type of church architecture, will

"First endure, then pity, then embrace."

For, in time, one may come to feel that a church is not necessarily a sad place, though it be filled with tombs; and the Roman churches have a fashion of their own, which one comes insensibly to tolerate, and finally to enjoy. For one thing, they don't all conform (as do our English churches), to one staid and solemn ecclesiastical ideal. They range from the ornateness or over-decoration of the new cathedral (S. Paolo Fuori), to the Methodist "protracted meeting" type of S. Agostino, which is crowded every day with thousands of enthusiastic worshippers at the shrine of their favorite wonder-working Virgin.

Or perhaps they are rich with the associations of the buried (but not forgotten) past, like the church of Sta. Maria in Ara Cœli (the home of the "Santissimo Bambino"), but far more interesting to us as the site of the altar "ara primogeniti Dei," which, according to the prophecy of the Tiburtine sibyl, the Emperor Augustus erected to "the first-born Son of God," and certainly the place where, in 1764, Gibbon ("musing amid the ruins of the Capitol"), conceived the idea of writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Or the Pantheon, built in B.C. 27, by Agrippa, the friend of Augustus and husband of his wicked daughter Julia.

THE PANTHEON.

This stately pile, though despoiled and "improved" by succeeding Emperors and Popes, and plundered by that "prince of architects," Lorenzo Bernini, is yet "the noblest and most perfect survival of that style of architecture specifically denominated Roman."

Hawthorne says of it:—

> "The world has nothing else like the Pantheon. So grand it is, that the pasteboard statues over the lofty cornice do not disturb the effect, any more than the tin crowns and hearts, the dusty artificial flowers and all manner of trumpery gewgaws hanging at the saintly shrines. The rust and dinginess that have dimmed the precious marble on the walls; the pavement, with its great squares and rounds of porphyry and granite cracked crosswise in a hundred directions, showing how roughly the troublesome ages have trampled here; the grey dome above, with its opening to the sky, as if heaven were looking down into the interior of this place of worship, left unimpeded

> for prayers to ascend the more freely; all these things make an impression of solemnity which St. Peter's itself fails to produce."

And Taine is quite as enthusiastic:

> "The entrance is grand and imposing. The eight enormous Corinthian columns of the portico, the massive pilasters, the cross-pieces of the entablature, the bronze doors, all declare the magnificence of a nation of conquerors and rulers. Our Pantheon, compared with this, seems mean. And when, after a half hour's contemplation of it, you abstract its mouldiness and degradation, and divorce it from its modern dilapidated surroundings; when the imagination pictures to itself the white, glittering edifice with its fresh marble, and the subdued lustre of its bronze tiles and beams, and the bronze bas-reliefs adorning its pediment as it appeared in the time of Agrippa, when, after the establishment of universal peace, he dedicated it to all the gods; then do you figure to yourself with admiration the triumph of Augustus which this fête completed, a reconciled, submissive universe, the splendour of a perfected empire. You enter the temple under the lofty cupola which expands in every sense like an interior firmament; the light descends magnificently through the single aperture in the top, its vivid brightness accompanied with cool shadows and a transparent veil of floating particles slowly passing before the curves of the arch. All around are the chapels of the ancient gods, each between columns, and ranged along the circular walls; the vastness of the rotunda diminishes them, and thus, wretched and reduced, they live subject to the hospitality and majesty of the Roman people, the sole divinity that subsists in a conquered universe. Such is the impression this architect makes on you. It is not like a Greek temple; it does not correspond to a primitive sentiment, like the Greek religion; it indicates an advanced civilization, a studied art, a scientifically cultivated intelligence. It aims at grandeur, and to excite admiration and astonishment; it forms part of a system of government, and completes a spectacle; and it is the decoration of a fête, which fête is that of the Roman Empire."

Then we have Cardinal Wiseman's titular church, S. Pudenziana, supposed (if tradition be trustworthy) to be the most ancient of all Roman churches *("omnium ecclesiarum urbis vetutissina,")* and to have been founded on the site of a house where St. Paul lodged from A.D. 41 to A.D. 50, with the senator Pudens, whose family were his first Roman converts, and to whom he refers in his last epistle: "Eubulus greeteth thee and Pudens" (2 Tim. iv. 21); and Sta. Maria in Via Lata, the subterranean church of which is shown as the actual "hired house" in which St. Paul dwelt, "with a soldier that kept him," (Acts xxviii. 16), and the interesting Baptistery of S. John Lateran, containing the ancient font in which Constantine is said to have been baptized as a Christian.

But most of the Roman churches (if interesting at all), are so because of some work of art, some picture or tomb. The Pantheon, indeed, has these as well as all its other claims to interest, for here is the tomb of Raffaelle, with Cardinal Bembo's famous epitaph,—

"Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works; and dying fears herself to die."

Here (to repose until Italy shall have finished the splendid mausoleum which she is building to receive them), are the ashes of him whose coffin bears the simple inscription, "*pater patriae*," Victor Emmanuel, the first king of United Italy.

S. Maria della Pace is interesting because of Raffaelle's "Sibyls,"—a magnificent picture, said by Kugler to be "one of the master's most perfect works," though now sadly marred by time and damp. In S. Lorenzo in Lucina (over the high altar) is a masterpiece of Guido Reni, "the Crucifixion," with a wild, stormy sky for a background. It is one of the most powerful and effective pictures I have ever seen.

THE CRUCIFIXION. *Guido Reni.*

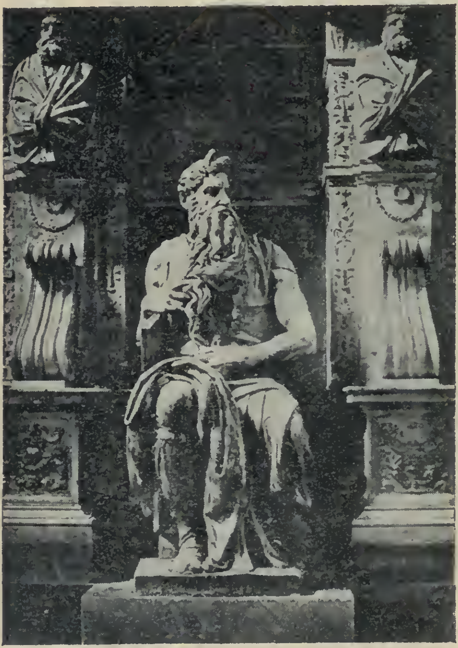
S. Pietro in Vincoli, besides Guercino's lovely picture of "S. Margaret and the dragon," contains all that was ever finished of the tomb begun by Michel Angelo for that warlike Pope Julius II., one of the first apostles of Italian unity, and the founder of the present Cathedral of S. Peter, (for which, as Creighton points out, in his "History of the Papacy," Vol. iv. chap. xiii.), he wantonly destroyed the most venerable basilica in Christendom.

The original design of this tomb was absolutely gigantic. It was intended to contain more than forty statues, including those of Moses, SS. Peter and Paul, Rachel and Leah, and chained figures of the Provinces, while those of heaven and earth were to support the sarcophagus of the Pope,—Heaven rejoicing to receive his soul, and Earth bewailing her irreparable loss. This project was cut short by the death of Julius, in 1513, and all that remains to us is the colossal sitting statue of Moses, flanked by the smaller ones of Rachel and Leah (types of the active and contemplative religious life). In a niche above the Pope stands the Madonna with the Holy Child; in the side niches are a prophet and a sibyl, the work of Michel Angelo's pupils. In the lower story are the three statues, Moses, Rachel and

Leah, by Michel Angelo's own hand. He had made others which were rendered useless by a change in the position of the tomb: and two of his noblest works,—two captive slaves, originally designed for this tomb—are now in the Louvre.

So Michel Angelo idealized the fiery personality of Julius II. The mighty frame of Moses, which seems with difficulty held in rest, sets forth the stormy spirit of the Pope who strove to mould states and kingdoms to his will, and owned no bounds to his furious impetuosity. The worst figure of the whole is that of the Pope himself.

Every visitor to Rome knows the Moses of Michel Angelo. Taine's description is very vivid:—



MICHEL ANGELO'S "MOSES."

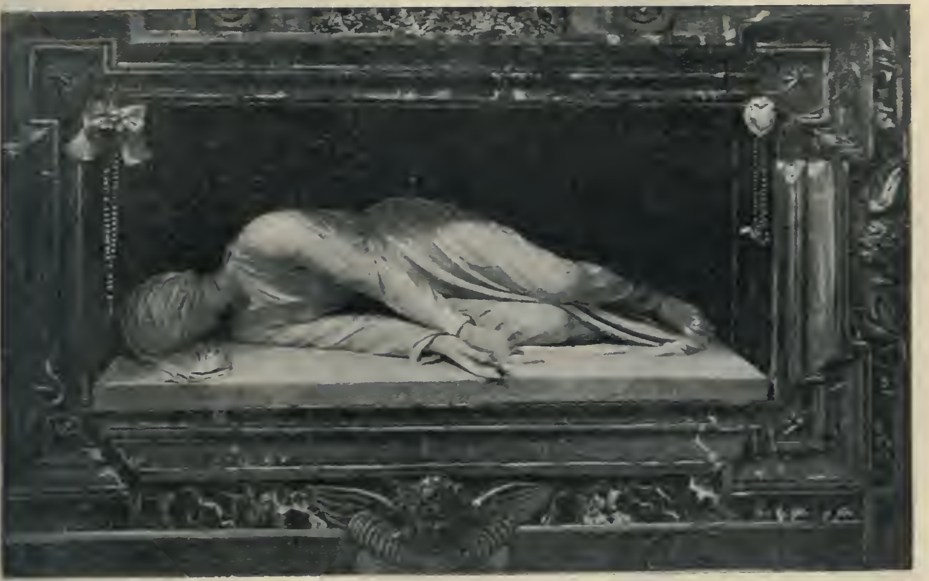
St. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

> "The first sight of this statue is less surprising than one would suppose. We are familiar with it, engraved or reduced. The imagination, as is always the case, has exaggerated it. Moreover, it is polished and finished with extreme perfection. It is in a brilliantly decorated church, and is framed by a handsome chapel. As you dwell upon it, however, the colossal mass produces its effect. You feel the imperious will, the ascendancy, the tragic energy of the legislator and exterminator. His heroic muscles and virile beard indicate the primitive barbarian, the subduer of men; while the long head and projections of the temples denote the ascetic. Were he to arise, what action, what a lion's voice!"

But I agree with the criticism of Mrs. Elliot:

> "Nothing can be more ill-placed than this statue, in a seat nearly on a level with the spectator; the gigantic form squeezed between two columns, the whole a monument which (after all) is not—a monument. Certainly this image does not impress one with a high idea of Moses. The grossly sensual impression tells of passions proper rather to a satyr than a lawgiver; and the long ropy hair, falling from the head and beard, painfully reminds one of a shaggy goat, faults all of which are unrelieved by any nobler indications save an air of arrogant command. Still, amid all its defects, this is a remarkable work of art, remarkable for an indescribable air of savage grandeur all its own. It has also great power, especially in the *anima* which makes the cold marble actually seem to palpitate with vivid expression."

Among other churches similarly interesting, we must not forget that of Sta. Cecilia in Trastavere, built over the very house in which this noble Roman lady lived, and in which her remains (transferred hither from the Catacombs of St. Calixtus), now lie



TOMB OF STA. CECILIA.

beneath the high altar in a sarcophagus surmounted by a lovely statue of the saint just as she lay in her tomb. It is one of the most perfect things in Rome.

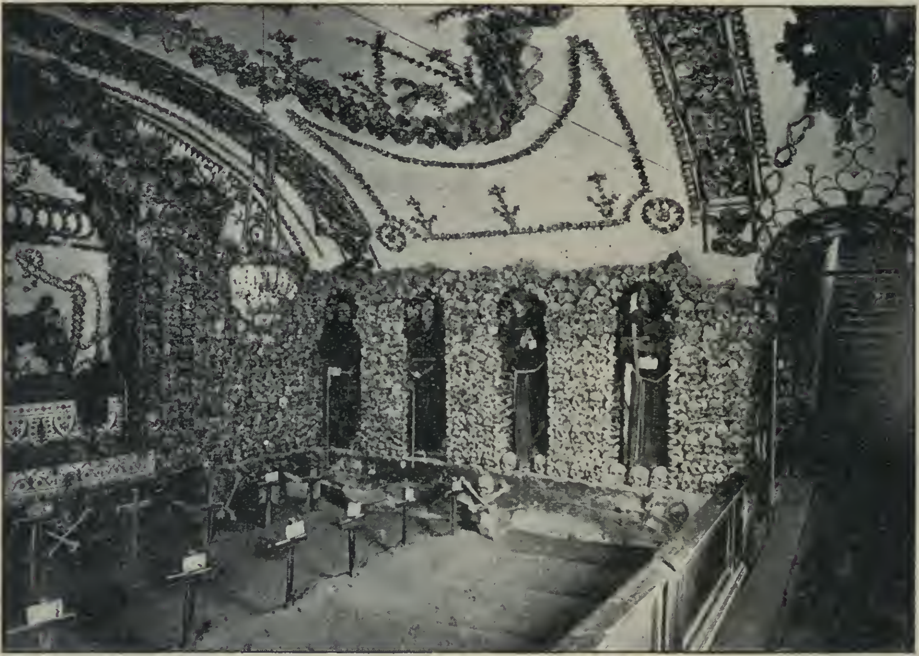
> "The body lies on its side, the limbs a little drawn up. The drapery is beautifully modelled, and modestly covers the limbs. It is a statue of a lady, perfect in form, and affecting from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of white marble, and the unspotted appearance of the whole. It lies as no living body could lie, and yet correctly as do the dead left to expire—I mean in the gravitation of the limbs."

To the same category belongs the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, with the lovely frescoes by Pinturicchio, and the Chigi Chapel in which Raffaelle shows at one and the same time his powers as architect, painter, and sculptor. He it was who designed the painted ceiling, with its extraordinary mixture of Paganism and Christianity—Diana, Mercury, Venus, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn (as planets), conducted by angels and surrounding Jehovah. He also modelled (it is said from the satyr and dolphin in the Borghese collection), the statue of Jonah and the whale, and sculptured the noble figure of Elijah; while Bernini contributed the figures of Daniel and Habakkuk. The altar-piece ("Nativity of the Virgin"), is by Giorgione's pupil, Sebastiano del Piombo. Here also (in the choir)are Sansovino's beautiful monuments to the Cardinals Giovanni della Rovere, brother of Pope Julius II., and Ascanio Sforza, the great opponent of the policy of Alex. VI. And in the left aisle one sees the grotesque cenotaph of the Princess Odescalchi Chigi, and that of Giovanni Ghislerus, with his portrait inscribed "*neque hic vivus*," underneath a chrysalis with the motto "*ut in nidulo meo moriar*," and a butterfly "*phoenix multiplicalto dies*," while below all is a hideous skeleton of giallo-antico wrapped in a marble winding-sheet, and the words "*neque hic mortuus*."

Surely this church is a museum at once of the beautiful and the grotesquely horrible.

But in this latter respect it is not to be compared with the Capuchin church of Sta. Maria della Concezione. This is one of the "show places" of Rome, and every visitor must needs go to that subterranean chapel, where in holy earth (brought it is said from Jerusalem), each deceased brother of the convent sleeps his last sleep—for a time—and then, when his grave is required for a new occupant, is disinterred (and usually dismembered), to be used in the oddest and most horrible kind of mural decoration which the mind of man can ever have conceived.

> "Five years in the ground of this cemetery suffices to dry up a body; no other preparation is necessary, and the body is then displayed with the rest. Four chambers are filled with these skeletons, arranged in groups in a decorative manner. Thigh-bones, shoulder-blades, arms and the pelvis are fashioned into bouquets, garlands and elegant tapestry. A singular taste and ingenuity have regulated the disposition of this furniture. Sometimes a skull is suspended at the end of a chain of vertebræ which descends from a ceiling and forms a lamp; again, a couple of arms spread out their joints and knotty fingers in the guise of pendants above a mantel piece; hollow thigh bones are arranged one above another like rows of pictures upon a handsome buffet; while along the wall and over the arch the radius runs in complicated designs and pretty, capricious arabesques; here and there in a corner numerous thoracic cages bristle with white stories of ribs and clavicles. The soil consists of ranges of graves, some full and others awaiting their occupant."



CAPUCHIN CEMETERY.

I do not think that any ecclesiastical edifice, even the chapel of the 100 000 Virgins in Cologne, can successfully dispute the palm for ghastliness with this Capuchin Chapel, where each monk is required to say his daily orisons; but the church of San Stefano Rotondo on the Cœlian Hill must be awarded at least a foremost place in the grisly contest.

It is a circular church, built on the site of Nero's great meat market "*macellum magnum*," and decorated (?) all around with hideous frescoes, picturing (with most horrible realism) the martyrdoms of some hundreds of saints slain in every persecution of the church, from the massacre of the Holy Innocents under Herod to the burning of the martyrs under "good Queen Bess." Here is a little bit of the long list:

Under Nero.	St. Peter, crucified. St. Paul, beheaded. St. Vitale, buried alive. St. Thecla, tossed by a bull. St. Gervase, beaten to death. SS. Pratasius, Processus and Martinianus, beheaded. St. Faustus and others, clothed in skins of beasts and torn to pieces by dogs.
Under Alexander Severus.	St. Calixtus, pope, thrown into a well with a stone round his neck. St Calepodius, dragged through Rome by wild horses and thrown into the Tiber. Sta. Martina, torn with iron forks. St. Cecilia, who, failing to be suffocated with hot water, was stabbed in the throat. St. Urban the Pope, Tibertius, Valerianus and Maximus, beheaded.

Let Dickens describe the pictures; for I cannot do it.

> "They represent such a panorama of horror and butchery as no sane man could imagine in his sleep, even if he had eaten a whole roast-pig raw for supper. Grey-bearded men and gentle ladies are being boiled, fried, grilled, crimped, singed, eaten by wild beasts, worried by dogs, buried alive, torn asunder by horses, chopped up small with hatchets, women having their breasts torn off with red hot pincers, their tongues cut out, their ears screwed off, their jaws broken, their bodies stretched upon the rack, or skinned upon the stake, or crackling up and melting in the fire: these are among the mildest of the subjects represented in this Chamber of Horrors."

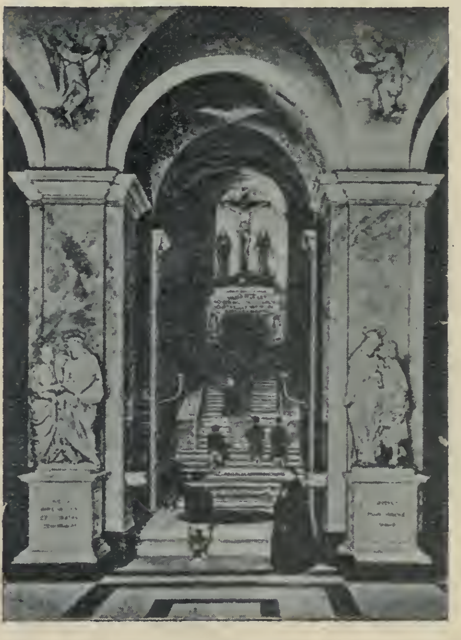
But the time would fail me to tell of half the Roman churches which we have visited, finding in each something to interest us: San Lorenzo Fuori, a splendid specimen of an ancient basilica, in the crypt of which lies in a plain tomb one of the greatest of all the Popes, Pio Nono, a Liberal Italian by birth and in all his instincts, but one who (as Metternich predicted), found "a liberal Pope" an impossible being, "the one contingency on which the Austrian Government had never thought it necessary to reckon:" the Church of St. Gregory with its adjoining chapels, one containing his grand statue, and the other the magnificent frescoes of Guido ("the master"), and Domenichino ("the scholar who knew more than the master,") as well as the monastic cell of the great Pope, his marble chair, and the table at which, after washing their feet, he daily fed twelve poor pilgrims: Sta. Maria Aventina, the church of the Knights of Malta, with its lovely *Priorato* garden, in which the great Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) used to play as a boy, and from which one gets the deservedly celebrated "keyhole view of St. Peter's,"—and others which it would be tedious to you even to name.

These and many more are amongst the interesting show places of Rome; but now I think we may turn to some Roman Relics and some Roman Fountains.

ROMAN RELICS.

I am writing on the afternoon of Good Friday. We have just come from the *Scala Santa*, which is crowded with Spanish pilgrims. This "sacred staircase" is one of the few Roman relics in which even a Protestant may not unreasonably believe.

I see nothing impossible, or even unlikely, in the legend which has come to us, that this staircase was brought by the Empress Helena from the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem (A.D. 326), and is the identical stair upon which our Saviour trod in coming from Pilate's Judgment Hall.



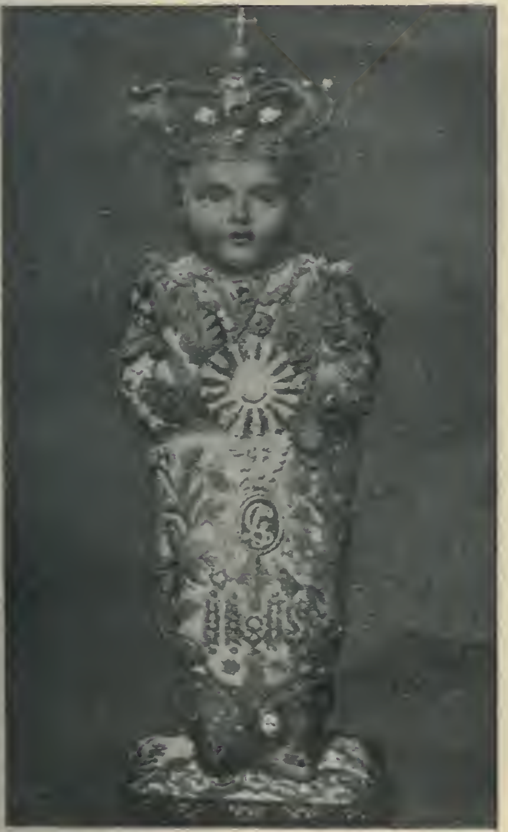
THE SCALA SANTA.

It is, at all events, the very one which Luther, "the solitary monk who shook the world," was ascending on his knees when those words of St. Paul, "The just shall live by faith," flashed into his mind, drove him to his feet, and sounded the first bugle-note of the great Protestant Reformation.

Feeling this, I cannot read with pleasure—scarcely with patience—Charles Dickens' flippant description in his "Pictures from Italy," though he vividly portrays the very scene as we saw it to-day:

> "On Good Friday there were, on a moderate computation, a hundred people slowly shuffling up these stairs on their knees at one time, while others who were going up, or had come down, and a few who had done both and were going up again for the second time stood loitering in the porch below, where an old gentleman, in a sort of watch box, incessantly rattled a tin canister, with a slit in the top, to remind them that he took the money. The majority were country people, male and female. There were four or five Jesuit priests, however, and some half dozen well-dressed women. A whole school of boys, twenty at least, were about half-way up, evidently enjoying it very much. They were all wedged together pretty closely, and the rest of the company gave the boys as wide a berth as possible, in consequence of their betraying some recklessness in the management of their boots. There are two steps to begin with, and then a rather broad landing. The more rigid climbers went on their knees along the landing, as well as up the stairs; and the figures they cut in their shuffling progress over the level surface, no description can paint. Then, to see them watch their opportunity from the porch and cut in where there was a place next the wall, and to see one man with an umbrella (brought on purpose, for it was a fine day), hoisting himself unlawfully from stair to stair, and to observe a demure lady of fifty-five or so looking back every now and then to assure herself that her legs were properly disposed."

But we have seen many other relics and sacred spots within the last few weeks, of whose authenticity I am, like the Scottish deacon, "no that sure!" For example, in S. Giacomo Scossa Cavalli we were shown two very sacred stones, viz., that upon which Abraham was about to offer up Isaac, and the one upon which the Virgin Mary sat during the Circumcision of our Lord in the Temple.



THE "SANTISSIMO BAMBINO."
Ara Coeli, Rome, 1894.

There are also, in a neighbouring church, two columns bearing inscriptions which aver them to be those to which St. Peter and St. Paul were bound when they suffered flagellation by the order of Nero. The Mamertine Prison contains another pillar to which these same saints are said to have been bound for nine months. In this prison there is also, (half-way down the stairway, and carefully guarded by iron bars) an indentation in the tufa rock, which you are told was caused by the jailors beating St. Peter's head against the rock. His chains are the *pièce de resistance* of S. Pietro in Vincoli; and Sta. Francesca Romana has in the wall of its transept two gigantic holes, said to have been made by S. Peter's knees when he knelt to pray that Simon Magus might be dropped by the demons who were supporting him in the air—a legend which has the high authority of S. Ambrose, and which is illustrated in Vanni's great picture of the "Fall of Simon Magus," in the north aisle of St. Peter's. S. Sabina (on the Aventine) preserves, upon a pillar in the nave, a round black piece of marble, about as large as a baby's head, which you are assured the devil one day threw at St. Dominick when he was lying prostrate in prayer on one of the marble slabs at the end of the aisle!

But the relic which least of all appeals to me is the "Santissimo Bambino,' or "Most Holy Babe," which is kept in its private sanctuary at the Church of Sta. Maria in Ara Coeli, on the Capitoline Hill.

Let Mr. Hare describe it:

"It is a freshly-coloured doll, tightly swathed in gold and silver tissue, crowned and sparkling with jewels. It has servants of its own, and a carriage in which it drives out with its attendants and goes to visit the sick. Devout peasants always kneel as the blessed infant passes.

Formerly it was taken to sick persons and left upon their beds for some hours, in the hope that it would work a miracle.

Now it is never left alone. In explanation of this, it is said that an audacious woman once

> formed the design of appropriating to herself the holy image and its benefits. She had another doll prepared of the same size and appearance as the "Santissimo," and having feigned sickness and obtained permission to have it left with her, she dressed the false image in its clothes and sent it back to Ara Coeli. The fraud was not discovered till night, when the Franciscan monks were awakened by the most furious ringing of bells, and by thundering knocks at the west door of the church, and hastening thither could see nothing but a wee naked pink foot peeping in from under the door; but when they opened the door, without stood the little naked figure of the true Bambino of Ara Coeli, shivering in the wind and rain. So the false baby was sent back in disgrace, and the real baby restored to its home, never to be trusted away any more."

To a Protestant, this seems to run very close to image-worship; but a Roman Catholic friend of mine here declares that it is not; and—as for the relics—he says: "You are not compelled to believe these legends. They are not '*de fide*'; but many of them are very, very old, and have been believed by a great many good people. I don't say they are true, but no one can declare them to be certainly false."

ROMAN FOUNTAINS.

To one who, though born on the shores of Lake Ontario, has grown accustomed to seeing the limpid water from this rich and inexhaustible source meted (or metred) out to the citizens of Toronto, even during the "dog days," at so much a gallon, there is something indescribably delightful and refreshing in the magnificent prodigality of the water supply of Rome, Not one single little fountain in a principal square, trickling a bit at times, or more commonly "turned off" altogether,—but fountains, fountains everywhere, ceaselessly pouring out their gushing streams, by night as well as by day, in reckless profusion.

Again and again, as one drives or walks about, one comes upon these splendid monuments of (chiefly Papal) generosity.

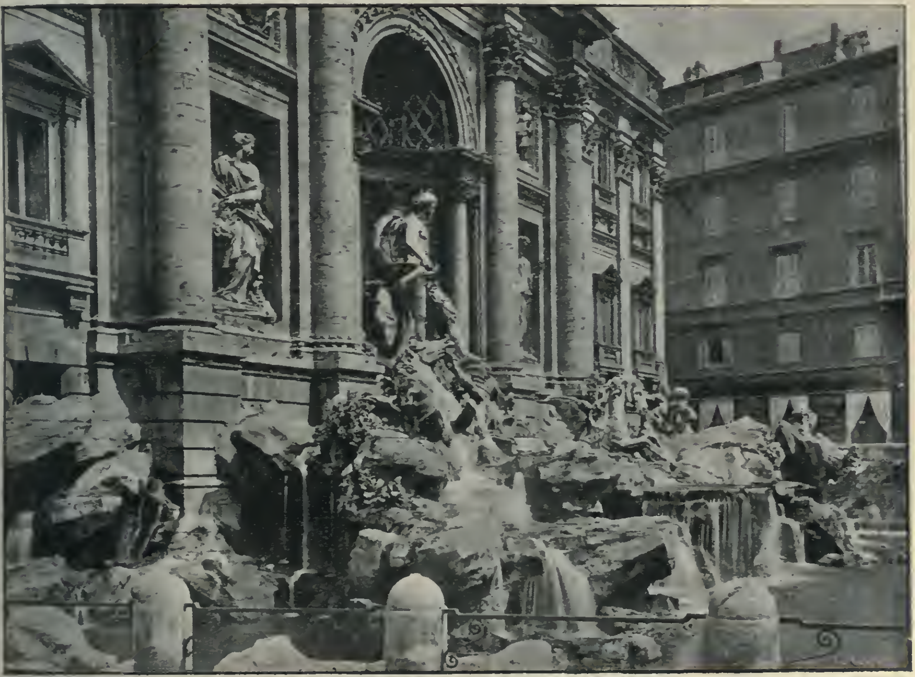
The epitaph of Keats in the Protestant Cemetery near St. Paul's gate:—

> "Here lies one whose name was writ in
> water,"

seems to me singularly ill-chosen in this city, where the inhabitants for six months of every year swelter and grill under the fierce glare of an Italian sky; and I realize how grateful they must be to those Consuls, Emperors, and Popes who have chosen to "write their names" in this unstable element, and have proved it a more durable record than brass or marble.

First, of course, is the great fountain of Trevi, the gift of that Corsini Pope Clement XII, whose aristocratic face one comes to know so well in the Corsini galleries here and at Florence. As Hawthorne says in "Transformation:" "The fountain of Trevi draws its precious water from a source far beyond the walls, whence it flows hitherward through old subterranean aqueducts, and sparkles forth as pure as the virgin who first led Agrippa to its well-springs by her father's door. In the design of the fountain, some sculptor of Bernini's school has gone absolutely mad in marble. It is a great palace-front, with niches and many bas-reliefs, out of which look Agrippa's legendary virgin, and several of the allegoric sisterhood; while at the base appears Neptune with his floundering steeds, and Titans blowing their horns about him, and twenty other artificial fantasies, which the calm moonlight soothes into better taste than is native to them. After all, it is as magnificent a piece of work as ever human skill contrived. At the foot of the palatial *façade* is strewn, with careful art and ordered regularity, a broad and broken heap of massive rock, looking as if it may have lain there since the Deluge. Over a central precipice falls the water, in a semi-circular cascade; and from a hundred crevices, on all sides, snowy jets gush up, and streams spout out of the mouths and nostrils of stone monsters, and fall in glistening drops; while other rivulets, that have run wild, come leaping from one rude step to another, over stones that are mossy, shining, and green with sedge, because in a century of their wild play, nature has adopted the Fountain of Trevi with all its elaborate devices for her own. Finally, the water, tumbling, sparkling, and dashing with joyous haste and never-ceasing murmur, pours itself into a great marble basin and reservoir and fills it with a quivering tide, on which is seen, continually, a snowy semi-circle of momentary foam from the principal cascade, as well as a multidude of snow-points from smaller jets. Tradition goes that a parting draught at the Fountain of Trevi ensures a traveller's return to Rome, whatever obstacles and improbabilities may seem to beset him."

Close beside St. Pancras' Gate is the Fontana Paolina, also (in effect), a Papal gift to Rome, for though the ancient *Aqua Trajana* once ended here, it had fallen into ruins until the Borghese Pope, Paul V., restored the aqueduct and fountain, and decorated the latter with marble, which he stole from one of the most beautiful ruins in Rome, the Temple of Minerva, a few exquisite columns of which may still be seen at the corner of Via Alessandrina and the Via Croce Bianca.


FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

Earlier still is the Fountain of Aqua Felice, the gift of Sixtus V. (Felice Peretti), with its hideous statue of Moses, to which belongs the well-known story that the sculptor, Prospero Bresciano, died of vexation at the ridicule which his work excited when unveiled.

Near this is the modern Fountain of the Piazza della Terme, which sends up a grand central jet some forty feet straight into the air, while all round the margin of its huge basin smaller jets, playing inward, meet and mingle with the falling spray. Situated as it is at the end of the vista of the Via Nazionale, this is, to my mind, one of the most charming fountains in Rome.

But there are many, many more,—the beautiful "Tortoise Fountain" of Giacomo della Porta near the former site of the Ghetto, the Medici Fountain opposite S. Maria in Cosmedin, the "Mascherone" in the Via Giulia, the handsome fountain opposite S. Maria in Trastavere, and the three great fountains of the Piazza Navona,—a modern one with Neptune and the sea monster, and two others by Bernini, one with the statue of a Moor, and the other (the central one), representing the four great rivers of the world, the Danube (Europe), Ganges (Asia), Nile (Africa), and Rio de la Plata (America). [I suppose Bernini never heard of the St. Lawrence, or the Mississippi.!]

Then every English visitor to Rome knows Bernini's "Barcaccia," or "Boat Fountain," in the Piazza di Spagna, and his "Triton Fountain" in the Piazza Barberini. I don't like either of them. Bernini's taste in fountains and statues, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was "extensive and peculiar," but his commissions as architect, sculptor and painter, must have been simply enormous, and one is not surprised to hear that, beginning as a poor man, he left at his death a fortune of over £100,000.

FONTANA PAOLINA. *Rome, 1895.*

Mark Twain's sweeping statement that nearly everything here was made by Michel Angelo is very wide of the truth.

Michel Angelo had, indeed, a large share in the building of St. Peter's, and his are the ceiling paintings of the Sistine and Pauline Chapels of the Vatican, Sta. Maria degli Angeli and the Farnese Palace, the Piazza of the Capitol, the unfinished tomb of Julius II in St. Pietro in Vincoli, and the lovely *Pieta* in the right aisle of St. Peter's. But Bernini is much more *en evidence* here than Michel Angelo.

Besides all these Roman fountains we have seen his work as a sculptor in the three celebrated statues of the Borghese collection, "Apollo and Daphne," "Eneas and Anchises," and "David with the sling," all done before he ended his eighteenth year. His, also, are the figures of Daniel and Habakkuk in the Chigi Chapel of Sta. Maria del Popolo, the group of "Sta. Theresa and the Angel of Death" in Sta. Maria della Vittoria, the bust of Medusa in the Palace of the Conservatori, the statue of "Calumny," which stands (or rather sits) in the atrium of the Palazzo Bernini on the Corso, and those "breezy maniacs" of angels, which, till lately, adorned (?) the Bridge of St. Angelo.

He built the great colonnades of St. Peter's: his is the statue of Constantine in the portico, and inside the Cathedral he designed the *baldacchino*, and the *cathedra Petri*, of the choir, the tombs of Urban VIII., Alexander VII., and the Countess Matilda, as well as the *loggie* and the statue of St. Longinus, under the great dome. Even away out at Albano we met his work in the Chigi Palace, which he built for the Pope of that name (Alexander VII). His renown was such that Henry VII. sent for him to come to England and loaded him with presents, and *le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV., invited him to come to Paris, where he submitted designs for the new Palace of the Louvre, but (perhaps fortunately) these were not accepted.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

It is summer in Rome, and the weather is what we should call hot in Toronto, even in August. As the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has it:

> In candent ire the solar splendour flames.
> The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames,
> His humid brow the cive, anheling, wipes,
> And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes"

But the "ventiferous ripes" of Lake Ontario are half-a-world away. We can't take the trolley to New Toronto or Victoria Park, or the G.T.R. to "Wellington Sand-Banks," or Burlington Beach:—yet we *must* have a "day in the country." The regular Roman *habitué* has long ago made his arrangements for his *villegiatura*, and we can scarcely do better than consult him.

He advises that there are plenty of country excursions about Rome,—as there are, indeed, about all big cities.

There is Soracte, a mountain to the north-west of the city, its lower slopes now covered with verdure, but its peaks (until very lately), tipped with snow, and fully justifying its Horatian epithet of "*candidum Soracte*." Many people out there have cottages to let for the summer, and will supply you with milk and butter and new laid eggs and all else that makes life worth living, at prices which the average Muskoka farmer, or even a Murray Bay *habitant* would consider ridiculously low.

Then there is Tivoli,—Horace's "ancient Tibur,"—a very show place indeed, with its temple and grotto of the Tiburtine Sibyl (the one who predicted to Augustus the birth of Christ), and its lovely waterfalls,—rather modern and artificial ones it is true, and somewhat like the drop scene of a theatre, but real waterfalls nevertheless, and twice the height of our far famed Niagara.

On the whole,—after consideration and consultation with an old, (but not the oldest) inhabitant of Rome,—we reject both Soracte and Tivoli, and decide to make of our "day in the country" a Classical Excursion to the

Lake of Nemi and the Alban Hills, the very cradle of ancient Roman history and legend,—where, only 3,000 years ago, Ascanius, "Trojan Æneas' son,' (surnamed Iulus, or the "soft-haired"), founded Alba Longa, "the long, white city," which afterwards became the mother of Rome and of her classical history.

So, one fine morning last week we took the 9 o'clock train for Albano, and,—after running along for a mile or more under the shadow of the ruined arches of the Claudian Aqueduct,—crossed the line of that still magnificent monument of the Augustan empire, and sped across the flat Campagna to the foot of the Alban Hills. We had often looked at these hills from Rome (especially from the grounds of the Villa Wolkonsky), and a lovely picture they make, seen across the flickering blue haze of the Campagna, with Monte Cavo towering up 3,000 feet, the white villas of Rocca di Papa just under its crest, and Frascati and Marino clustering around its feet. Now, as the train began to climb the slopes, we could look back at Rome and see the noble front of St. John Lateran, the tower of the Capitol, and, beyond all, the great dome of St. Peter's shining in the morning sun. Soon we stopped at a little station, which, though in Italy and so near Rome, is nevertheless not part of the Kingdom of Italy, nor subject to King Humbert's rule, for it is Castel Gandolfo, the seat of the Pope's summer palace, and, with the Vatican and the Lateran Palaces, and the Church of Sta Maria Maggiore, was granted in 1871 the privilege of extra-territoriality and confirmed forever as the appanage and property of His Holiness the Pope.

Ten minutes more, and the train stops at Albano. After much bargaining with the *vetturini* who throng the street beside the railway station, we finally secure one (Giacomo) for the day, at the not exorbitant price of two dollars. Giacomo has a four-seated victoria, evidently not long ago a private carriage, with a good horse, and he soon proves himself an intelligent and loquacious guide.

After adding to our stock of sandwiches a bottle of really excellent Alban wine, we set out on our "classical excursion." A very few minutes drive from the railway station our guide draws attention to a most remarkable tomb by the wayside. It is a square mass of peperino, about 50 feet in length and breadth, and half as much in height, with a pedestal in the centre, and had evidently once four great cone-shaped obelisks, one on each corner, but two of them have now disappeared, and the top of the mausoleum has become quite a little grove of shrubs and creepers.

Giacomo tells us (and such, indeed, is the local belief), that this is the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, the rival champions of the Romans and the Albans in their great battle for supremacy during the reign (2,600 years ago) of the third King of Rome, that Tullus Hostilius who was murdered by his ambitious son-in-law Tarquin, and over whose corpse the impious Tullia drove her chariot-wheels. But Dr. Forbes,—and more learned people even than he,—ridicule this old legend, and now identify this as the tomb of Aruns, son of that King Porsenna of Clusium, whom we know so well from Macaulay's lines :—

"Lars Porsenna of Clusium by the nine gods
he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer
wrong no more."

Indeed, we are always thus learning and unlearning in and about Rome. The Tower of Nero (*Torre delle milizie*), at the foot of the Via Nazionalé, was long said to be the very one from which Nero, fiddling all the while, watched the conflagration of Rome, which he himself had ordered; but now the *illuminati* tell us that it was not built until the 13th century. The "House of Rienzi," which we have so often admired, is determined, by the high authority of Professor Lanciani, never to have been occupied by the "last of the tribunes;" and even the sacred statue of St. Peter in his own Cathedral, though his great toe has been almost kissed away by generations of devout pilgrims, is now said to be only an old statue of Jupiter from the Capitoline Temple. [The high authority of Professor Lanciani is, however, against this statement, and Dr. Forbes' clumsy joke that the "Jew Peter" is really an old "Jupiter," seems to have little (if any) foundation in fact.]

This, however, is a digression from our "classical excursion," and we resume our drive from Albano to the Lake of Nemi, the "mirror of Diana," and the great seat of her Roman worship.

Opposite Albano, and only a mile away, "as the crow flies," is the next stage of our journey,—the village of Ariccia—but between them lies a deep gorge, and as we are not crows and cannot fly, it would take us half the day to win our way across were it not that these twin hills of Ariccia and Albano have been linked together by a magnificent viaduct, 190 feet high and more than 300 feet long, erected by the late Pope, Pius IX.,—another example (like the Pincian Gardens and the Pauline Fountain) of what good Popes have done for their subjects.

Leaving Ariccia, we soon reached Genzano, and stopped in the courtyard of a fine old palace (belonging to an Italian Prince married to an English wife) to get our *permessi* for entrance to the palace gardens from which to see the Lake of Nemi. In these gardens we spent a delightful hour. The lake ("Diana's Mirror") is set in a cup-like hollow of the hills, so deep that the wind scarcely ever ruffles its surface, and is rich in classic memories and stories. Just opposite to us, half way up the hill side, lies the village of Nemi, where stood Diana's temple, and near it falls into the lake that fountain into which the nymph Egeria was changed by the goddess when she wept inconsolably the loss of her human lover, Numa.

"There, at the mountain's base, all drowned
in tears,
She lay, till chaste Diana on her woe
Compassion took; her altered form became
A limpid fount; her beauteous limbs dissolved,
And in perennial streams melted away."
Ovid.—Met. XV. 548.

It was to this temple of Diana that Iphigenia escaped from Tauris with her brother Orestes and his friend Pylades, bringing with them the statue of Diana, which the Delphic oracle had commanded the wretched Orestes to transport thither, so that, in the shadow of these sacred woods, his troubled spirit might find repose.

Leaving the classic shores of the Lake of Nemi, we drove down through the grand woods of oak, chestnut, ash and elm that clothe the lower Alban Hills, and again across the splendid viaduct to its western end; then, turning under the gateway of the fine old Chigi Palace (built by Bernini for Alexander VII.), we began the long ascent of Monte Cavo. About half way up the slope we passed the site of Alba Longa (now fully identified by the researches of Sir Wm. Gell), and stopped for an hour to discuss our sandwiches and Alban wine under some big chestnut trees, in front of a little wayside church nestling under a huge crag, on a little platform, in full view of the lovely Lake of Albano.

Somewhat annoyed by beggars (as Juvenal says he also was in this very neighborhood), we went into the church and looked at its art (?) treasures. It is a quaint little country church, dedicated to the *Madonna del Tufo,* and has a history of its own. The altar is a great shapeless mass of tufa rock, and there are frescoes on the walls which tell the story, which runs thus:

"Three travellers once passed along this road in winter. The thunder rolled through the woods; the lightning glared fiercely athwart the Campagna; all nature was convulsed Suddenly a portion of the rocky bank, wrenched violently from its foundation, came thundering down the cliff towards the narrow terrace road. The travellers heard the crash and gave up all hope of life. Below was a precipice, above, a mountain—no escape seemed possible. They called wildly on the Madonna; they lifted their hands in prayer, when—wonderful to relate—at the very moment that the rocky mass was suspended over their heads, the Madonna, bearing her Jesus-Child, appeared. Aye, even appeared on the very rock which, in an instant more, would have engulfed them; and lo! the huge mass was miraculously turned aside, and crashed down the fearful chasm below, leaving the travellers unhurt. In gratitude, they vowed a shrine here to the Virgin Mother, where she is invoked by the name of 'Our Lady of the Rock.' "The rock, raised by incredible labor, now forms the altar, and is looked on, as Giacomo says, '*come una cosa di grandissima devozione.*' "

We had noticed that all the peasant women as they passed this church, sang a litany of some sort. Here was the explanation. The inhabitants of Rocca di Papa set much store by the *Madonna del Tufo*, "our own Madonna," as they call her, and on her *festa* day there is a great fair here, to which people come from great distances, even from so far as Rome, to kneel at her shrine and spend a day at these breezy woods of Monte Cavo.

All this, and much more Giacomo told us as his comfortable victoria bore us swiftly along the capital road that leads from the Church of Our Lady of the Rock, through the pretty mountain village of Rocca di Papa and down the long slope to the Basilian monastery of Grotto Ferrata, where, in the chapel of St. Nilus, founder of the monastery, are Domenichino's beautiful frescoes representing scenes from the life and death of the saint, with (introduced) portraits of Guercino, Guido Reni, and the artist (Domenichino) himself. The monastery, with its moat and battlements, looks like a fortress, and indeed was so for a time, under that warlike pontiff Julius II.

Three miles more along this pleasant highway, flanked all the way by charming villas, past the road which leads away up the hillside on the right to the ruins of ancient Tusculum, the birth-place of Cato, and the favorite residence of Cicero, and our drive ends in the shady streets of Frascati, most frequented of all the Alban towns, and made up, it seems to us, almost entirely of hotels and villas. There is indeed a cathedral, with a memorial tablet erected by Henry, Cardinal York, once Bishop of Frascati, to his brother, Charles Edward, the young Pretender, who died here in 1788; but, for the rest, the town is just a collection of country seats, each in its own large and beautifully-kept park, and nearly every one of these parks is open "free, gratis, and for nothing," all day long, to weary pilgrims like ourselves.

We had more than an hour to wait for our train to Rome, and after some consideration, we chose as our resting-place the grounds of the Villa Conti on the hill near the railway station. I believe this was once a country seat of the great Conti family, to which belonged four Popes, viz.: Gregory IX., Alexander IV., Innocent XIII., and, first and chief of them all, Innocent III., the great 12th century Pope who established the Inquisition, and from whom our own King John received back, as vassal of the Pope, the realm of England which that craven king had basely surrendered to the papal legate. The "Torre di Conti," a bit of his mediæval fortress, still frowns over the lower end of the busy Via Cavour, just opposite the street that leads to the Colosseum. I am told that the villa was from 1495 to 1511 the country house of Sigismondi di Conti, Papal Secretary during the

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pontificates of Innocent VIII. Alexander VI. and Julius II., whose features are familiar to us in Raffaelle's great picture of the "Madonna di Foligno" in the Vatican Gallery, and to whose frank memoirs in his *Istoria della suoi tempi,* we owe our intimate knowledge of that period, and especially of the private life of the then reigning Popes. The Conti family is now extinct, and the villa has passed into the hands of the rich Torlonias, who have their sumptuous burial chapel not far from Innocent's tomb in St John Lateran.

We wandered through the green glades and broad avenues, explored the summer-houses, and plucked the wild flowers, no gardener saying us nay: we leaned over the great marble balustrade of the terrace, and, looking across the blue, flickering haze of the Campagna, picked out, one by one, the well-known landmarks of Rome, fifteen miles away. We tried to re-people the great terrace and these lawns and gardens with the ghosts of departed popes and cardinals, mediæval warriors, and fair Roman ladies. All too soon our restful hour of waiting slipped away. The train steamed in from Rome, and as we walked down to the station through the pretty public gardens of the municipality, we blessed the Roman aristocracy, however newly rich, and felt that in Italy, at all events, we could not vote for the abolition of the peerage.

Half an hour more and we were "at home" in our comfortable hotel, having enjoyed, for less than the price of an opera box, a Day in the Country, which will always remain among the pleasantest of our many pleasant memories of Rome.

C. R. W. Biggar.

THE REVIVAL OF NAPOLEON-WORSHIP.

BY J. W. RUSSELL.

It would scarcely be warrantable to say that the present interest in Napoleon's career is wholly spontaneous. But, whether it stands for a passing increase in hero-worship, or a revision of former estimates of Napoleon's place in history, or springs from the disclosure of facts hitherto kept in the background, it is likely to evoke a generally altered verdict on the great conqueror's character and work. It is, of course, not difficult to suggest reasons for strong admiration of him. There is a charm in his method of victory which calls forth response in this age of the quick conquest of material nature. There may be something in the business activities of the time which answers sympathetically to salient qualities in the great emperor's character. A desire and striving for quick and large material results, sometimes disembarassed by an overscrupulous regard in their attainment, provided there be brilliant execution of the plan; an appreciation of the points open to opportunity throughout the great range of industrial expansion and competition:—all these would naturally derive, in the activities of those who made use of them, encouragement from the contemplation of a great career in which they were conspicuously displayed. "A Napoleon of finance" is a phrase well defined in the dictionary of success which forms the manual of business for some people.

Or there may be a desire for justice excited by the renewed study of a great man whose character history has painted in many dark shades of color. There are admirers of Napoleon who make light of the charges against his moral character and find excuses for his most heartless acts. The "man of destiny," they say, framed a policy to meet the elements of violence which surrounded him. Coming on the scene at a time when social forces were in a state of upheaval and disorganization, self-preservation prompted him to deal sternly with opponents. He had been used to the horrors of Jacobin excess and knew that failure in any part he undertook might be visited upon him in the summary manner of the time. He who escapes from the dangers of a wreck is generally not overscrupulous as to the means available; and the man who rose on the ruins of the first Republic could not be expected, in the desperate interplay of intrigue and revenge, to choose his expedients with too much deliberation. It was necessary to see quickly and act decisively. Though the revolutionary time was short, yet, within its narrow span, society was shaken and history made with a rapidity out of all proportion to the former course of events. It was an epoch of culmination, summing up in catastrophe and change, the irresistible trend of preceding generations. There is special need, therefore, according to those who justify Napoleon's stern acts, to measure him by the moral standards of an exceptional birth-era of ideas, in which old beliefs, —social, religious, and political—were superseded by the propositions of the doctrinaire.

Again, the question arises not only in regard to the popular opinion of Napoleon, but also the rapidity of its process of formation: Has it been too hastily formed? It may be that the idolatry of France and its imitation by other nations have confused perspective, and that we are not yet far enough from his career to view its parts in historic proportion. Seventy-four years have passed away since his death; but such is the intrusive splendor of his fame that we seem only a little beyond the time of that contemporary interest which perplexes the critical estimate. The alternations between blame and eulogy are yet too sharp and frequent. The admiration and hatred called forth by his deeds are still fervent in the public mind and in vibrant sympathy with feelings which destroy the equipoise of judgment.

Periodic literature has helped to some extent in the Napoleonic revival. The enterprising proprietors of magazines exert themselves not only to supply, but to create a market, and the Napoleon-worship of France has supplied them with a mercantile article. The dominant fact is that in France itself there is a keen interest in the man and his work, arising from the present tone of political feeling. The French are the most conspicuous example of that tendency in Celtic nations which finds the authority of a person preferable to the assertion of a principle. Carlyle's belief that the history of a people may be summed up in the exploits of its great men, may be well supported, if at all, in the history of France. That nation has been peculiarly responsive to individual leadership, and does not possess the highest capacity for that continuous constitutional development which "broadens down from precedent to precedent." And during those periods of comparative quiet, in which national affairs have gone on in the ordinary course, there has been, if not a noticeable hungering for campaigns and victories, at least a nervous susceptibility to the charms of dictatorship. Revolutionary France had special preparation for a military leader. The victories of the Republic, won against combined opposition from abroad, had compacted patriotic feeling into immeasurable sturdiness. But the Reign of Terror, with its monotony of bloodshed, proved barren of fixed and hopeful constitutional results, and practically invited a ruler who could make the nation proud while giving it security.

The last strong personality who could have stemmed the violence of faction had passed away by the death of Mirabeau. Had he lived, the career of Napoleon might have been impossible. He was gaining the ascendancy over the demagogic elements, and clearly saw the limits beyond which democratic change was unsafe. His death was a severance of the uniting bond which had preserved something like consistency and harmony in the aspirations of true friends of the democracy, who hoped to save the monarchy while giving a large measure of liberty to the people. The Revolution had disastrously ignored the distinction between political principles founded on experience, and those which touch, with an alluring, but dangerous vagueness, moral sensibility and misguided aspirations. The latter seemed to fill the field of thought and experiment and encouraged the schemes of political adventurers.

Napoleon himself was Jacobin, Moderate, and the incarnation of order, according to the exigencies which made each expedient or necessary. His opportunity came after the failure of successive attempts to realize constitutional freedom had left it doubtful whether the hopes of the time were not visionary, and prepared the way for measures of reaction. Failing to gain a free constitution and forced to seek the object next attainable, France accepted the quieting rule of Napoleon. She then gave him her blood and treasure in return for fame and territory. Even after her enthusiasm waned she kept up the expenditure until exhaustion brought it to an end. She had already done the same under Louis XIV. From the time of Napoleon until the Third Republic, France lent herself, though not so unreservedly, to the fortunes of more than one leader, and it remains to be seen whether she has yet given up her immemorial preference for the danger which such a course involves.

Since 1871, there has been a change in the usual course of French history. Parliamentary government is on its trial, and, for once, men are of less account than principles—at least, according to constitutional theory. But the people are complaining of their poverty in great men. The whole lifetime of the Third Republic has not produced, with the exceptions of Thiers and Gambetta, a leader of sufficient force to gain the complete confidence of the people. The last two decades of French politics have been poor in great men, poor in genuine public spirit, poor even in that effective assertion in foreign affairs which was formerly so well sustained. Little wonder, then, that there should be an enthusiastic revival of interest in those triumphant years when France saw all her enemies, with one exception, under the dictation and heavy hand of Napoleon. It matters not that Trafalgar, the Russian campaign, Leipsic or Waterloo may be set over against the long list of his victories; for the larger sphere of his activity eclipsed that of any single enemy, and challenged fame by its unprecedented character. The *revouche* is a thirst which may be slaked, at least in imagination, by calling up the time when the allotment of Italian territories, the submission of Austria, the dismemberment of Prussia, and the triumphant compact of Tilsit were incidents in the proud course of French dominance in Europe. Friends of the vanished order are singing again the praises of the man for whom their countrymen became as clay in the hands of the potter in order that his schemes of conquest might be carried into effect. The echo of their praise is loud in the periodical literature of the day; but it is sure to suggest questions as to whether it serves a good purpose and deserves the attention it excites. Napoleon and his work cannot be fairly estimated in the counsels of national vanity, because an issue of hero-worship is raised, involving impartial considerations. Some great historic names will always be talismanic, will always be factors in the inspiration and direction of public opinion. But those to whom that eminence belongs have passed through the ordeal of criticism, prompted by high ideals of the useful and good; skill and genius must be called to account and judged by the character of their works. Whatever their achievements, they are likely to suffer if joined to defects which reduce their possessor to the level of moral kinship with Attila or Jenghiz Khan.

On what are Napoleon's claims to the approval of posterity founded? Can he be justly claimed as a friend of the emancipating movement, of which the Revolution, in spite of its excesses, was the true manifestation? Was he a merciful and generous conqueror, viewed in the light even of the stern requirements of war? Was he a constructive statesman, with true insight into the permanent fitness, as contrasted with the temporary purpose, of the reforms introduced during the consulate and opening years of the First Empire?

Any answer to these questions must be prefaced by a reference to the Napoleonic legend—that fanciful embodiment of genius and heroism, which gained so high a place in the French mind as to place its object above the restraints of sane criticism. A legend it may be justly called, for though not strictly so after the ancient or mediæval fashion, it is none the less an accretion of crude and false notions on a basis of fact. It has grown up in the very midst of an age distinguished by physical research and the pitiless unveiling of cherished idols. It made the Second Empire possible. The causes which produced it explain the blind devotion of the people during the life of a despot and the apotheosis of a destroyer. Napoleon seized opportunely upon the dominant political passion of his countrymen, and fed it with such stimulating material that the ideals of civic liberty and justice sank out of view. His worshippers have transferred to him qualities of public and private character which he never had, and with which he would never have been credited if his military successes has not dulled their discernment. It is surprising that an earnest Republican like M. Thiers should have spent a large portion of his literary career in supporting this popular delusion. The "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" abounds with errors which seem to have been adopted from the common mass of misapprehension. M. Thiers has been charged with fear of confronting the popular prejudice. But what he failed to do has been courageously accomplished by M. Lanfrey, whose great work was the first attempt to estimate impartially the career of Napoleon with strict reference to the worth of the governing motives. Thus began that juster method of literary treatment which has since marked many of the Napoleonic biographies. Generally speaking, the critical view of this great man has been permanently cleared from certain beliefs still held by the French popular mind. He could scarcely be blamed for making out as favorable a case for himself as possible; and for some years his utterances could not be successfully challenged. He controlled the sources and conduits of information. But the vast range of an activity which touched so many nations could not but furnish independent evidence with which his own words may be compared. That evidence has been sifted by numerous writers, with the result of discrediting many of the statements hitherto unquestioned. His well-known letter to Talleyrand, in which he alludes to his proclamations and speeches as a romance, is a suggestive indication of his disposition to misrepresent facts. I do not think it is necessary to dwell upon the point, as the limits of a magazine article do not permit any adequate consideration of the large body of research which has thrown light on a subject so long misunderstood. All that is necessary to be said may be comprised in the statement that Napoleon's own misrepresentations and successive changes of political attitude and belief were the main source of the legend that bears his name, and that the legend is finally discredited. The influence exerted by it warns us of the necessity of considering many of his public acts with reference to the coloring given them by his assertions. Who believes, for example, in his protestations of self-sacrifice and devotion to France in divorcing Josephine? Who could believe in the disinterestedness of his professed desire to liberate nations from the reactionary grasp of their monarchs, a profession made in the midst of his own spoliations? These, and many others of a similar character, were the explanations of a man who habitually veiled his purpose, or pursued it regardless of moral considerations, and who, when the purpose had been effected, sought to harmonize it with generosity and justice.

It is a suggestive fact that the present Napoleon worship, revived in France, and echoed abroad, is largely the expression of a national mood which needs a solacing object. One could easily mention names whose steady and increasing light is poured forth without dependence upon times and circumstances. Those eminent characters whom civilization has canonized by its tests of merit do not need such fitful endorsation. There is a tendency to lessen the number and to heighten the quality of the marks of distinction which history requires in those who are candidates for her final approval. This tendency does away somewhat with the unessential differences which belong to varieties of occupation and performance. The vocation of a warrior may sometimes serve the best interests of peace; and, in so far as the conquerors of the past have added to the permanent benefit of the race, they have a higher claim to fame than military genius can give.

Enlightened opinion would say that a great commander sustains throughout his entire career the responsibility of building anew out of the ruins in his track of victory. The conquerors of Asian history, as a rule, were destroyers of large masses of men, and without concern for any other end than territorial aggrandizement. Western civilization, with its free play of individualism, and the complexity and compromise which mark its social and political arrangements, has no recognition of wars of conquest, except as a meliorating agency used by a superior for the benefit of an inferior race. But it has an acute concern with the career of one who, acting in a highly organized society embodying the results of many ages of development, uses all the resources in his power, as a military commander, in methods and for ends which have their prototypes in the despotism of Oriental history. For it is beyond dispute that Napoleon did not pursue conquest more as a means than an end—as a gratification of selfish ambition. At different times in his career he had the chance of respite from struggle, but only once did he sincerely wish to embrace it. He might have stopped his invasions in 1809, when at the height of his power; as he was then the head of a confederacy whose thorough organization would have made him the strongest of rulers; but his ungovernable passion for war could not be satisfied while there remained a government to defy him. No considerations of humanity or mercy stood in the way of this striving for universal dominion. At the beginning of his career he showed the same disregard for human suffering which characterized him afterwards. He was disposed to look upon all available human lives as material to feed his insatiable love of fighting.

Nor have his brilliant successes blinded military critics to his grave tactical mistakes. Apart from the political reasons for his wars, he sometimes chose the most unsafe plans in prosecuting them. The Egyptian and Russian campaigns, however visionary as political schemes, were also failures from a military point of view. The immense distances to be covered demanded the most skilful protection of his base of supplies, yet he acted on the principle that could only be successful in smaller and more fertile areas—that of forcing decisive battles by movements so rapid that his army could sustain itself on the countries which it overran. He pursued these tactics until he taught the old-fashioned continental generals the secret of the first defeats at his hands. Others, indeed, had divined his methods, and knew how to meet them. Accordingly, he was foiled by Sir John Moore when the latter retreated before Napoleon's advance with a superior force, in Spain, an advance made with his usual intention of cutting communications by surprise and crushing by a sudden blow. Moore quickly retired, and left his pursuer to the choice of an unprofitable chase. But if he could not catch and destroy Moore, still less were the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras in danger from French plans of attack. Throughout the Peninsular War, the attempts of Napoleon's marshals, men well schooled in the principles of their master, were met and defeated in a way which evinced a decided British superiority in strategic movements. The German armies, in the war of liberation, showed they were no longer liable to be beaten as they had been before, and the Russians proved in several battles how well they had learned the lesson of their first mistakes. In short, partisan exaggeration has gilded his military record, as if that phase of his fame were to be preserved above reproach, however vulnerable he might be from other standpoints.

It is not of so much importance to discuss his military skill as to notice the use he made of victory. It may be said, in general, that his calculations misled him as to the latent resistance in the conquered populations, and that he was thereby tempted into undue severity in the dictation of terms of peace. He aggravated the humiliation of defeat by acts of brutal tyranny. Prussians could not forget his treatment of their beloved Queen Louisa; all Germany was shocked by his execution of Palm, the bookseller, who refused to reveal an objectionable author's name; good Catholics could not forgive his imprisonment of the Pope. He underestimated the vitality of the feeling of independence, and, instead of prudent conciliations, left his defeated enemies in the fires of a deep resentment which had the strength of patience to bide the time. Not genuine pacification; not the granting of real liberty to any subject state, however undeniably led to expect it; not the encouragement of nationalities, was his aim; but the results of each campaign were to be made the leverage of some new scheme of conquest. One of his biographers, speaking of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, says:—"And it now appears that Bonaparte had desired only the glory of having made peace, not peace itself, just as, earlier, after making the Peace of Campo Formio, he had taken measures, by the Egyptian expedition, to embroil Europe again." Napoleon had infinite cunning in deceiving as to his intentions, especially when he wished to gain time, as in the case of his friendly overtures to England in 1799; but he never sincerely wished for peace until after the defeat of Leipsic, when he was nearing exhaustion, and the French people had begun to weigh the cost of his oppressive leadership. They had been painfully disillusioned. After Leipsic came Fontainebleau, and the first abdication showed them the deplorable results of all this campaigning. Their hero had left France smaller and poorer than he had found it, and with the work of the Revolution to be again undertaken.

The political significance of his career is a cause of vehement controversy. It is often said that the impact of his invasions destroyed effete customs of the continental monarchies and gave a progressive impulse to reform. But it should not be forgotten that the enthusiasm of the Revolution had gone abroad in advance of Napoleon, and had given rise to aspirations which were hindered and crushed by his military successes. It is not to his credit that the nationality movement, itself a consequence of the Revolution, was quickened by the tyrannous treatment to which he had subjected the different peoples of the continent. Nationalism was their protest, not his accomplishment. It was not in his programme to encourage political liberty, and thereby enhance the difficulties in his way; though he was quite free to declare a theoretic preference for it. Whatever his views on government, he took care that speech and deed should not embarrass each other. The legend will have him a democrat and a liberator; his enemies a sultan and a burglar of the nations. I believe impartial criticism will at least deny him to be a true child of the Revolution. There is, indeed, a youthful period in which he was indoctrinated with Rousseau, and still later, a brief time of at least apparent sympathy and co-operation with the Robespierres. He professed and used the revolutionary principles as long as they served him; but after the first foretaste of power, which came to him in the Italian campaigns of 1795, he repudiated republican principles. From that time until his death he did not give a genuine indication of sympathy with constitutional freedom and government, for it is impossible to be misled by the palpable artifice of his last proclamation, incorporated as a preamble to the Act which, in the midst of the Hundred Days, was designed to prop his failing power. In this preamble he stated that "formerly he had endeavored to organize a grand federal system in Europe, which he had regarded as agreeable to the spirit of the time and favorable to the progress of civilization," that "for this purpose he had adjourned the introduction of free institutions," but that "henceforward he had no other object but to increase the prosperity of France by strengthening public liberty." This might sound very well in the endeavor to appease the last coalition formed against him, but it had a hollow ring in contrast with his record, and as a device it failed. It was not his fault, if his words could be believed, that Europe was deceived as to his political principles. As soon as he felt his sword to be the free weapon of his fortune, political principles, especially democratic, were cast aside for the calculations of the militarist. In June, 1796, he said to Miot:—"The Commissioners of the Directory have no concern with my policy; I do what I please:"—a frank declaration that he was no longer the responsible servant of the Republic. Nothing could be more conclusive than the following statements made to Miot and Melzi, after his first Italian campaign was over:—"Do you suppose I mean to found a republic? What an idea! a republic of thirty millions of people! with our morals, our vices! how is such a thing possible? The nation wants a chief, a chief covered with glory, not theories of government, phrases, ideological essays that the French do not understand. They want some playthings; that will be enough; they will play with them and let themselves be led, always supposing they are cleverly prevented from seeing the goal towards which they are moving." There is not much of the spirit of the Revolution in these words. It is probable they stood for his genuine convictions, but in nowise did they prevent him from afterwards posing as as political reformer and democrat. It is one of the comedies of history that Napoleon, after the close of his career, should have been set forth as a revolutionary hero; it is, in fact, one of the colorings of the legend.

High praise has justly been given him for the administrative reforms effected during the Consulate and the first two or three years of the Empire. What he did must surely suggest how beneficent might have been his career if his genius as lawgiver and administrator had not been almost merged in a policy of destruction. The civil and criminal codes, the judicial and financial systems, the educational and ecclesiastical institutions of France, are substantially the same as when they left his hand. He saw clearly, not only what was best for his time, but what was able to stand the tests of future times. Hence political change has but slightly touched this part of his work. It may be said, perhaps, in diminution of his eminent merit, that he had much skilled aid and little opposition. The old administrative system had been unsettled by theorists and fanatics, leaving, paradoxical as the statement may seem, a clear field to the firm wil and keen perceptions needed to call forth order from confusion. It was easier to construct a system under these conditions than if the changes required had been troublesome modifications of a preceding system. The exigency called for radical and comprehensive measures, and was promptly met by the able men who gave their assistance under the supervising mind of the First Consul. It needs to be said, also, that political opinion had been paralyzed by the constitution which Sieyes had devised, and under which Napoleon had centred power in his own hands. Everything was favorable to quick and coherent work by a clear-sighted and decisive man.

The key to this marvellous career seems well indicated in Emerson's remark, "Napoleon renounced, once for all; sentiments and affections, and would keep himself with his hands and his head." Dr. Conan Doyle has lately expressed an opinion to the effect that in this remarkable character there is a lack of finality which sets reasoned conclusions at naught ; that just as we are about to pronounce him a gentleman as well as a genius, some act of ineffable meanness negatives it all; and that when we had quite made up our minds to his cynicism and selfishness, we stumble on unexpected proofs of generosity. It is quite true that any character lacks finality, or rather stability and sincerity, which does not acknowledge the authority of conscience. But if we view Napoleon's character in relation to his acts and achievements it is singularly compact and complete. The apparent contradictions are explained by reference to the end he had in view. The clear, cold insight of the intellect, resting on a phenomenal power of will, regarded only the object to be gained, and brushed aside the commands of conscience and the appeals of feeling. To say that he was capable of warm personal attachment proves nothing to the point. I doubt if there is an instance in which he allowed any attachment to interfere with his plans. He loved Josephine until he saw the expediency of an alliance with the Hapsburgs. No doubt this clear perception, this imperious will, and its accompanying mastery of detail, sometimes failed to compass the desired effect. Blind passion sometimes spurred him on to a point where the ratio between means and end became confused, and put out reason's vision of the impossible. Besides, there was a vein of superstition in his Corsican nature, which may have been allowed an unseemly influence in certain crises of his career. The spell of exaltation, due to his marvellous victories, occasionally led him to slight the mathematics of war. He had, it is said, a belief in his star—a belief quite harmless so long as it did not weaken his unrivalled grasp of facts. It is more than likely that his scheme of English invasion, the Russian campaign and the attempted stoppage of European commerce by the Continental System, originated in the excessive presumption the previous successes of which brought him to believe almost everything within his reach. It cannot be said, however, that either headlong passion or the superstitious vein interfered with his mental operations to a degree sufficient to impair their habitual energy and clearness. Something must be allowed to the effect of immense achievements on a mind which had often seen gigantic plans realized, which had taken the measure of difficulty in many new situations and had not often miscalculated, and which had shown the greatest fertility of resource in evolving and effectuating new schemes to succeed others which had proved impracticable. Powers and successes such as these are often sufficient to tempt the sanity of great men, and Napoleon had a full share of the self-confidence which makes temptation dangerous.

Carlyle points out the indestructible respect for reality, which, in spite of quackeries and insincerity, kept him in intellectual sympathy with the facts of morality and religion. It would have been impossible to mislead him by the vagaries of the Encyclopædists. He knew the naturalness and necessity of religious worship, and restored the Church to be its organ. He showed how futile were the crass abolitions of all the old political institutions by the doctrinaires. He recognized the training needed for full citizenship, and felt there was but little of it in the France of his day. But all this clear vision had little reinforcement from moral sympathies.

His conduct showed him to have been consistent in his avowal that men are mainly influenced by two motives,—self-interest and fear. His abstract views of love, duty and religion were not allowed to restrict his use of available means. With the hopes, fears and protests of the people whom he ruled he dealt as a mechanician who would convert them, were it possible, into their precise equivalents of material power. Men, institutions, currents of popular feeling, peculiarities of national character,—all were so many units of force to be utilized according to his dynamics of war, or the necessities of his politics.

The final estimate of Napoleon will not be vitiated by veiling the man with his record as statesman and warrior. He may be compared to the man who begins a business career with the intention of supplementing the earnings of labor by his wits. He does not propose to gain a fortune exclusively by honesty, when other methods will assist. He sees that the scruples of conscience will be fatal to the dexterous use of opportunities. He knows that the fluctuations of the financial world offer rich prizes to quick perception and prompt greed, and forthwith tempers his generosity with the most hardened maxims of competition. He soon realizes that under the legitimate forms of business there is a network of fraud whose meshes he may perchance escape, and his cleverness essays the venture. He may succeed and gain his millions by the loss of character; but eventually his conduct will find him out. And so with the Jupiter Scapin of modern times. No man ever made such a stir in the world, so much dust and flame; and none ever tested more thoroughly the resources of greed, fraud and cruelty in the hands of sovereign power. Yet his vast empire fell to pieces in a few years, as if to bear witness to the weakness of injustice. His fame, as a man of genius, will endure; but as conscience is the ruling element of character, no zeal or praise can ever make him a hero.

PARTRIDGE ISLAND.

Beneath the ceaseless countings of the sun
Of days and years that round the centuries,
Thou standest where the ocean smites thy knees,
Dark in thy grandeur, moveless and alone.
Countless the storms against thy temples thrown;
The crumbling touch of years, the wash of seas,
Slow steal into thy hidden treasuries;
And with the deep thy strife is never done.

And when the sailor shrinking from the shock
That soon will rend his vessel at thy feet,
How pitiless thy brow that fronts the tide!
The thundering crash of fallen cliff and rock
Oft bares a gem aglisten, as to greet
From the young world thou canst no longer hide.

Wolfville, N.S. J. F. HERBIN

HALIFAX HEROES.

The Story of a Pestilence.

BY W. B. WALLACE, LL.B.

A PLAIN narrative of leading incidents in connection with an event which created a profound sensation in Nova Scotia twenty-nine years ago may prove interesting to the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The emigrant steamer *England* left Liverpool, England, on March 29th, 1866, for New York, with 1260 passengers on board, and a crew of 100 men. Apparently there was no sickness on board when she sailed, but, after being at sea for about five days, Asiatic Cholera made its appearance among the steerage passengers. A large number of Germans had embarked on her at Liverpool, and it is generally believed that some of these passengers brought the latent infection with them from Germany. The dreadful disease spread rapidly among the passengers, and when the engineers of the ship were themselves attacked by it, the captain decided to put into Halifax for medical assistance. She arrived at this port about the 9th of April, 1866, by which time over 90 deaths had occurred from the disease. The bodies were buried at sea just as they were clothed at the time of death. The day after her arrival at Halifax, fifty more deaths occurred, and it was plain that the staff on board the ship could not cope successfully with the rapidly-spreading infection. It was decided to use the ship *Pyramus* as a hospital where some of the infected could be received and treated, and to transfer others to an island at the mouth of Halifax Harbor, called McNab's Island, a large portion of which was made a quarantine station. The agents of the ship, S. Cunard & Co., called for volunteers to assist in handling the dead and in transferring the sick to the receiving ship *Pyramus* or to McNab's Island. About twenty citizens responded to the call and appeared in person at the office of the steamer's agents.

Among the volunteers was James McCormick, who is still a resident of Halifax, and to whom I am indebted for many interesting facts in connection with this subject. He, with his assistant volunteers, attended at the office of S. Cunard & Co., on the 13th of April, where final instructions were given them, and then they were conveyed to the ship *England*, accompanied by Dr. John Slayter, then Health Officer at this port. They remained on board the *England* all that night and part of the following day.

It was not considered practicable that night to put the dead into coffins, and their bodies were disposed of by tying short iron bars to the feet and then dropping the bodies overboard just as they were taken from the steerage. Some of the passengers were found lying dead on the lower deck, and a large number were found dead in their bunks, while others were huddled together in odd corners, breathing their last. There were between 50 and 60 bodies thrown overboard that night. The volunteers worked all night at their gruesome task, and the stillness of the night was broken by the groans of the dying, and now and then the ominous splash of water at the ship's side, telling of the casting of another body into the sea. The air was heavy with the smell of carbolic acid, sulphur and other disinfectants. The following day a load of coffins arrived, and the remaining dead were placed in coffins and taken to McNab's Island, while the sick were removed to the *Pyramus*.

The *England* was anchored off Finlay's grounds on McNab's Island, and the *Pyramus* lay just astern of her. On McNab's Island, a small house, which had been deserted by its occupants, was used as a residence for the doctors, and Dr. Slayter improvised a sort of hospital in connection with it. A system of signalling at night time, by means of lights from this house was adopted. The action of Dr. Slayter in offering his services to take charge of the sick at the quarantine station was purely voluntary, as, technically, that was not a duty devolving upon him in his official position as Health Officer, his general duties as such official being sufficient to preclude his remaining in quarantine. In order, however, that the official duties of his position might be efficiently performed at Halifax while he was in quarantine, Dr. Slayter had requested the then Provincial Secretary, Dr. Tupper (the present High Commissioner), to appoint an assistant Health Officer, and this was done.

On the morning of the 13th, His Grace the late Archbishop Connolly, accompanied by Mr. Hagarty, now of Her Majesty's Customs, rowed out to the *England* but was not allowed to approach nearer than hailing distance. The Archbishop asked the Captain as to the condition of the immigrants and was told of the alarming spread of the disease and of the intention to transfer the sufferers to the *Pyramus* and to McNab's Island. On returning to his residence at the old glebe house, the Archbishop was called upon by the Rev. Father McIsaac, then attached to St. Patrick's parish. Father McIsaac came to ask permission of His Grace to attend to the spiritual necessities of the sick at the proposed quarantine station. His Grace consented, and the two clergymen, without any delay, rowed out to the *England*; Father McIsaac not even delayed to secure additional clothing. After their business had been communicated to the Captain, he agreed to afford the priest every assistance, and, as the priest was to remain in quarantine, he was allowed to go on board the *England* before going to the island. The scene on board the ship that morning was indeed a sad one. At the side of the ship was a large boat, from which empty coffins were being taken to the ship, while two other boats were being loaded with coffins containing dead bodies from the ship. A curious incident occurred just as the priest was clambering up the high side of the emigrant ship. A coffin containing a corpse was about to be lowered into a boat near him, when the lid, which was improperly fastened, suddenly opened, and, to the horror of all beholders, the corpse fell from the coffin over the side of the ship and struck the head of the priest as he was climbing up a ladder on the ship's side, and then it fell into one of the boats alongside the ship. This was a sufficiently uncanny incident to unnerve most men, but it did not shake the resolution of Father McIsaac, who waved a good-bye to the Archbishop and then went below to administer spiritual consolation to the infected. He subsequently went on board the *Pyramus*, and then landed on McNab's Island, where, for the first two nights, he slept in one of the tents which had been erected for the patients. Afterwards he took up his abode with the doctors, who occupied a small house which then stood on the hill, not far from the western shore of the island. He frequently attended the sick on board the *Pyramus*, rowing out to this ship twice a day and generally making his sick calls on the island at night-time.

The medical staff on the island were Dr. John Slayter, Dr. John Garvie, Dr. Gossip and Frank Garvie, a medical student. These medical gentlemen worked night and day, combatting the disease and trying to relieve the sufferings of the infected. The duties of the doctors were varied by three midwifery cases. For the first two days after the passengers were transferred to the island it was almost impossible to control their movements. Even those who were seriously affected by the malady would not remain quiet, but tried to elude their attendants, and a large number of the infected succeeded in escaping to the woods. Some of the male immigrants, maddened with terror and lost to everything but the instinct of self-preservation, seized the food of the women and children, and behaved so riotously that it became necessary to send to McNab's Island a detachment of the 2nd Battalion of the 17th Regiment to preserve order and keep the immigrants within quarantine bounds. Before the soldiers arrived, however, quite a number of the infected had escaped from quarantine. Several days afterwards the decomposing bodies of some of these unfortunates were discovered in the woods.

On Saturday evening, April 14th, word was sent to the city that it was very desirable to secure, if possible, some female nurses to attend to the female emigrants and the emigrant children on the island, and on the following morning the Archbishop applied to the Sisters of Charity for the duty. Three Sisters were selected from among those who volunteered, and early on Monday morning, April 16th, they were conveyed to the island, accompanied by the Archbishop, who landed with them and introduced them to Dr. Slayter, who met the party near the shore and just outside the quarantine line. The Sisters brought with them a large supply of new clothing for the children and women. Although the weather just then was very cold and there was snow on the ground, many of the poor emigrants were very scantily clad, and the clothing they had was not remarkable for its cleanliness.

The *Pyramus* was anchored just off Finlay's wharf, on the western side of the island, several hundred yards from the lighthouse. An eyewitness has told me that when the disease was at its worst, a person standing on the western side of the island could see coffins being lowered from the *Pyramus*; other coffins were lowered from the *England*, and still other coffins were carried from the pest-house on the island to a huge trench which had been dug on the hillside not far from the shore, and within a stone's throw of Finlay's wharf, where so many gay picnic parties now land in summer-time.

The sufferings of the unfortunate emigrants were intense, notwithstanding the efforts made by the doctors, the priest, and the Sisters to relieve them. Many of them appeared to be in a state of semi-starvation. At breakfast-time on the first morning after their arrival on the island, while Dr. Gossip and Dr. Garvie were endeavoring to supply them with soup from a large pot, the hunger-maddened crowd, in pushing and struggling to obtain the nourishment, upset the pot, which emptied its contents on the ground. From day to day the heroic staff of doctors, nurses and guards found great difficulty in endeavoring to control the movements of their patients, and it was officially stated that at least 100 of the unfortunates died in the woods to which they had escaped.

A few days after the band of volunteers had arrived on the island, one of their number, Patrick Reardon, died. He had been attending to one of the infected passengers, and on the evening of the very day this passenger died, poor Reardon himself exhibited symptoms of the disease and died during the night. Reardon's death made the prevailing gloom deeper. But the little band of heroes and heroines on the island were destined very soon to receive a greater blow in the death of the energetic, skilful and courageous Health Officer. Dr. Slayter had been working day and night among the sufferers. He visited the tents of the sick on the island every day, superintended the furnishing of a daily report of the number of deaths to the proper authorities, visited the sick on the *Pyramus*, and assisted in the burial of the dead on the island. Dr. Garvie, writing to the Provincial Secretary, said, "Slayter is *everywhere*, administering to the wants of the sick and dying." In this and other work, Dr .Slayter was ably assisted by Dr. Gossip, Dr. John Garvie and Frank Garvie, and by the clergymen and Sisters. At last he fell a victim to the dread disease himself. McCormick, who had been chosen by Dr. Slayter as a lay assistant or "doctor's mate," described to me only a few days ago the last night of Dr. Slayter's life. This is the statement as taken from his own lips:

"A German emigrant had just died, and we were putting him in a coffin, at the foot of which his two dead children had just been placed. It was after midnight of the 16th of April, and Dr. Slayter, who had not been well during the day, was then almost completely exhausted. There was no one present in the room with the three dead bodies but Dr. Slayter, myself, and an Irish Catholic friar who came out as a saloon passenger on the *England* and intended to go to New York. This clergyman, however, had accompanied the sick emigrants to the island, and assisted Father McIsaac in attending to their spiritual wants. The doctor took the head of the dead German, and I took his feet, and we lifted him into the coffin. The body appeared to be almost too large for the coffin, and while Dr. Slayter was endeavoring to arrange the body so that the coffin could be fastened, we were startled to see him fall back and cry out in pain, and he was almost immediately seized with violent vomiting. We hoisted the signal light for a boat from the ship, and a boat soon came, and we helped the doctor to the ship's boat and accompanied him to the ship's surgery. The friar, between whom and Dr. Slayter a warm friendship had sprung up, accompanied us to the ship. The short row to the ship was the saddest I ever had. I had seen Reardon die only a couple of days before, and I began to fear that perhaps another death would soon follow. Dr. Slayter, however, though quite weak, seemed cheerful in the boat, and it seemed hard to believe that such a big, strong, hearty man as he was would not recover. I was allowed to remain with him in the ship's surgery. He was not on board a half-hour before he was seized with such violent cramps that it was almost impossible to keep in his bunk. I never saw such awful agony before. He complained of griping pain at the pit of his stomach, and a burning thirst. He also suffered intensely from cramps in the legs, and it was enough to make one's heart bleed to see him suffer and to feel then that so little could be done to relieve him. At last he became completely worn out, and his body became cold and had a purplish hue, and his eyes seemed to me to sink back into his head. He felt that he was dying, and bade us a last good-bye, with a voice so husky that he could hardly speak. He mentioned something about his wife and children, but his voice had sunk to such a hoarse whisper that we could not catch distinctly what he said. At last he went into a sort of trance, and soon afterwards his brave heart ceased to beat. The time between the beginning of his attack until it was ended by death could not have been more than six hours."

The news of his death soon spread over the island and filled everyone with the deepest grief. But there were serious duties devolving upon those who remained. Dr. Slayter was buried on the island, where his body remained for some months, until his relatives had his remains transferred to Camp Hill Cemetery, where a handsome monument, erected by the city, now marks his last resting-place. Three days after Dr. Slayter's death, the pilot who brought the *England* into port, and two of his children, died. The doctors who still remained on the island, the Sisters and the clergymen resumed their arduous duties. A large number of tents had been erected on the island, and the sick occupied these tents. There was an average of four patients in each tent. The women were in separate tents from the male patients. It was not an uncommon thing for the doctors, on their morning visits, to find in a tent the corpse of a man who had died during the previous night. The sleep of the doctors and their associates was frequently broken by messengers from some of the tents asking for doctor or priest to attend some stricken one. Occasionally, the infected one would come himself in the night time, in a state of great alarm; to see the doctor or priest, or both. The labors of the doctors and clergymen during this trying period cannot be too highly praised. It was a dreary duty which they performed, in attending the sick calls at night from tent to tent, trudging over a bad road, stumbling over tent ropes, and occasionally even losing their way. From some of their visits they would return completely exhausted.

One night, Rev. Mr. McIsaac was called out during a rain storm to attend a dying patient, and, while returning, the light in his lantern went out and he had great difficulty in reaching home. To add to his troubles, his hat was blown off in the storm, and when at last he reached the house, hatless, chilled and exhausted, he was seized with vomiting and cramps and developed other symptoms of the dread disease. The doctors in the house and the doctor on the *Pyramus* attended him, and fortunately he soon grew better and renewed his labors. He remained on the island until all surviving patients were free from the disease and the last traces of cholera had disappeared. Considerable delay occurred in obtaining permission for him to return to the city, but after some difficulty, through the exertions of the Archbishop he was granted permission to land at the Archbishop's country residence, his clothes being burned at the wharf. The meeting between the priest and the Archbishop was most affecting, Father McIsaac being greeted as if rescued from the grave. The Archbishop could appreciate the dangers which his friend had encountered, as His Grace himself had in previous years attended plague-stricken passengers. As was truly said of His Grace, by Rev. Dr. Grant, the distinguished Presbyterian divine, now Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, but at that time a resident of Halifax, "No danger appalled him." Twice he was stricken down with ship fever. He faced the worst forms of contagion on land as well as on emigrant ships.

After remaining with His Grace for some days, Father McIsaac was permitted to return to his old parish, and the welcome he received from his parishioners was of the warmest kind. The City Council of that day passed resolutions eulogizing the services of the surviving doctors, the clergymen, and Sisters of Charity, and decided to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Dr. Slayter. This monument stands in the north-western portion of Camp Hill Cemetery, and contains the following inscription :

THIS MEMORIAL
IS ERECTED BY THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN
OF THE CITY OF HALIFAX,
TO MARK THE ESTIMATION ENTERTAINED
BY THE CITIZENS
FOR THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF
JOHN SLAYTER, M.D.,
Late Health Officer for this Port,
WHO, WHILE IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS
DUTIES ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "ENGLAND," IN QUARANTINE IN THE HARBOR OF HALIFAX,
FELL A VICTIM TO CHOLERA,
APRIL 17TH, 1866,
IN THE 36TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

The surviving doctors were each presented with a gold watch by the civic authorities. The House of Assembly unanimously passed a measure granting to the widow of Dr. Slayter the sum of $2,000. Dr. Tupper, in the course of his address in the Legislature, in moving the grant of $2,000, referred in eloquent terms to the circumstances under which Dr. Slayter had fallen a victim to the disease which he had heroically undertaken to encounter. In proceeding to refer to the character Dr. Slayter bore as a gentleman and as a member of the medical profession Dr. Tupper became so much affected that he was unable to proceed with his address.

The then Attorney-General (Hon. W. A. Henry), afterwards Mr. Justice Henry of the Supreme Court of Canada, came to the relief of his colleague in the Government, and, after speaking briefly and feelingly of Dr. Slayter's death, moved the resolution which the Provincial Secretary had risen to move.

In a letter written by General Williams, who was then Governor of Nova Scotia, to the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, Secretary for the Colonies, on the 26th of April, 1866, the following paragraph occurs: "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the heroic conduct and indefatigable energy in their attendance to the wants and necessities of the sufferers, of Dr. Slayter, the Health Officer of this port; Dr. Garvie, and his brother, a medical student; the Rev. Mr. McIsaac, a Roman Catholic priest, and three Sisters of Charity who volunteered their services in the quarantine station. During the stay of the steamer in this port no less than 200 deaths occurred from this fatal contagion, and it is with deep regret that I have to record the death of Dr. Slayter, who died from this disease while performing his duty in endeavoring to alleviate the sufferings of others."

The two Garvies are dead, and one of the Sisters of Charity is dead Dr. Gossip is living at Windsor, N.S. Of the two surviving Sisters of Charity, one is now at the head of a prominent institution in Halifax, and the other is teaching in an educational institution outside the city. Father McIsaac resides at Rockingham, a suburb of Halifax, and is now quite an old man. He was offered by the civic authorities a substantial recognition of his services at the quarantine station, but declined it, doubtless adopting the principles laid down by Archbishop Connolly when presented with an address in which reference was made to services which he had rendered to emigrants suffering from malignant diseases. The words are so noble and appropriate that I cannot refrain from quoting them:

"In reference to my attendance on the sick, and the dangers to which my life has been exposed, the Catholic need scarcely be reminded that when the general welfare, or the cause of suffering humanity, or the still more important concern of man's salvation, is at stake, for the Catholic priest, no labor, or danger, not even the prospect of certain death itself, can be said to be a sacrifice. The right of self-preservation, under such circumstances, is foresworn in the very act of assuming the ministry of that first High Priest, who laid down His life for His flock, and who, by example, as by word, has proclaimed the universal law that every good shepherd must do the same."

The memory of the fearless and big-hearted physician who lost his life in laboring with almost superhuman zeal to alleviate the sufferings of others is cherished in Nova Scotia, and the older citizens of Halifax speak of him affectionately as a man whom they were proud to know, and whose unselfishness and courage were constantly manifested to them during the whole of his professional career, so sadly shortened.

Our school histories devote considerable space to recording the deeds of men who on the field of battle and under the inspiration of martial music have displayed great courage in fighting the enemies of their country, but it is a higher type of courage to voluntarily leave a loving wife and a family of loved little ones, and, with full appreciation of the loathsome and deadly character of the disease, to go forth and fight a pestilential enemy whose very touch is almost certain to cause an agonizing death.

Halifax, N.S.

IN ARCADIE.

In Arcadie the summer's sun
With kindly light floods all the hills,
While distant echoes, faintly borne,
Come from the many mountain rills.

Then Daphne tunes his shepherd's reed
To sing the charms of Phyllis fair,
Or saunters through the flowery mead
To weave a chaplet for her hair.

Sweet scents of clover fill the air,
Or drowsy hum of laden bee,
While lowing kine and feeding flocks
Wind slowly o'er the daisied lea.

No listing cold, no sultry heat,
No thirst for gold, no strife for power,
No heed of fame, no vile deceit,
But sweet content in all this dower.

No wrinkles time writes on the brow,
No heart is pained with carking care,
Each shepherd loves his fellow swain,
And honest worth is monarch there.

St. Catharines. J. Henderson.

AN INDIAN LOVER.

BY
JOSETTE GERTRUDE MENARD.

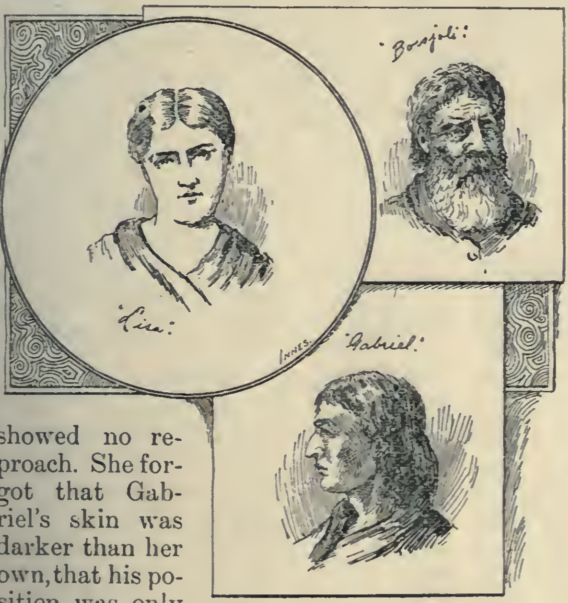
THE people of Ste. Thérèse often wondered how old Boisjoli, as he was always called, came to be the father of such a strangely beautiful creature. The old man's brown, wrinkled, weather-beaten visage, though strong and picturesque after its fashion, bore no resemblance to his daughter's fair, sweet face; and the girl's quiet, dreamy ways were not less unlike his abrupt, stern manners. A rare, dainty flower, dropped unexpectedly into Boisjoli's keeping, was Liza; and the old father, though he spoke little of his feelings, was not unconscious of the value of his possession.

Secretly he cherished grand dreams for the child; and over his evening pipe, as he watched her moving about the kitchen, intent on household duties, he gave vent to flights of imagination that would have astonished those who knew him only as the grim neighbor and taciturn friend.

The big farm, which lay on the outskirts of Ste. Thérèse had long since been cleared; there was money in the bank at Montreal; Liza, therefore, should go to the convent in the city, and add a few accomplishments to the rude education she had received at the neighboring school. After that—but the old man's ideas were not as yet clearly defined. What was certain, however, was, that Liza's fate would differ as much from that of the black-eyed girls of Ste. Thérèse as did her Madonna-like beauty differ from their sturdy comeliness. That any unpropitious event should occur to mar his plans,—least of all, that the slim, brown boy from the settlement, who had come down to help him with the work of the farm, could interfere with his secretly cherished hopes,—did not for a moment occur to him.

True, the tall, lithe Gabriel, with his soft, black eyes, full, red lips, and glossy hair—the prominence of his cheek-bones alone betraying his Indian blood—was as beautiful, in his way, as Liza. But the stern man never saw the physical perfection of the lad. He had taken him to his home grudgingly, and only at the earnest solicitation of the *curé*, who loved and protected the boy, and he regarded him as distantly as possible.

But alas! Liza had looked into Gabriel's deep eyes, and already her cheek changed color at his approach, and already there were brief, stolen meetings in field and wood, while the grim father looked on and saw nothing. Yet how should he guess that his shy Liza, who would not even speak to the strong, young *cavaliers* who sometimes wistfully approached the house on Sundays, would deign to notice this brown-skinned young savage—the son of a race so hated and despised? It was his very contempt that blinded the father and gave the two young people opportunity to indulge in their delicious, hopeless dream undisturbed. It was not difficult for them to meet often. On many a sultry noon, when Gabriel was at work in a distant field, instead of ringing the big bell Liza would be bidden to carry him down his simple lunch. The fluttering of her blue skirt across the fields was the signal for Gabriel to leave his task and seek the shady side of some tall hay mow or the shelter of a spreading tree and there await her coming with the entreating, worshipping gaze that would have deprecated her anger had she been disposed to resent his boldness. But Liza's soft eyes showed no reproach. She forgot that Gabriel's skin was darker than her own, that his position was only that of a servant, that his future depended on the generosity—the charity even—of the few who loved him. His voice was sweeter than any she had ever heard, and his silent devotion gave a glimpse of romance to her lonely life. With few words, then, an understanding sprang up between them—an understanding all the more entrancing that no one suspected its existence or suggested its madness.



And so, swiftly, bewilderingly, the hot summer passed. September, mellow and pensive, touched the great fields with russet hues, and later autumn, with scudding clouds and crisp winds, came again unto the Canadian landscape. It was on one of those chill, brief evenings, that Liza, wrapping a light covering about her, left the house just before sunset, and walked thoughtfully to the little wood that made a convenient shelter for the river's edge. Gabriel had been gone a week or more, his assistance being no longer needed upon the farm; but he came every evening in his canoe down the river to the grove that bounded the Boisjoli place. It was with fear and trembling that Liza kept the tryst: nightly she feared detection, but as yet her absence had, apparently, passed unnoticed.

To-night, Gabriel was already at the appointed place. His canoe was dragged high up on the bank, and he himself stood leaning moodily against a tree. His old red cap lay beside him, and his hair, which reached almost to his shoulders, was blowing lightly about in the evening breeze. His eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground, and it was evident that he suffered from deep dejection. Liza approached timidly.

"Gabriel," she whispered. He looked up quickly, but he did not smile or change his position.

Regarding her sadly, he asked, "Hast thou any word for me?"

"None."

He made a movement of impatience and despair. "It is always the same," he cried almost roughly. "Is it not better to tell all? What have I done that thou art afraid to speak my name? Thy father himself hath praised me. I worked for him as none other would—morning and night. If I can work, I shall not always be poor."

"But thou art Indian."

"Ah! I had forgotten." He fell

back sullenly against the tree again, and a deep frown clouded his handsome face.

Liza's tender heart was touched. "I, too, have forgotten," she said, gently, "but thou knowest my father. I dare not tell him. He spoke only to-day of sending me to the convent. If he knew it, he would kill thee."

A hot flush dyed the boy's brown cheek. "Dost think I fear him," he cried, proudly. Let me go with thee, and, by Ste. Anne, thou shalt see that I am no coward."

"Nay, nay," cried Liza, hurriedly. "I know thou art no coward, but that is not the way—thou would'st only anger him. Wait a little longer; perhaps——"

"I will not wait," he broke in fiercely. "It will be the same—forever. Thou wilt always be Liza Boisjoli, and I shall always be Gabriel the Indian—for what then do I wait?"

Liza did not answer. She sighed deeply, and her eyes slowly filled with tears. At her feet the river lapped the bank with a little moaning sound that mingled mysteriously with the rustling of the breeze among the dry leaves. Somewhere in the distance a loon was wailing disconsolately, and from the shadow of the deeper wood an owl hooted in a sudden, startled manner, and then was still. A feeling of intense melancholy took possession of her, she knew not why; and a prescience of coming evil thrilled every nerve. She turned to Gabriel. He was watching her closely, and his face betrayed a despondency as deep as her own. After a moment, however, a gleam of animation lit his gloomy eyes, and he straightened himself with something of eagerness.

"Liza, there is one who will tell us what to do. *M. le Curé* is my friend. Let us go to him now—at once.

Liza looked at him in dismay.

"Impossible! It is late. I could not get back before dark, and my father would question me. Perhaps, even now he misses me."

"Listen! I came here from the settlement in fifteen minutes, and I will take thee to the village even more quickly. My canoe can fly. In an hour thou shalt be at home again. Come!"

But Liza shook her head doubtfully. "We will be seen together, and my father will hear of it."

"Who would speak of it to him? I am his servant; cannot I take thee to the village if he commands? There is nothing strange about it. Come! I dare not wait. To-morrow, even, thou mayest be sent to the convent."

Still the girl hesitated. She looked at the quiet river, across which the slant rays of sunshine flickered freely. She knew that none could paddle a canoe as swiftly as Gabriel, and, after all, if they could consult the good friend, there would be no more any doubt or uneasiness for either of them. As Gabriel had said, the morrow, even, might be too late. The chances of detection were, to be sure, but slight. Her misgivings gradually vanished. "I will go," she said at last.

Gabriel sprang forward and snatched his cap from the ground. Then, picking up his light birchen craft, he dropped it on the water, steadying it for Liza to enter. As she moved down the bank she caught sight of her own canoe lying inverted upon the pebbles, with the paddle beside it, and she paused again irresolutely.

"Gabriel, I will take my own boat and follow. It will be safer for us both."

Gabriel threw back his head and looked at her. There was both anger and reproach in his eyes.

"Liza, if thou art ashamed of me, speak now and let me go."

"I am not ashamed of thee; but I am full of fear, and thou too art sadder than I have ever seen thee."

"Come then and let us end it all. The *père* will tell us what to do. Perhaps he himself will speak with thy father. Hasten—we lose time!"

Liza made no further remonstrance. They seated themselves in the canoe, and a few of Gabriel's vigorous strokes sent it shooting out toward the middle of the stream.

The swift, easy motion, the sense of isolation and freedom, had an immediate effect on Gabriel. He grew strangely exhilarated — his eyes gleamed brilliantly, and a sense of power seemed to take possession of him as he felt himself borne out into his familiar kingdom. The river at least, was his; the canoe, fashioned with his own hands, and his sole earthly possession, obeyed his slightest touch. Liza sat opposite. The world for a moment was his, and his spirits rose accordingly, with the buoyancy of his undisciplined nature.

Liza looked at him almost wistfully. How beautiful he was with the glow upon his face! Already he felt his troubles at an end; and yet his elation did not communicate itself to her. The indefinable weight still oppressed her. "Gabriel," she began, "art thou sure the *curé* will protect us?"

Gabriel laughed joyously. He opened his lips to reply, when suddenly from the shore behind them floated out a hoarse cry, and a voice that was choked and muffled with rage screamed brokenly: "Ah, thou *canaille*, son of devils! Ah, redskinned thief! Thou would'st steal Old Boisjoli's daughter, would'st thou? But thou art too slow with thy prize. The old man will catch thee! The old man will cheat thee, *canaille!*

Liza uttered a terrible cry, and pointed to the bank. There, fumbling with the canoe, and giving vent to fearful imprecations, was her father. In another instant he had shoved his craft into the water, and was advancing rapidly toward them.

At the first sound of the voice, Gabriel had ceased paddling. He sat now perfectly still, looking fixedly at the advancing canoe. There was a gray shade about his lips, and his hands were closed upon his light paddle with a grip of iron. He waited thus until Boisjoli was almost abreast of them, and then, suddenly reversing his canoe, instead of proceeding up the river to the town he shot swiftly down the stream, his paddle flashing in the clear water with the rapidity of lightning. The elder man immediately followed, and then the strange, fierce, silent contest began.

Liza sat white and rigid in her place, her great terrified eyes fixed upon the pursuing canoe.

"Gabriel," she whispered after a while, "why dost thou go down the stream?"

Gabriel did not answer for a moment. A deep furrow showed itself between his eyes, and his lips were still tense and pale. At last he said briefly, "I do not wish to pass the village or the settlement."

"But how long wilt thou stay upon the river?"

"As long as he follows."

Liza relapsed again into frightened silence, and once more her gaze rested upon the bent, stern, laboring figure, that, losing, after a time, all familiarity of outline, seemed rather like an awful, avenging spectre. At times this persistent spectre came so near that she could see the white, relentless face, and hear the angry muttering; and once she called out entreatingly, "Father, father!" But no answer came, and then Gabriel's sweeping stroke dashed them forward, and the stern, laboring form of her father faded for a little into the vaguer distance.

Yet, though the elder man worked wildly, desperately, even the supernatural strength which rage for the moment gave him was no match for Gabriel's inherent dexterity, and the exertion that was exhausting the enraged father served only to excite and stimulate the supple boy.

And Gabriel fully realized his advantage. He used his skill mockingly—lying in wait for his follower only to more easily elude him.

To Liza, it seemed that hours had passed since the awful race began. Her senses were incapable of noting either time or place. The brown, sloping banks flew past; the river rippled and gleamed; the paddle sang and hissed as it struck the water; the golden sunset tints faded to gray; but none of these external things impressed themselves upon her. It was only when a hoarse, prolonged, threatening roar caught her ear that she roused herself to consideration. She looked down the river. A long, white, billowy line was stretched across the blue surface—a line that grew momentarily in proportion, until it assumed at length the appearance of a shining, shifting, yet impassable wall. With a piercing shriek she bent forward and clutched Gabriel's arm.

"The rapids!" she screamed. He shook her off savagely. His face was darkly flushed now, and a wild, almost ferocious, light burned in his eyes, transforming his whole face.

"The rapids," he echoed; "yes, I am going to shoot them."

"But, my father!"

"Let him turn back."

"But, he will not turn back—he is crazed with rage. Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel! He is old—he cannot pass the rapids—thou wilt not lead him on?"

Gabriel did not answer.

She clasped her hands, and threw herself forward until the skiff rocked dangerously. "Gabriel, stop, stop—for my sake! He is my father. Thou wilt not harm him? Remember what he has done for thee and me."

"He has called me *canaille* and a thief. Why should I stop? If he cannot shoot the rapids let him not follow."

Liza looked at him in sickening horror. Was this fierce, strange creature before her, the soft-voiced Gabriel she had known and loved! "Thou wilt murder him!" she gasped, at last.

"No, I seek only to save myself; but if he follows where the despised Indian goes, let him first learn his skill."

"Gabriel, turn back. I command thee." She tried to speak imperiously; but there was a piteous break in her voice.

Gabriel looked at her less savagely. He hesitated a moment; but, just then, the sound of a rapidly falling stroke caught his ear, and his face hardened again. His paddle dug deep into the water and the canoe shot forward with increased speed.

"I cannot stop now if I would," he breathed, as the dripping blade gleamed for a moment in the air. "We are already in the current."

Even as he spoke, a peculiar, ominous shudder passed through the frame of the light craft that bore them, straining and racking the sinews until it groaned like a living thing in agony. As the first horrible thrill passed away, it hesitated a moment, shifting uneasily, from side to side; then, as if suddenly clutched by a mighty unseen hand, its prow dipped, and it shot forward into the blue, treacherous current, with a speed that knew no curbing.

Beyond, white, seething, glittering, the frothy waves were dashing against the black rocks, clothing their jagged edges with rainbow-colored spray and filling the caverns between with shifting billows that alternately hid and revealed the dangerous depths. On toward this abyss the skiff flew like a leaf before the wind. Every instant the roar and tumult grew louder and fiercer. Presently, a fleck of foam leaped out from the seething mass and fell upon Liza's cheek; another followed and rested upon her hair. The current upon which they floated became infected by the vast, neighboring commotion, and surged as with a strong tide. Wondrous dancing walls of transparent water began to rise hungrily on each side of them, confusing earth and sky, and threatening, momentarily, to crush them between their converging bulks. But still the

"Its prow dipped, and it shot forward into the blue, treacherous current."

frail bark, evading the lesser dangers, bore down and on to that greater horror whose sinuous fingers were already clustering about it. There was another shuddering pause, scarce longer than a breath,—a hoarse shout of warning from Gabriel, and then, with a shriek and a crash, the canoe struck the swirling rapids, and sense and thought and feeling were lost in the blind, breathless rush that followed.

When, at length, they reached the quiet level of the stream, Gabriel's mood had already undergone a change. His eyes still gleamed, but it was with exultation now. Pride in his powers had banished from his heated brain the realization of what he had done, and he was too excited yet to conceive that disaster to himself must inevitably follow upon his exploit. He looked at Liza triumphantly. His lips curved in a smile, which did not broaden, however, as he surveyed her more closely. The girl's hair was wet with spray, and clung to her colorless face like that of the drowned. The awful intensity of her gaze quelled Gabriel's elation, and he became vaguely uneasy.

"Why dost thou look at me like that?" he said, half irritably. "What I have done, any one would do. He sought my life, and I fled. If I am quicker than he, is it my fault?"

Liza did not speak; she seemed scarcely to live. Stunned, chilled, mute, she sat and stared at him.

Gabriel moved restlessly, and frowned to conceal his increasing self-consciousness. "Thou art like a ghost, and yet thou art not even sure that he followed to the rapid."

"Did he not?—look there." Liza lifted her heavy hand and pointed to a small, dark object that floated in their wake. It was her father's upturned canoe.

Gabriel looked once and then dropped his eyes. He was rapidly losing his feverish excitement, and as his blood cooled he grew anxious and plaintive. The events of this desperate flight had transpired so quickly and bewilderingly that he could not yet hold himself responsible for what had happened. He broke forth, almost childishly: "Liza, dost thou blame me? I was mad. I knew not what I did. Remember my blood—I am not like thee. And, beside, he drove me to it. Liza, speak."

"Put me ashore."

"But not here. Thou art five miles from home."

"I can find shelter. Put me ashore."

He dared not disobey her now. He headed slowly for the shadowy shore, and at length landed in silence. Lights were gleaming faintly here and there, for the dusk was rapidly gathering; and through the sombre twilight floated the distant echo of an evening bell. Gabriel moved close to Liza's side and tried to take her hand, but she drew back shuddering.

"*Rosignol*," he pleaded, without heeding the repulse. "*Rosignol*, it was not I that drowned thy father; there was a demon in me that drove me to it. Remember—he called me thief, and then something went to my brain, and I knew no more what I did."

There was something pitiful in his self-defence. He was plainly aghast at the unguessed possibilities of his own nature.

Liza looked at him in anguish. "Ah, Gabriel, Gabriel!" she moaned, "can it be thou art my father's murderer?"

"I could not help it," Gabriel cried again. It was his only defence.

She drew back and put her hand before her eyes. "Leave me," she whispered. "I cannot look upon thy face again. Leave me."

Gabriel clenched his hands. "Thou art mad. I cannot go now. Hast thou not given me thy promise?"

A wild look came into the girl's face. "My promise—what is that now? All that I had thou hast taken from me. I am no more for the world. Go now and leave me to my destiny."

There was something in her white,

beautiful face that awed Gabriel. He felt the uselessness of further pleading.

"Thou wilt never forgive?" he muttered hoarsely.

"Forgive—yes; but I cannot forget that moment—thy face—I see it now, so fierce and strange. It is not thy fault that thou art of a cruel race; only—I should not have forgotten."

"And is this, then, the end?"

"This is the end. For me there is the convent, as he said. For thee—I know not what."

"Listen, then, and I will tell thee. For me there is the woods. Thou hast cast me off because of my race. If I am wild, then, I will go to them that are like me. Tell this to *M le Curé*, for he will never see my face again. As for thee ——."

"I have said that I forgive thee. I can do no more."

Gabriel stood looking at her wildly for a moment. A hundred impulses seemed burning in him. At last, he snatched her hand and pressed his hot lips upon it; then, as Liza drew back, shuddering as before, he uttered a cry of mingled rage and despair, and, springing up the bank, disappeared into the dusk.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

After long years to see the home
Of youth's and boyhood's pride,
When our days have gone like flecks of foam,
And all is changed beside,

Brings a flood of thought, like a bitter sea,
And the smart of a ceaseless pain;
The joyous past fronts the bleak to be,
And the dead years live again.

At every turn of familiar walks
Rise faces whose lips are still;
Or the friend of our youth beside us stalks,
Though his grave is deep and chill.

Beneath yon tree you kissed the lips
That are dust and ashes now;
Through the long, long years her light foot trips
To the tryst 'neath the maple bough.

Back, back to the world! Let the dead ones rest!
Their memories come too near;
When we walk the paths by our feet impressed
For many a weary year.

Reginald Gourlay.

TWO DAYS IN WEIMAR.

BY ELLEN SIGRID.

We had been reading of the second blumenzeit (blossom time), so when we found ourselves with three days free, we decided to go to Weimar.

Weimar is a quaint old town, and, perhaps, in no way can one get a better idea of its quaintness than by walking down from the station, past the Museum, to the Herderplatz, the centre of the town. One sees, thus softened by the distance, the oddest jumble of irregular old house-tops, and backs and angles, and the queerly-clustered tiled roofs, snuggling into each other in such a warm, old-fashioned way—warm when we saw them, for the sun was shining down upon the red tile and the grey patches and the crazy gables; but the warmth was their response to the sun's wooing, and one could fancy their looking cold or menacing or crumbly, with changes of season, but always old.

On our arrival we proceeded at once, with our faithful Baedeker, to the Herderplatz, where the Stadtkirche stands, and, as it was Sunday, we entered It was Sunday—the Sunday following the Busstag (repentance day), and I presume it was the proper thing to be in a black, funereal state of mind. The Busstag, by the way, is, as its name indicates, a day for repentance. Twice in the year, as Advent and Easter approach, the nation is called upon to grow sorrowful and pray; a thoughtful Government appoints a day for the purpose, and this day is observed, by the *law*, more rigidly than Sunday. Theatres are closed, the street cars move with a becoming diminution in speed, and only after eleven o'clock, when the churches are supposed to be out, may the bakeries and colonialwaaren (grocery) depôts be opened to the hungry citizens.

It was natural, then, that the service on this Sunday after the Busstag should be cheerless and gloomy. As we were late we went to the gallery, where, however, we could find but standing room, for every part of the church was filled, the Busstag evidently having borne fruit. To harmonize with the season, the pastor elected to preach a sort of half-abstract, half-concrete funeral sermon, taking for his subject the members of his flock deceased during the ecclesiastical year just past. To us, standing in the gallery, the number of the departed parishioners seemed, for so small a town as Weimar, incredible. We thought there surely must have been an epidemic, and wondered how the church could have accommodated the assembled faithful on former Busstagen, and finally, when every one in the church began to weep, the atmosphere became so melancholy that we crept down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight again, to escape the contagion of gloom.

It was not a Busstag for nature, and we determined it should not be one for us. We walked around to the front of the church, and found the fine bronze statue of Herder, erected on the scene of his labors by "admiring Germans from all countries." On the pedestal of this statue is inscribed the poet's famous motto, "Licht, Liebe, Lebe," which is also on the simple slab to his memory in the church.

Before this pilgrimage to Weimar our ideas of Herder had been always rather conflicting It is hard to reconcile the pitiless, discerning, scornful critic with the faithful pastor; the man whom Goethe is supposed to have had in mind when painting his Mephistopheles, with the man giving out a hundred years ago his soul-cry for "Light, love, and life." In Weimar, however, all the unyielding contradictory elements in his character seemed to soften and interpenetrate each other, until we saw the composite man—the man who has affected German literature so immensely, although, perhaps, less immediately, than through others.

From the statue we wandered around to the back of the church to see the parsonage where the poet lived, and which bears the tablet announcing "Hier lebte, wirkte, und starbte Herder." Then, having penetrated to the court-yard, walked through the kitchen-garden, and taken a look at the hen-house of his present successor, we felt that we had done our duty by Herder.

From the Stadtkirche we went to the Marktplatz, where we found the house in which, nearly four hundred years ago, Lukas Cranach lived, and where he painted those amazing pictures from which we decided Cranach, helped by a powerful and unique imagination, had taken Luther in his extreme old age as model for all his little boys and girls, and angels; and Melanchthon as model for his men, women and Saviours.

But I do not mean to scoff. What matter if his elongated Adams and Eves have the most astonishing curves; what matter if his little girls are corpulent and old; what matter if his little boys have heavy heads, thick necks, and double chins; what matter if his angels are such top-heavy, unethereal little monsters, that we must wonder they resist the force of gravitation—what matter? To have painted those two little portraits of Luther and Melanchthon, which also hang in the Dresden Gallery; to have painted the head of that dying Saviour in the Museum at Leipzig, was worth having fallen so far short of the ideal in his other pictures. The soul was in the man; he strove to put in his pictures what was struggling darkly in himself, but his striving ended in groping—his failures are pathetically, grotesquely funny. But God bless the German people that honor him for what he tried to do, although he failed in the doing.

> "On earth the broken arcs,
> In heaven the perfect round."

Cranach's house, long since converted into a bookseller's shop, still bears the studio device of father and son, a winged serpent with a crown.

From the Marktplatz we went on to the Goetheplatz, to see the house and relics of the greatest German of them all.

Through the will of Goethe's grandson and last descendant, the Goethehaus has been, since 1885, in the possession of the State, and open to the public as a museum. It is a very large house, of the orthodox German dwelling-house style, built partly from Goethe's own plans, but presented to the poet by the then reigning Duke of Weimar, Karl August. Here Goethe lived for the last forty years of his life; here he labored, and here he died; and here a great hero-worshipping nation has established a national shrine, to pass down to unborn generations their national devotion to the poet of the world.

We entered the Goethehaus, bought our tickets and parted with our umbrella, which innocent implement the careful official seemed to fear we might use for destructive purposes when we got above; parterre, there are just the office, the caretaker's rooms, and the spacious passage and stair-case leading to the Goethe dwelling on the first stage. We were allowed to go up unaccompanied, but a man took charge of us and the tickets when we reached the top of the stairs, and this man, as long as we remained in his custody, guarded us as closely as he might State prisoners. He insisted upon keeping us side by side, and a little to the front and right of himself. If one showed an inclination to linger behind for another little look he grew uneasy, and although all portable objects were in secure cases, if we looked unusually long, or with unusual interest, at anything, he grew jealous and fearful.

This stern man first led us through the little Speisezimmer (dining-room) to the Salon, a particularly interesting room. On the walls are the two celebrated portraits of Goethe, by Kraus and Angelica Kaufmann, portraits of his parents and various friends, and of Karl August and the dowager duchess, Anna Amalia, while in cases before the windows are arranged Goethe's own collection of antique gems, and the many little personal relics of the poet collected by the family at his death.

The poet's watch is there and his rings, locks of his hair at different ages, the oldest a little curl that his fond mother had cut off when Wolfgang was yet but a tiny fellow in knickers. Bunches of old pens are there, too—pens which had worn out over Faust and Wilhelm Meister, pens any one of which would sell as a treasure to any devout visitor of the shrine—but the State says these worn-out quills are too valuable to sell. There are prayer-books and other little presents the poet had received at different stages of his youth, bearing inscriptions from his parents or other friends, autograph albums in which he had written verses in his boyish hand, and trinkets he had worn—innumerable.

From the Salon we were conducted to the left to the Juno and Urbino zimmer. One sees the Junozimmer exactly as it was in Goethe's life-time; the same furniture and decorations, and arrangement of details, Steiler's picture of Goethe as an old man, and Bury's portraits of the poet and his wife, Christiane. When we saw Christiane, a pretty little fat thing with curls, so artless and so helpless, and so loving as a child, we thought of Goethe's little verses about her, and could not help feeling rather glad that "he did not pluck the little flower to wither; but dug it up with all its roots, and took it into the pretty house to bloom." The piano on which the boy Mendelssohn played for the poet stands in the Junozimmer; also many beautiful presents are there displayed, some of them from English friends, and medallions of the poet and his parents, presented by his native city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Again, in the Urbinozimmer, are many beautiful gifts the poet received, and among the pictures are various sketches by his own hand, light but pretty, for Goethe had more than ordinary skill with his pencil.

Having finished the Urbinozimmer, our guide gathered us up, and led us carefully back to the Salon, from which he set out on a new expedition, through a series of rooms to the right, containing Goethe's art-collections, arranged by himself. Here we spent time looking at the shelves upon shelves of majolica, the rows upon rows of coins, the drawings and busts and autographs which the poet had accumulated.

Next came the bust-room, where we found Lord Byron, a favorite of Goethe, as of most Germans, consorting with Herder and Weiland, and the great German celebrities. In this room, too, were a number of death-masks, among them Schiller's and Lessing's, and that of the poet's grandchild.

Near the bust-room is a little gartenzimmer (garden-room), from which on summer nights Goethe has watched the moon rise, and the soft-heaped clouds drifting through the sky; from there has the voice of his soul gone out in poetry into the world of poetry and space and silence; and the melody, to listening ears, must still be floating on summer nights about the little garden of Weimar. There was not much to see in the Gartenzimmer, that is, there was no majolica, nor were there any statues or medals or gifts, and I am sure that severe man, our guide, thought it just natural perversity that made us linger so long. Indeed he looked relieved when he had given us a check, and shown us the way down a flight of stairs to another part of the house for which he was not responsible.

We were next received by an unobtrusive official, who allowed us to linger and sentimentalize as long as we pleased, and who gave us interesting bits of information at the right moments. He had care of the Arbeitzimmer (work room) and adjoining Schlafzimmer (sleeping room) of the poet, which have remained exactly as they stood on the 22nd March, 1832, the day of mourning for the nation. The chairs are drawn to the table where Goethe used to sit dictating to his private secretary, Eckerman; the shelves of reference books around his writing-table remain untouched; a bottle of wine stands on his desk—has been standing there for sixty-two years; a plate of earth which the poet brought in from his last walk in the garden remains on a table near the window, with some scientific apparatus waiting to be experimented upon.

Fancy the vivid reality of to-day united with the hush of centuries, and the feeling is something akin to the feeling suggested by this Arbeitzimmer and the Schlafzimmer connected with it.

A poor little bed-room, such as an American day-laborer would think cheerless and bare, a common German bed with a gloomy brown quilt, a small stand holding a basin and sponge, a medicine bottle and a coffee set, and the arm chair in which the poet died, are the only furniture. A bit of shabby matting, checked black and green, is before the bed, and pieces of shabby matting are tacked over the draughty walls. There is nothing in the room to suggest that the owner was not utterly destitute, except a bell-rope at the head of the bed; the small room has one small window, and we did not wonder that the dying poet should call out for "More light." These were his last intelligible words, "More light," and a faithful nation say his soul was impatient for the glory of the other world. It produces an indescribable feeling to look at this little room and think that here one of the greatest men the world has ever known passed away, calling with the last breath for the light after which his Faust-mind had struggled for a life-time.

Great laurel crowns are strewn over his bed and hung upon his chair,—brought in large numbers every anniversary by loving men and women, who have no other way of saying: "He was great."

When we had gazed upon the little room until we felt the impression would hold for years, the patient official sent us upstairs again, this time to the second étage which, although the dwelling of the poet's grandson, Walter Von Goethe, is interesting from the many relics of the poet it contains. A good-natured man, so good-natured that one could not help feeling happy to look at him, met us, and took us into his confidence immediately. We had seen the rest of the house,—well, this part was no less interesting. Our new guide was possessed with the idea that we had difficulty in understanding the German language, so took the most evident pains to make his meaning clear to us. He was careful to use easy words and to express himself in short, simple sentences, to speak slowly and distinctly, and to take the main word of the sentence, and repeat it significantly, often explaining it by a synonym to be sure we got the sense, and illuminating his statements by the most vivid pantomime.

His conviction of our weakness in German took hold of ourselves in a short time; we began to think we had difficulty in catching his meaning, and soon, I have no doubt, showed as much pains to understand his explanations as he showed in imparting them.

Thus, our guide would articulate,

pausing between each word, "Dies ist der Stuhl von Goethe's Mutter"—"Goethe's Mutter-Stuhl,"—whereupon, although the use of the object might be guessed, he would go through the motion of seating himself, and we would look at each other and murmur: "Oh, it's a chair, the chair of Goethe's mother." Then we would nod intelligently to our guide to show him we understood, when with evident gratification he would show us some other object of interest. Oh, the pleasure he had in showing us those things; the clock from Goethe's father's house, all the poet's optical instruments, his hammock, the picture of his little favorite Fritz von Stein, his own drawings,—we feel virtuous still that we could have been the occasion of such overflowing happiness.

Finally we came to an object which, after much explanation, verbal and motional on the part of the radiant one, we learned was a spinning-wheel, which had belonged to the poet's mother. In pantomine our guide spun yards of flax, then having wrought us up to fever pitch of interest, he stopped, an unaccountable emotion betraying itself in his hitherto beaming countenance,—a mingling of mystery and tenderness and awful solemnity. Cautiously he closed the door of the room, although we were the only souls on the flat, and his voice sank to a carefully articulated whisper: "Were it found out, I am lost, but I would be unhappy if the ladies left the Goethehaus without a little souvenir — keepsake — awful risk — their sake—secrecy." When our expectation had become almost unbearable, this man out of a nation, after a last look, to be sure no one was behind the keyhole, hastily broke off a bit of thread from the spinning-wheel of Goethe's mother, and handed it to my companion. The latter whispered to me: "That means a tip," as if from the moment our German powers began to weaken she had not known how it must end. On my pantomiming that I should like the souvenir divided, the man went through the same precautions, the same explanations, emphasizing the important words even more forcibly as he broke off a second piece for me. Then he pointed to our pockets, repeated the word "port-monnaie," went through the motion of concealing a treasure in the pocket of a purse, and did not breathe freely until we had secreted the thread in a retired compartment of our pocket-book.

Later on, he bestowed another especial favor on us, at the risk of his position and reputation, in giving us a sheet of paper, with a neat copy of one of Goethe's shorter poems, one which had never been published, albeit I have since found a poem remarkably similar in my Goethe. This, too, he besought us to conceal, which we did with as much pains as if there were any necessity therefor.

At last we came to the room where Walter von Goethe died. We asked in broken, hesitating German if Walter was not married, whereupon the radiant face became dark and misanthropic, as the owner spelled out to us that Walter could not bear women,—hated women—never wanted to see them—quite the opposite of his grandfather; at which his face resumed its customary radiance to harmonize with the sentiment.

We were very sorry when there was nothing more to be seen in the second étage of the Goethehaus; it was hard to go out again into a cold, unsympathetic world, after the tenderness and magnanimity of this man, who had taken us to his heart so unreservedly, and borne with our linguistic infirmities as few would have done, who had risked everything that was dear to him, just that we might carry away a little souvenir of our visit. We sought for a fifty pfennig piece and tearfully pressed it into his hand; the parting, too, was not without emotion on his side, although, considering the fancy he had taken for us, he bore up very well indeed. With a last exhortation not to let the other officials see our keepsakes, he watched us smilingly until, following a bend in the staircase, we passed beyond the apartments illumined by his radiance.

After dinner in a neighboring restaurant, we set out with pristine zeal to the Schillerhaus, where, in answer to our ring, the hausmann appeared, and at once conducted us up two flights of dingy stairs to the humble rooms occupied by Schiller during the time he lived in Weimar. First is the entry room, which is now also office. Here we paid our fees, and having looked at the few souvenirs in the room, passed into the Salon, a luxury which lay beyond Schiller's means until the kind Grossherzogin (Grand-duchess) Luisee furnished this room for the purpose. A simple room it is, but a hundred years ago it may have been considered elegant—palatial, indeed, it is still, compared with the two remaining rooms on that étage, the poet's Arbeitzimmer (work-room) and Schlafstube,—the family lived on the étage below.

And here lived Schiller, here in these poor rooms, where even the rats might find it cheerless, did his noble spirit rise above the hard reality and picture the ideal. Never, surely, was genius so handicapped as Schiller's—ill-health, poverty, poorly paid work, inability to carry out his cherished plans or give himself the simplest pleasures; every sort of denial, every sort of restriction came to break his spirit; but

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

When but a boy in school, misunderstood, and hemmed in by all cramping influences, he uttered his impetuous cry for freedom in the boyish "Sturm und Drang" (Storm and Impulse) tragedy, "Die Rauber."

Ten years it took to pay back the money borrowed to get this first play published, but he paid it back and wrote other dramas. His life through he dreamed of visiting the sea, but, too poor for this, he had to content himself with Goethe's description of it; yet it doesn't cost marks and thalers for the spirit to travel, so while often the poor tired body was resting in his little Lehnstuhl (armstool) of the attic, Schiller was by the sea in spirit, and he has given us in his poem "Der Lancher" a picture of the ocean, which for vividness must stand unrivalled. A lover of the great and beautiful in nature, he yearned for Switzerland—the mountains. Such a journey was, however, again beyond his means, and again only through Goethe's description must he see them, —but he wrote Wilhelm Tell, thus giving to the world some of the truest and finest pictures of mountain scenery and Swiss life that have ever been written. He spent one summer in the village of Gohlis,—the room is still shown where he lived, in want,—but in this cramped and desolate little chamber he wrote his "Ode to Joy." At last, when the poverty against which he had struggled from his youth up was giving way, when the world was coming to his feet, when he stood in the happiest and most fruitful intercourse with his great contemporary, Goethe, when in fact, all restrictive circumstances seemed to be passing away and making place for the most favorable ones, when his soul was busy planning a tragedy which would be the greatest and worthiest of his works, death came. It robbed the world of a pure and lofty poet, but it gave the freedom to his indomitable spirit which this life never would have afforded.

In the sleeping-room is now but a table, placed there to make room for the bed, which towards the end was moved into the study to give more space and light to the dying poet. Since his death these rooms have remained unaltered. The last pen he used, and a lock of his hair, whitened with years, have been laid upon the desk, and here we sat, with softened feelings, to inscribe our names in the Schiller register.

There is something very touching about these rooms in the Schillerhaus, —their extreme poverty, the low ceilings, the bare floors, the shabbily-papered walls, the racked little spinnet and guitar of the poet, with the scant furniture; then the poor bed heaped up with laurel wreaths, and over it the picture of the man, who, in the very moment when life was beginning to be worth living, had to give up all. But even by death his lofty spirit was not conquered; it still lives with his pure life, and will live, to stir the hearts and fire the genius of thousands yet unborn.

The old man who has charge of the house took evident pride in showing us the relics of the poet, and evident pleasure in our appreciation; he broke a leaf off a laurel crown on the bed for each of us, that we might carry away a small souvenir of our visit. Poor old man, *he* was not looking for a tip; he was simply moved by his real devotion to the poet's memory, and the sentiment aroused in us by the room. Perhaps another little ground for tenderness for the dead Schiller, was the knowledge that the same disease which cut the gifted poet's life off at the point of his power and prospects, must in a short time take him too away, to make place for a younger, perhaps, but not more loving caretaker of the Schillerhaus.

The consumption, however, in Schiller's case, was not so much a wasting disease of the lungs or any special organ, as a consumption of his vital powers. Over-work,—terrific overwork amidst the most disheartening and wearing conditions,—strain on body and mind,—a fierce and ceaseless strain,—had eaten away his vigor and his youth, so that at the last, a slight cold, which a vigorous man would have shaken off, ended the cruel consumption which had been preying upon him from his boyhood.

Finding ourselves in the street again, and with no particular plan, we agreed to follow the crowd which seemed to be moving with not aimless solemnity along Amalienstrasse; accordingly we fell into line, and walked on with the Weimarites, farther and farther out, our curiosity growing with the procession and with the numbers whom soon we began to meet on their return way. Where were we going? Had we reflected that it was the Sunday after the Busstag, had we recalled the obituary sermon of the morning, had we taken intelligent notice of the great wreaths and bouquets so many were carrying, we must have known that we were going to the Friedhof. In truth, the cemetery proved the end of our walk.

It would seem that German cemeteries are carefully kept and the graves decorated at all seasons, but this day the attentions were special. The unbeautiful board coverings which these careful people construct around the graves at the approach of winter, to save the stones from the wear and tear of the elements, had been removed; the mounds looked to us strangely fresh and green; the stones, placed as a rule upon the top, were more graceful to the eye than the tall headstones or pompous monuments so usual in America; then the beautiful flowers, natural and artificial, and the great green wreaths arranged around the graves, the profusion of little trees and drooping bushes, and the especially pretty situation and lay-out of this Weimar Friedhof, made it a pleasant place to roam through this late November afternoon. We wandered about through the various divisions of the cemetery, the sections separated from each other by strange old walls, half overgrown with ivy and covered with inscriptions to the Familie Gellert, the Familie Liefenbach, or other well-established families; visited the little Greek Mortuary Chapel to the Russian Grand Duchess, Maria Paulowna, and the grand ducal vault, where, with the Weimar ducal dead, in laure -entwined coffins of oak repose the remains of Goethe and Schiller; and finally joined the crowd back to the town, and on to the Stadtkirche once more.

This time the sermon was on Death, Judgment, and the Hereafter—a long sermon, of a so decidedly old Testament spirit that at its conclusion we were glad to betake ourselves for the night to a stadt gasthaus near by, in whose friendly shelter we might forget the awful reckoning that awaited us.

A second day in Weimar gave us opportunity to go through the Museum, which is certainly good for such a small city; to visit the Grand Ducal Library, interesting from the memorials it shows of the members of the great literary circle and their works, apart from the fine collection of volumes it contains; and to be shown through the Palace, an ordinary place enough as houses go.

We also walked out beside the Ilm, through the Ducal park, to Goethe's gartenhaus, a beautiful walk through the most charming part of Weimar. The Ilm—one could almost hop across it—is a clear and chirpy little stream that runs along fearlessly, winding about as it pleases, making little waterfalls whenever inequalities in the land permit, and tumbling over every great stone it can find. It may not be a big and mighty river, but it is a first-class midget.

We ran along as merrily as itself. God's sunshine was over everything, and the poetry of life was in the air. We could induce ourselves to leave this fairy place only by promising to come back in summer, and just roam about all day under the blue sky and among the tall trees, and listen to the chattering of the Ilm.

A fine equestrian statue of Karl August stands near the entrance to the park, but the monument of the town is the Goethe-Schiller Denkmal, in front of the theatre. This beautiful group was designed by Rietschel, and erected in 1854, to the memory of the "Poet pair." They are standing as in life, holding between them a laurel-crown, the elder poet looking straight into the world and the mysteries of life; the younger, with gaze directed upward, where his eagle spirit saw the sun behind the tower. A hand-clasp of hearty sympathy unites them, and symbolizes the purest and most beautiful friendship, perhaps, the literary world has ever known. Both so great, yet so essentially different, only in the striving after the true and the beautiful did they stand on common ground, and in the interest, the sympathy, the joy in success, the frankness yet leniency in criticism, the admiration of each for the genius of the other, the friendly rivalry that, from 1794, until Schiller's death, stimulated both.

To this friendship, never marred by a shadow of the smallness which we so often, alas! see in the attitude of the gifted towards each other, did each poet owe with cheerful acknowledgment many of the best impulses and much of his best work, and in this friendship, which united them so nobly in life, will the world always think of Goethe and Schiller, and see them at their best.

There is a fine Denkmal to Weiland near the Frauenthoror, the road leading out to the cemetery; the poet's house, bearing the simple inscription, "Hier wohnte Weiland," stands, however, near the Theater-platz. Weiland is not read so universally as Goethe and Schiller; his poems have not in the same way sunk into the hearts of the people; they do not touch every chord of the human lyre, as Faust and William Tell, but his "Oberon" has taken its place among the classics, and promises to fulfil the prophecy of Goethe, who on reading it wrote to Lavater: "As long as poesy remains poesy, crystal crystal, and gold gold, so long will Oberon be loved and honored as a master work of art."

It was late in the afternoon of this

second day when we reached the house of Pauline Apul, and begged this elderly Fraulein to take us to the Lisztthaus, for in Weimar for many years lived also Liszt, and there he also composed masterpieces in another language, but which speak to the soul no less directly.

Fraulein Apul's eyes lit up at our request, and fetching her keys at once, she conducted us to the musician's house in the Marien-strasse. For thirty years she served in the Wittgenstein family and in Liszt's house, and now her joy in life is the memory of this service, with the occasional pleasure of showing visitors through the Liszt Museum, and telling them of the master who, with his genius, was so good, so amiable, so generous, that every one must love him.

We had seen pictures of Liszt's salon before, and felt on entering his room that we were coming where we had already been. A pretty room furnished for him by the Grossherzogin (grand duchess), gray and gold walls, striped red portieres, dark red furniture, carpeted floor,—a harmonious double room, Salon and Arbeitzimmer, as it was during the musician's life,—his piano beside one of the windows, and his Schreibtisch (writing-desk) in another part of the room, with its appurtenances in bronze, and with, among other papers, the sheet on which Liszt wrote his last notes.

Our conductress opened the piano, and told us kindly we might play, but we dared not take the liberty; we felt that we had scarcely the right to touch softly the keys of the Master's piano, the piano that was to him "what the boat is to the sailor, what the horse is to the Arab, more still, that was indeed himself, his language, his life." It was privilege enough to see it, and to fancy the Master playing.

Leading out of the Arbeitzimmer, is the Schlafzimmer, a simple room, but not showing the poverty of Schiller's nor the bareness of Goethe's. On the wall beside the bed, where his eye would fall on awaking, is a little picture of the Crucifixion, and at the head of the bed a little print of St John.

Liszt did not die in this room; he had gone to be present at a family celebration and to attend the musical festival at Beyreuth, and after a short illness there, died at the home of his daughter, the widow of his well-beloved friend, Richard Wagner.

Here we have a beautiful parallel of of the Goethe-Schiller friendship in the musical world, Liszt and Wagner. Again two men, so great yet so different, united by their common desire to realize "the harmony of eternity," the striving to put the ideal into tones, united by their admiration of each other and by Liszt's motto: "Genie oblige."

The rare sympathy between the two musicians is illustrated by the following remark of Wagner: "I saw Liszt conduct a rehearsal of my Tannhauser and was amazed through his rendering to recognize in him my second self. What I felt when I conceived this music, he felt when he directed it; what I wished to say when I wrote it down, he said in the interpretation." The proud, intense, reserved Wagner writes to Liszt: "Your friendship is the most important feature in my life. Inspiration the whole musical world cannot give me; you alone can give it me. You alone, through your sympathy, can supply all that is denied me through nature or defective training. When composing, I think always of you, and how this touch or that will please you. It seems to me, as if in us, two men meet who set out from opposite points to reach the heart of Art, and there, in the joy of their attainment, greet each other as brothers. If we did not love each other, we must have hated."

Again Wagner says of Liszt: "He is the one who gave me faith in my cause when no one knew me; without him, perhaps, the world would not know a single note of mine. He is my dear friend, Franz Liszt." And Liszt in the supplement to his will, repeats what he was never weary of acknowledging, his gratitude to the prophet of the Music of the Future: "He has been a light to me; I have followed it,—and my friendship for Wagner has retained always the character of a noble passion. At one time, I dreamed of a new art period for Weimar, similar to that of Karl August, in which Wagner and I might be the Coryphées as in the earlier period Goethe and Schiller,—but unfavorable circumstances have shattered this dream"

Their cheerful and loving acknowledgment of their mutual indebtedness, we read not only in the many creations dedicated by each to the other, but more clearly in their correspondence, now open to the world,—a touching monument to the friendship between these two great souls.

It seems fitting then after this long devotion that Liszt's last appearance in public was at the Wagner festival, that the last music he heard was "Tristram" and "Isolde, der Tod des geliebten."

Connected with Liszt's bed-room and also with the Salon is the dining-room, now converted into a Museum. Here are arranged the presents and marks of distinction received by the musician, as well as a wide and interesting collection of musical manuscripts and correspondence. Souvenir presents from every land he visited are there,—a bust of Queen Victoria, presented by Her Majesty the last time Liszt played for her; a coffee-set from the Sultan of Turkey; rich gifts from Arabia and France; scores of walking-sticks,—Liszt never carried one,—pipes and snuff-boxes uncountable, although he neither snuffed nor smoked; stars, medals, crowns, decorations of every sort. Letters are shown from all the distinguished persons of the time; but the twilight was too far advanced for us to look at these, and, too, we were impatient to get back to the Salon and Arbeitzimmer, where the associations are so much more real and moving.

There in the twilight it was not hard to fancy Liszt, as he himself represents the artist, "standing alone, —withdrawn into himself as in a sanctuary, where he contemplates and reverses the ideal which his life strives to realize. Here appear to him God-like, unreachable forms, colors such as his eye has never seen in the most beautiful flower in spring. Here he hears the harmony of eternity, whose cadence rules the world, and in which all voices in creation unite in wondrous celestial concert. Then a mad fever seizes him; his blood surges, and through his brain whirl a thousand consuming thoughts, from which the sacred labor of Art only can release him. He feels himself the prey of nameless evils. An unknown power forces him to give expression in words, colors, or tones to the ideal that lives in him and fills him with a thirst of desire, with a hunger for possession such as no man has felt for any object of a real passion. But his completed work, even when the whole world applauds, only half satisfies him. Unsatisfied, he would, perhaps, efface it, if a new apparition did not draw his attention away from what he has already created, to cast him again into those painfully sweet ecstasies which render his life a constant striving after an unattainable end, a continuous straining of all the spiritual faculties to rise to the realization of what he has conceived in those best hours when the eternal beauty reveals itself naked to his soul."

That evening the Opera of Wilhelm Tell was given in the Stadt-theater, so we went to see the freedom of Switzerland won on the German stage, by a robust German of powerful voice. Considering the size of the town, we were amazed at the way this opera was put on and executed—little inferior to the representations in the large cities. This formed a harmonious close to our day, and we had at the theatre the additional pleasure of learning from a friendly Weimarite, who sat next to us that the Schiller-Goethe Denkmal we admired so much before the theatre was completed mainly through the noble generosity of their later brother, Listz, "the poet of tones."

Next morning, having packed away the little souvenirs we had acquired, we descended sadly to breakfast and the usual Mahlzeit greetings. The housekeeper who met us in the hall wished us "Mahlzeit;" the waiter who showed us our seat murmured "Mahlzeit;" a man who was leaving the table as we entered, bowed deferentially "Mahlzeit;" the Oberkellner came and while brushing away some imaginary crumbs whispered "Mahlzeit;" a stout woman at the end of the table looked us over carefully, ending the scrutiny with "Mahlzeit;" two men, a few places off, stayed their knives on the perilous journey to their mouths in order to say "Mahlzeit;" our waiter brought us in our breakfast and repeated "Mahlzeit;" the proprietor, after we had begun to eat, walked over pompously and bade us "Mahlzeit, meiner Damen;" and an English girl who sat across from us finally upset our gravity by remarking with a smile "Mahlzeit."*

Despite the frequent Mahlzeit interruptions of our breakfast, and our own half-wilful dallying, we had the grief of being in time for our train, and soon, with unkind rapidity, were rushed away from the old-fashioned little town, with its irregular old buildings of the weather-worn red roofs, with its chattering little Ilm, its own especial blue sky, its national shrines of genius, its Denkmaler, its souvenirs, and its sacred associations, among which we had spent two of the richest days of this our mundane life.

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* "Mahlzeit" is equivalent to our "Good-morning," "How-do-you-do;" it is simply an expression used among acquaintances, wherewith to greet one another.

THE MICROBE.

Oh leave me, Science, let me sleep
  And turn my face unto the wall;
I've nothing now to guard or keep,
  You've left me bankrupt, taken all..
My breakfast waits, I dare not look;
  You've spread o'er all your spawn and fry
I can't dislodge by hook or crook,—
  There's nothing left me but to die.

I look and long for vanished faith;
  It won't return—you stand between,
And cover with your scum and skaith,
  My beef and bacon, dry and green.
You're omnipresent, that's enough—
  Have lien and mortgage, interest high,
On puffy paste, and pastry puff,
  On lemon tart, and pumpkin pie.

Your microbe meets me everywhere ;
  No chink nor crevice, brain nor bone,
But he has seized, and revels there,—
  A king of undisputed throne.
Around my porridge bowl he skips ;
  My ham is honey-combed all through ;
He whets his fangs and smacks his lips
  When smelling at my Irish stew.

I find him roosting in my hair,
  For he's domestic in his ways,
And struts about the places bare,
  When he is out for holidays.
I find him in my French menu
  And in my good Limburger cheese,
In slippery bouillon, strong ragout
  Enough to make a Zulu sneeze.

I know without a shadow now
  That ignorance is bliss, and doubt
That casts suspicion on your cow
  And plants grey fungus in your throat
Is no improvement—not a speck,
  Though native hair be changed for silk,
And tail be lost, you hang by neck,
  And sup bacilli in your milk.

But let it pass—this common phase
  I leave for worldly souls to cull,
And turn me to the higher ways
  Of psychic something, slow and dull !
Then let the microbe swim and sail,
  And find his epicurean feast,
And swing his partner, whisk his tail,
  In glue-pot slime or brewer's yeast.

I heed not thee ; some nobler things
  Than steak or trout or sausage balls
Cool Science to the devil flings,
  And leaves us but the empty stalls
Where Peace and Pity sold their doves
  And white-robed Innocence lies slain,
Where friendship's tears, nor boyhood loves,
  Shall ever make us fools again !

As when we trusted woman's heart,
  Despite her tongue, despite her will,

And temper too, for these apart,
  We still were prone to trust her still,
When gathered in her throat a lump,
  And we stood round in dumb surprise,—
Oh, was it but an engine pump,
  That burst the floodgates of her eyes?

When we were deaf as adders old,
  And could not hear an angel call,
She heard mid want and toil and cold,
  Her baby sobbing through a wall.
When we passed on the other side,
  And found for sympathy no place,
She stopped to succor, shield or hide
  Some erring sinner of the race.

We therefore thought that love was true,
  And warmer than a pulseless stiff,
But what is left us by the view
  Of microbe gnawing at midriff?
We knew, indeed, it had degrees
  Of phases strange or false to show,
But that t'was microbe! – Love Disease?
  The thing we worshipped long ago.

We thought, Ah well! what matter how
  We thought or felt, in part or whole,
Since Wright or Wrong or Conscience now,
  Is but some microbe in the soul!—
We thought that strain from viol or lute,
  Were spirit notes of higher things.
Alas! t'was but some gay galoot,
That kicked and hopped among the strings.

We thought a spirit dwelt in song,
  And joy behind a maiden's laugh,—
That God mayhap touched poet's tongue,
  More than the soulless phonograph.
Oh leave me, Science! let me sleep
  And turn my face unto the wall,
I've nothing now to guard or keep;—
  You've left me bankrupt, taken all!

D. McCaig.

BY THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

A Tale of Ontario.

BY R. F. DIXON.

For the southern portion of the Province of Ontario, the night of December 29th, 188—, was exceptionally cold and tempestuous. As a rule, the winters in the region which borders upon Lake Erie are decidedly shorter and less rigorous than those in the northern part of the Province, where I was born and brought up, and its snow-fall counts its inches to the other's feet. But this night, the worst I ever remembered before or since in my five years' residence in the village of Archangel, would have compared favorably (or unfavorably), with the wildest night I ever faced on the shores of the tempest-swept Georgian Bay. And it was one of those rare nights when a heavy snowfall is combined with intense frost and a raging nor'-wester.

Naturally enough, therefore, my heart sank within me when, just as I was finishing my last pipe before turning in. I heard the unmistakable jingle of sleigh-bells on the street, the stamping, a minute later, of feet on the sidewalk, and then a hurried knock at the office door. There was no mistaking the knock. My practised ear told me that I was in for an urgent call, involving probably a long drive on that awful night. Somebody, like the boy in Dotheboys' Hall, had gone and got sick out of spite. I almost groaned as I rose and opened the door, and I must confess I felt, if I didn't mentally mutter, what Sir Walter Scott and the old novelists used politely to call, an "objurgation."

I opened the door, and restraining a sudden insane impulse of slamming it in the visitor's face, and bidding him go to that place which Milton so magnificently and minutely describes in Paradise Lost, I bade him enter, in unprofessionally surly tones.

My visitor hurriedly obeyed, and after giving a safe vent to my feelings by violently slamming the door upon the howling tempest without, I accompanied him into the inner office, and asked him to be seated, reseating myself at the same time.

I silently watched him as he slowly opened his cow-skin overcoat, took off his fur cap and shook the half-melted snow out of it, and then began to disentangle his beard and moustache of the frozen snow and icicles with which they were thickly matted. He was a tall, dark man, apparently between forty and fifty, and, as I perceived in the imperfect light, the moment he unmuffled himself, a total stranger. I suffered him to rid himself of what I forebodingly saw were the unmistakable accumulations of a long drive, and then, desirous of knowing the worst, asked him his business.

He did not answer me until he had seated himself and spread a pair of talon-shaped hands over the stove. Then, without raising his eyes, he replied with startling leisureliness, as if imparting his opinion of the weather:

"I want you to come out and see my wife. I doubt she's poisoned herself."

I suppose it was on account of the unseasonable call and the dreary prospect it opened out, but the moment the man spoke I experienced a feeling of aversion toward him, as sudden and mysterious as a midnight presentiment. Nevertheless, my professional instincts caused me to jump up and commence collecting the drugs necessary for such a case.

"Poisoned herself?" I said, as I rose. "By accident?"

"Well, that's just it, Doctor," replied my visitor, in slow, easy tones, as if balancing the pros and cons for late or early spring, "I can't tell you. I've got my suspicions. But all I know is that while I was doing the chores this evening, the hired girl came running out to the barn and told me the wife had taken a dose of Rough on Rats in mistake for Burdock Blood Bitters. I ran in and found her in convulsions, so came right away."

As he finished speaking, I turned round, and, as he looked up at me for the first time, the light fell full on his face.

There are three kinds of faces. The first, and rarest, irresistibly attracts; the second, and commoner, irresistibly repels, and the commonest of all does neither. His was of the second class. A more repulsive face I have never before or since seen. It was an equal compound of the wolf and the fox, a well-balanced mixture of violence and cunning. It was the face of a man who would, on a fixed principle, first try trickery, and who, failing trickery, would try force, and who, failing force, would fall back upon trickery as naturally as the baffled alligator seeks the water.

He had a thin, hatchet-shaped face, with scrubby, iron-grey whiskers, a pair of weasely eyes, that had an intently listening expression. But his voice, like Rashleigh Osbaldistone's, was as soft and melodious as the *vox humana* stop of a pipe organ.

I suppose some of the instinctive distrust and dislike that had suddenly surged up within me must have shown itself upon my beardless face, for the man let his eyes fall and shifted uneasily in his seat. "What is your name?" I asked, resuming my work with the drugs.

"Israel Stillgrove.—I live on the third of Fox, second farm from the town line, between the English church and the school-house. The school-house is on my place. You know the Stillgrove school-house,"—he replied in his insinuating, melodious voice, that had I not seen his face would have crept into my confidence.

I knew the house only too well. It was at least nine miles distant, and could only be expeditiously reached by a very hilly road, traversed in no less than three places by a winding river, spanned in one place by a bridge that I understood was shortly to be condemned by the county engineer.

"What are your reasons for supposing that your wife poisoned herself?" I asked, still continuing my preparations, with my back to Stillgrove.

"Well, her father poisoned himself, and she has a sister in the lunatic asylum. I'm thankful we never had any children. I doubt it's in the family."

His story came, to use the old Scotch expression, as easily and readily as "twice howked earth." But there were two suspicious statements in it. First, as to the apparently swift action of the poison; second, his coming for me on that terrible night, when, as I knew full well, there were at least three medical men considerably nearer, all older and better known practitioners than myself. Then his perfect coolness and deliberateness very unfavorably impressed me. I began to experience a positive repulsion to the man.

"Didnt't you try to do anything for her?" I asked, as, having got the necessary drugs collected, I began equipping myself for my long, cold drive.

"Yes, we tried to get some salt water down her throat, but she was too far gone. Her teeth were clenched like a steel trap. I doubt if she'll be alive by we get there."

"You take it pretty coolly I must say," I said, unable to restrain my disgust at his apparent utter heartlessness. He might have been speaking of the prospective death of a steer, for any particle of feeling he exhibited.

"I'm not one of the excitable kind that makes a big fuss about what can't be helped, and I'm sort of stunned with the thing, anyway," he replied, rather sullenly. "And anyway, if I hadn't wanted to do everything I could for the poor woman I wouldn't have come away out here on a night like this."

I felt I had spoken unwarrantably. A doctor, like a constable, should, in his professional capacity, be superior to any prejudices, and should deal with people as with machines. I felt rather ashamed of myself. Such cases were happening every day.

"Well, well, I shouldn't have said that," I replied, "but if you've got thawed out, you better start for home. It'll take me fifteen minutes to get hitched up. If she's living, try and get this powder down her throat."

I waited until he had reinvested himself with his fur coat and cap, and then accompanied him to the door. A blinding cloud of dry snow, that stung like sand, greeted us at the threshold, on which a drift of nearly a foot had accumulated since the last opening of the door. Scarcely a light shone in the village street, up which the wind raced and howled as if all the aerial powers of darkness were holding high holiday. Hardened, as I professionally was, to death under all its phases, I could not help thinking, with a shudder, that, in the words of one of Sir Walter Scott's characters, "it was an awful night for a soul to leave this world."

Stillgrove, with his constitutional deliberateness, untied his team, which were cowering with their backs to the storm, and climbed into the sleigh, and after going very leisurely through the necessary evolutions, got turned round and fairly started on his homeward drive.

In about fifteen minutes I had got my own team harnessed and hitched up and was plunging down the deserted street in the teeth of the stinging, biting, blinding blast.

Slowly and painfully, with smarting face and aching eyes, I fought my way through the storm. With the exception of about the last two miles, the road ran almost due north, and was therefore exposed to the oblique action of the wind, and so was more or less badly drifted. Being an old-settled and well cleared country, it was only occasionally that a patch of bush broke the force of the tempest and afforded a brief respite from the drifts and razor-edged hurricane. But my team were staunch and true, and I was young and warm-blooded, and it was only at the expense of one upset and a pair of ominously tingling ears that I reached the last bridge and knew that my difficulties, for at least the time being, were virtually over. A quarter of a mile's drive along a sheltering belt of woods would bring me to the town-line, which I well knew, from the course of the wind, would be perfectly clear of drifts; and the Stillgrove farm was scarcely a furlong from the town-line.

I drove down the short, sharp hill and across the narrow level flat that bordered the river, and found myself on the approach to the bridge. It was one of the largest and oldest bridges in the county, and formed one of the principal outlets to an Indian reserve, the corner of which at this point terminated at the river. Owing to the cost of its rebuilding, and a consequent dispute between the county and the Indian Department at Ottawa as to the proportion of the expenditure, it had been allowed to fall into a disgraceful state of dilapidation. So manifestly unsafe had it, during the past few months, become, that the county had determined to bring matters to a head by closing it altogether, and so forcing the hand of the Department. This I had heard casually a few days before. The order had not, however, been yet formally given, and so the bridge was still open for travel. The floor and supports of the bridge itself were not considered to be pre-eminently unsafe, but the approaches were rickety to a degree that was unmistakable even to foot passengers, and in the middle of the bridge and at the very highest point above the water two immense gaps in the balustrade yawned at nearly opposite places.

It was with a sensation of relief, therefore, that I found myself across the far approach, which was considerably the worse of the two, and ascending the hill that gently sloped toward the town line.

I had gained the town line, which, as I anticipated, was clear of drifts, when I heard the sound of sleigh bells behind me. I pulled up for a minute, and a farmer's sleigh, drawn by a team, came jangling up behind me.

"Is that you, Doctor," came in a voice which I recognized immediately as that of Stillgrove.

I am not a constitutionally nervous or morbidly imaginative man, but the moment I recognized the man's unmistakably soft, dulcet voice—so uncommon, by the way, in a Canadian, —I almost leaped to my feet. It thrilled me through and through, like a voice from the tomb.

"Why, Mr. Stillgrove," I shouted back, mastering myself by a sudden effort, "what on earth are you doing here? I thought you were at home fifteen minutes ago."

"I broke one of my tugs between the sixth and seventh, and had to drive into McNab's place to get help."

This was likely enough, and yet I felt in my very bones that he was lying. He had deliberately driven down one of the concession roads and allowed me to pass, for some sinister reasons of his own.

"Well, you better pass me here," I replied, "I can turn out. One minute in a case like this may be worth a lifetime."

"No, I'll follow on behind. I'd only delay you if I went on. Anyway, I ain't any good in such cases," he replied.

I put the whip to my team and started off again at a spanking pace, followed a few rods behind by Stillgrove. After a silent drive of about fifteen minutes we reached the farm, and drove down the lane to the house. It was a small frame building, plainly erected to serve as kitchen to some future and larger edifice. Leaving my team to Stillgrove, who very effusively volunteered his services, I jumped out of my cutter, and advancing to the back part of the house, where a light was burning, I knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by a woman holding a coal oil lamp.

She was a handsome, hard-faced young woman, under thirty, with a pair of defiant black eyes and an excellent complexion, and reminded me instantly of the typical English bar maid.

"O! you're the doctor," she said, after she had darted a penetrating glance out of her undeniably fine eyes; and turning to light me into the kitchen: "Won't you sit down and warm yourself?"

"Well, how is Mrs. Stillgrove?" I asked, disencumbering myself of my buffalo coat and throwing it over the back of a chair and remaining standing. "Is she still alive?"

"Yes, but she's very weak."

"Got her senses?" I asked.

"Yes, I guess so," she replied, with a certain undertone of hard indifference that well accorded with her hard-featured face. "She seemed to know me last time I was in the room."

"I'll go and see her right away," I said, disgusted with the brutal callousness that seemed to characterize both husband and servant.

"Won't you wait for Mr. Stillgrove? He'll be here in a minute," asked the girl.

My distrust and incipient suspicion

only receiving stronger confirmation from this proposal, I answered with curt decisiveness: "No, I'll go now."

She was still holding the lamp, and I saw her dart a rebellious look at me and make as if to speak. But undoubtedly noticing my determined tone and expression she thought better of it and turned and led the way into the sick room.

The front of the little house was traversed by a narrow passage out of which opened four doors. In the furtherest room, one of those horrid stuffy little dog-holes so common in Canadian farm-houses, I found the sick woman.

She was lying with her face to the wall, but turned slowly as we entered. She was apparently a woman about the age of her husband, and had decidedly good features. But the tragedy of a life-time was written across her face. Hard work and myriad mordent cares and unhygienic diet and surroundings, play sad havoc with the good looks of our Canadian farmers' wives. But there was something infinitely different to mere overwork and an excess of life's healthy care in that face. It was not so much a careworn as a terror-worn face—the face of one on whom had fallen some blighting life-horrors, who had lived long days and perchance years in the presence of some mind and soul-entrancing peril—the face, in a word, of a haunted woman.

"This is the doctor, Mrs. Stillgrove," said the girl, advancing, lamp in hand, to the bedside.

The sick woman gazed at her for a moment with lack-lustre eyes. Then that sudden and mysterious transformation of returning intelligence one often observes in such cases swept over her face; her horror-enthralled soul woke up within and looked out of her eyes. She made a feeble deprecatory movement of the hand, and uttering some inarticulate sound, turned her face again to the wall. "I guess she's gone off her head again," half whispered the girl, with a voice that unmistakably trembled.

I put the girl aside without ceremony, and advancing to the bed, bent over the unfortunate woman.

"It's Dr. Horncastle from Archangel. I've come out to see you, and I've good hopes of pulling you through."

I spoke gently and cheerily, and not, I knew, without good foundation. The woman had plainly taken an overdose of poison, but it was not at all unlikely could be saved. She appeared, moreover, a person of excellent physique, and her face indicated unmistakably, if undefinably, that tenacity of life known as vitativeness.

At the sound of my voice, with its unfamiliar kindliness of tone, she turned feebly again and looked at me, and I noticed her gaze for a moment wander towards the hired girl, who was standing a little behind and to one side of me, still holding the lamp.

"I'll call for you if I want anything," I said, turning to her, and speaking in unmistakably plain tones.

The girl put the lamp down on a small table behind her, and then sat down on a chair near the door, with such a dogged look on her face, and such a defiant flash of her eyes, that I knew she could not be got rid of without some kind of scene. This being most undesirable in the weak condition of my patient, I restrained the peremptory command that at first rose to my lips, and turned again to the bed.

I put the usual enquiries to my patient, and found from her description of the symptoms, given in a feeble, broken voice, that, as I had at first surmised, she had taken an overdose of poison. Just as I had concluded and was considering the best course of treatment, I heard the back door open and close, and in another moment Stillgrove entered the room.

At the same moment the hired girl retired to the kitchen.

As he entered, I noticed a convulsive shudder pass over Mrs. Stillgrove. And again she turned her face to the wall.

Choking down an almost uncontrollable impulse to seize the brute by the throat and shake the life out of him, I said in tones of assumed cheerfulness:

"Your wife is much better than I expected to find her. She has taken an overdose of poison, but I think we'll have no difficulty in pulling her through."

A black scowl and a mechanical smile contended for a moment for the mastery on his ill-favored face. After a short, sharp tussle the smile conquered, and he said in his beautiful melodious voice, which "on the boards" would have made his fortune: "Well, that's good news. It's taken a big load off my mind."

I saw, from the motion of the bedclothes, that at the sound of his voice another shudder of repulsion had agitated his wife. Rather alarmed as to the possible evil consequences of this sudden shock, I said:

"Turn over, Mrs. Stillgrove; I want to listen to your heart."

She obeyed me with an alacrity that rather surprised me, and bending over I placed my ear to her breast.

I had scarcely got my ear into position when I heard her distinctly whisper:

"I want to speak to you alone. I am watched."

I concluded my examination and then, resuming the perpendicular, turned to Stillgrove, who was sitting, half leaning forward, but, as I instinctively felt, watching me with the closeness of a crouching tiger, I said: "Mr. Stillgrove, will you please get me my medicine case. I left it in the kitchen."

He rose almost with a jump, and hastened out of the room.

As he turned, I saw Mrs. Stillgrove quickly slip her arm under her pillow, fumble for a moment and withdraw it. Then she slipped an envelope into my hand, just as the hired girl came into the room. I stole my hand as deftly as I could into my breast pocket, and there deposited the letter, morally sure, however, that I had been detected by the lynx-eyed servant girl. In another minute Stillgrove re-entered with the case.

For the sake of appearances, and to give myself time to think, I opened the case and began selecting some drugs Then a plan flashed across my mind.

"I find I have left my stethoscope in the cutter, Mr. Stillgrove, and I cannot prescribe for your wife without a thorough examination. I'll take your lantern out and get it. You needn't come, and you couldn't find it yourself."

And so, disregarding some proffer of assistance from Stillgrove, I passed out through the open door, into the hall, where upon a chair there stood a lighted stable lantern, took it, and passed through the kitchen into the lane and thence to the barn-yard, where my cutter, with the shafts leaning against the granery door, stood.

The storm had at length worn itself out, and the wind had dropped to an almost dead calm. The snow-fall had ceased with the wind, and the stars twinkled with that electric brightness peculiar to a Canadian winter's night. Over the forest at the back of the farm a pale, cold, full moon was rising.

I placed the lantern in the bottom of the cutter, and producing the envelope, which was unsealed and unaddressed, took therefrom a sheet of ordinary note paper, unfolded it, and read:—

> "I have wrote this to let people know how i have come by my deth, i know i am going to dye, because i feel the poyson working already, they give me a big dose to night in my tea, i know this for I heerd them talking about it after tea, it is all the doin of that wicked retch of a girl, he is tired of me

and theyve been planning this thing for the last twelve month, i seen and known it since last winter, theyll turn it off on account of my father bein' in the sylum, but that's got nothin to do with it, he went crasy from a blo on his head, there's never been one of the name crasy and theyll say I tuk the stuff myself, but as sure as theres a God in heaven theyll have to answer for this, he was a good man till that hussy came "

ANGELINA STILLGROVE.

Dec. 29th, 188—

P.S.—i have wrote this in my right mind.

I read the crabbed scrawl with some difficulty in the imperfect light, but with gathering horror.

The history of a ghastly conspiracy lay unfolded before me. So far by a mere mischance it had failed. What could I do to prevent a fresh attempt. I must in some roundabout but unmistakable way intimate to them my suspicions, and my determination to subject them to a vigilant surveillance. But no time was to be lost.

I therefore hunted up my stethoscope, which I suddenly remembered I had stowed away with some other articles under the cutter seat, and returned to the house.

I found both Stillgrove and the girl in the kitchen. The former followed me into the bed-room.

I placed the stethoscope in position, and, in answer to an enquiring look from my patient's eyes, I whispered slowly and softly, "I've read it. Have no fear. I'll see you get no harm."

From the action of her heart I decided that she would require occasional doses of stimulant, and intimated this to Stillgrove, who was sitting in his usual observant attitude.

Well, that's unfortnit," he said slowly; "we never keep liquor in the house;" then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he continued: "If you'll give me a ride as far as the tenth of Pitt, I guess I can get some from old Sandy McFarland; he always keeps it in the house."

I saw no possibility of any reasonable objection to this, though I would just as soon have taken a rattlesnake into my cutter; and so, after mixing some medicine, and compounding some powders, and taking leave of my patient, who gave me a parting look of unutterable wistfulness and gratitude, I accompanied Stillgrove into the kitchen.

Here I gave minute directions as to the administering of the medicine, and then, with an alternate look into the eyes of both, said slowly, and with great firmness:

"Remember, I want my directions carried out to the letter. I won't be responsible for any neglect. I'll be here about noon to-morrow."

From the expression in the eyes of both I instinctively felt that my hint had gone straight home. The servant girl returned my look with intensified brazen doggedness, but with an uneasy twitch at the corners of the mouth; Stillgrove, I noticed, was, with an ostentatious assumption of looking point blank into my face, really looking past me.

We got the team hitched up, and were soon on the high road. Before extinguishing the stable lantern, I looked at my watch, and found that it was half-past twelve. The moon was now high in the heavens, and with the pure, new-fallen snow, made the smallest objects clearly distinguishable.

I drove down the road, and along the Town Line, as fast as the drifts would safely allow, desirous of abbreviating my enforced companionship with Stillgrove, close proximity to whom made my flesh positively creep. Moreover, I felt morally certain that he knew that some communication had passed between me and his wife. And then there was the hint I had just given him as to tampering with the medicine.

We drove then in unbroken silence for nearly a mile and a half, when, as I slackened up to ascend a hill a few rods beyond which we would turn down towards the bridge in the hollow, he suddenly said: "What was in that paper you got from my wife, Dr. Horncastle?"

A jab in the side with a bowie knife would scarcely have startled me more and found me less prepared. So, as I suspected, the servant girl had divined the whole thing, and of course communicated her suspicions to Stillgrove.

I was so taken aback by the brazen effrontery of the brute, as well as by the suddenness of the question, that I did not answer him.

"Say, Doctor," he resumed, in a coaxing tone, "let me have that paper. I'll make it worth your while, and I've got the stuff on me now," and he made a movement as if to produce his pocket book.

"Mr. Stillgrove," I replied, unutterably disgusted, "don't insult me with this kind of talk."

"Then she did give you a paper, and you went out to read it when you went to look for that instrument in the cutter?"

I did not reply, and he resumed in a low, quick, eager voice: "I'll give you fifty dollars in cash for that paper."

"What do you take me for?" I asked, as we surmounted the hill and resumed our trot.

"Look here, I'll make it seventy-five; yes, I'll make it a huudred," he said, laying his hand on my arm.

"Mr. Stillgrove," I said, with all the dignity I could muster, "if you don't stop this kind of talk, I must ask you to get out of the cutter. To be plain with you, I won't allow any man to talk to me in this style."

There was a silence of several minutes, during which we turned down towards the bridge.

"Dr. Horncastle," suddenly resumed my companion, "do you think it is right for a man in your position to listen to a poor demented creature like my wife, that's been subject these five years and more to all kinds of delusions? And don't you think that I, as her husband, have a good right to demand that letter?"

Had my suspicions been less deeply rooted, his wonderfully persuasive voice would, I believe, have shaken my resolution. But, not to mention his attempted bribe, there were too many ugly features about the affair to make me anything but morally certain of the existence of foul play, so I answered coldly, as one whom no appeals could move: "I must decline to discuss this matter with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I haven't decided what I shall do. You'd better let the matter drop."

"You won't give me the letter, then?"

"No."

He did not reply. We had now reached the bridge. About half way across the approach he suddenly slipped out of the cutter, ran on ahead and then stopped in the middle of the bridge and close to the gaps already referred to. Before I had begun to form any coherent surmise as to the meaning of this move on his part, I had reached the place where he stood. Then I saw him start forward and seize the horses. Naturally they came to a full stop.

Before my blank astonishment would allow me to utter a word he yelled out in a passion-transformed voice:

"Ill not let you pass till you give me that paper. Will you give it or not,—for the last time?"

"No!" I shouted back; "Make way or I'll drive over you."

"Look here," he said, with another sudden change in his marvellously flexible voice, "Why don't you listen to reason? You can make money out of that letter if you just say the word. But if you won't, I'll try some other way with you."

"You'll neither force nor coax it from me," I replied.

"Well, I give you fair warning. I've got a loaded seven-shooter in my pocket. Won't that bring you to your senses?"

As he stopped speaking I began to

be conscious of a peculiar motion in the cutter. It suddenly gave a backward and downward tip. Looking behind me, I was horrified to perceive that, while I had been talking, Stillgrove had gradually backed the rig half over the undefended edge of the bridge. At this point the height of the bridge above the frozen river was at least fifty feet, and a fall therefrom meant certain death. With consummate cunning, he had kept me closely engaged in a most exciting discussion, and so diverted my attention.

Already the cutter was more than half over the edge of the bridge. There was only one thing to be done. I gave the horses a tremendous cut with the whip. They bounded forward nearly a rod, at once freeing me from my perilous position, and then, stopping, recoiled a little, bounded forward again, and rearing high in the air dragged Stillgrove off his feet. Down in a moment they came with a tremendous thump that made the crazy old bridge quiver like a billow-buffeted ship. Stillgrove still battled desperately with the snorting, half-maddened horses. Again they began to back, and I felt the cutter tip again. I desperately applied the whip. They made a second tremendous forward bound, and again rearing almost upon their haunches, came down upon their feet, this time freed from their tormentor. An ominous crack like a musket shot rang out in the frosty air, then another and another. As we dashed forward, I felt the old bridge reeling beneath me. I had just gained the further approach, when, with a thunderous roaring crash that to my dying day will ring in my ears the whole bridge behind me gave way. Flogging my horses like one possessed, I dashed across the approach and reached the road. There my terrified team suddenly stopped stock-still, and I could feel the cutter vibrate as they trembled.

I looked round and saw that the bridge had subsided into a shapeless mass of wreckage.

I got out, and after patting and quieting my team, ran back and took a closer survey of the fallen bridge. The shock of its descent had smashed the ice, and the liberated river, which runs fast here, was furiously boiling and bubbling against the broken timbers and over the surface of the unbroken ice further down. Not a sign of Stillgrove was visible or audible. With my heart in mouth I hailed him once—twice—thrice—and, after a long pause, for a fourth time.

There was no answer.

As any nearer approach to the ruined bridge was utterly impracticable, and would in fact have been an exceedingly perilous undertaking, I returned to where my team still stood trembling and steaming in the cold, clear moonlight.

Feeling morally certain that Stillgrove had met with a sudden and horrible death, and knowing full well the utter uselessness of making any attempt to recover his body, I drove home. Taking it altogether, I felt that the accident had been the providential means of ridding the earth of a most detestable wretch. And I was thankful that I had not been called upon to attempt his rescue.

I reached his late residence by a circuitous route about noon the next day, and found my patient greatly improved, but as yet unconscious of her husband's fate.

As I was returning along the townline I met some of the neighbors conveying the body of the wretched man home. It had been found pinned by a broken timber to the bottom of the river and was badly mangled.

His widow, who of course sent the hired girl about her business, gave him a decent funeral, and discreetly held her tongue. I very much question if anyone beside herself, the hired girl and your humble servant, had anything more than a hazy suspicion of this, to use a medical term, "aborted" crime. Medical men see some strange things in the course of their practice, and come into the involuntary guardianship of many dark family secrets whose disclosure would send many fair reputations sky high. Stillgrove is still spoken of by his neighbors as a decent, well-spoken, inoffensive man who had a good word for everybody and hadn't an enemy in the township.

On my part I was so profoundly impressed with the almost "poetical" righteousness of his fate that I have always regarded his horrible end as a direct interposition of Divine justice, and I have named this story accordingly.

AWAY FROM THE CITY.

Away from the city
Where eager throngs struggle
For pleasure or riches
Position or fame,
Where wantonness squanders
And poverty wanders
And thousands are crushed in
The self-seeking game.

Away from the worry
The turmoil and hurry,
From anxious looks stamp'd with
The deep ruts of care,
Where purse pow'r infringes
And penury cringes,
And cunning o'erreaches
By methods unfair.

Away from ambition
And fev'rish excitement,
The smoke and the din of
The bread-winning strife,
Where fortune's swift losses
Reverses and crosses
Are sapping the mind pow'r
Of many a life.

Away to the country
Where morn with her blushes
Awakens the breezes,
And nature restores
Where valleys are nursing
And dawn light dispersing
The night mists ingather'd
From wave-beaten shores.

Away to the meadows
Where cow bells are tinkling
And cobwebs hang beaded
With dews of the night,
Where young broods are napping
And woodpeckers tapping
And gray hawks go floating
In ambient flight.

The smile-crested meadows
O'erswept by the shadows
Of shatter'd cloud squadrons
In flying retreat,
Where wanton wind presses
The low-bending grasses
With am'rous caresses
And whisperings sweet.

Away to the backwoods
Where tall trees entangled
Are swaying green branches
Aloft in the air,
Where brooklets are sparkling
And hillsides bespangled
With wild flow'rs unwrinkled
By culture or care,

The dark silent wildwood
In long days of childhood
Its visions enchanting
So dreamily taught.
Where young foxes gambol
Among the wild bramble
And berry crown'd hillocks
By partridge brood sought.

Away from confusion,
Midst forest seclusion,
Enjoy the soft music
Of each breeze that blows,
The song of the pines
And the sigh of the cypress
Will bring to the weary
Mind soothing repose.

Recall the dimmed phantoms
Of youth's fervid dreaming
Review all the years that
Have gone to the past.
The remembered experience
With wisdom is teeming,—
Inspired by its lessons,
The future recast.

EDWARD MEEK.

THE BERNHARDT AND THE BEAR.

How the Celebrated Actress Shot a Bear.

BY. A. M. R. GORDON.

A LITTLE over five years ago, the city of Seattle was honored with a visit by "the Divine Sara" Bernhardt.

That visit seemed the fitting culmination to the "boom" which had carried that resolutely progressive burg over the opposition of the Tacoma wing of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and the terrible fire which had subsequently wiped its business part out of existence.

That fire, by the way, had consumed a city of lumber, but its place was taken by a new city of brick—another proof, if proof were needed, that Seattle was peopled by men of exceptional energy and confidence, men who could

> "Grasp the skirts of happy chance,
> And battle with their evil star."

Then, to crown their highest hopes, to show that Destiny approved their efforts to make the city by Elliott's Bay the great metropolis of Puget Sound, Sara Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, came to fill an engagement in its Opera House.

The great actress, to be sure, did not patronize any of the fine hotels which the city boasted. She had her own car, side-tracked at the depôt, and lived and moved and had her being therein during the most of the time when she was not on the boards in the Opera House aforesaid. She was not seen to any extent on the sidewalks of Seattle's leading streets. She kept herself to herself, except so far as she may have talked to Manager Abbey, and her *cher garcon* Maurice, whose surname, for reasons, is the same as that of his *maman*.

To newspaper interviewers, she was absolutely invisible, and the "sleuths" of the press tried vainly all manner of devices to get a word with the great actress.

There was one scribe, however, who accomplished what every one believed to be the impossible. He succeeded, not indeed in interviewing the Bernhardt in the sense of getting a confidential "talk" with her, but seeing her kill a bear, by planting a bullet squarely between its eyes, and thus beholding her in a new *rôle*—one certainly never filled by her on any stage.

This is how it came about.

Guy C. Phinney, a very successful and most genial real estate man of Seattle, had laid out, in the suburbs, a fine place of resort which he had named "Woodland Park." He had built a trolley road to it; had cleared and laid out a part of it in the most approved "park" style, but by far the larger portion of it still remained in the condition which Longfellow has defined, for all time, as "the forest primeval."

Mr. Phinney had, through the columns of the local press, from time to time circulated reports that a bear or bears had been seen there, but few, if any, of the people of Seattle believed the stories, and these attemps to add the *feræ naturæ* to the other charms of Woodland Park seemed destined to end in smoke, to the disappointment of Mr. Phinney and his discredit as an ingenious advertiser.

But if any man thought that Phinney was to be "left" when it came to advertising, that man was fooled. Sara Bernhardt's arrival gave him the very chance Mr. Phinney was waiting for.

He buttonholed Abbey on the evening when Madame Bernhardt was going to play, and told him that, if "the divine" would like to get some bear-shooting in the immediate neighborhood of the city, he would be delighted to accommodate her in his demesne of Woodland Park on the following day.

On Mr. Abbey's broaching the idea to the Bernhardt, that lady literally jumped at it, and arrangements were promptly made that the hunting party should proceed to the park the following day.

Mr. Phinney had now to find the bear.

This there was little or no difficulty in doing. A histo-genetic (whatever that may mean) doctor in the city had a tame black bear which he was willing to dispose of for the sum of $100. Phinney promptly bought the animal, and arranged for his conveyance to Woodland Park on the following morning, under the care of the Chinese factotum doctor.

The arrangement was duly carried out, so far as starting the Chinaman and his charge along the road was concerned. But trouble began *en route*. Bruin took the idea into his head that he might vary the monotony of trudging along the dusty road by "climbing" his Mongolian leader, and the latter incontinently fled, leaving the bear to his own devices.

When Phinney heard of this he immediately organized a band of men to recapture the bear, for he felt "in his bones" that it would never do to have Madame Bernhardt "draw a blank" in Woodland Park.

The bear was finally caught, released from his chains, and comfortably "treed" in the shadiest and wildest part of the park.

Then Mr. Phinney notified the favored reporter aforesaid (he worked on an evening paper) and in due time the latter followed up the carriage containing Mdme. Bernhardt, Maurice Bernhardt, Mr. Abbey, and Guy Phinney, in the direction of Woodland Park.

Arrived at the gateway, all left the carriage, and Mdme. Bernhardt, excusing herself for a minute or two, stepped behind the vehicle and returned without her petticoats and skirt, and clad in the bifurcated garb of the French huntsman, breeches, top-boots. and all *en regle*. In her hand she carried a dainty rifle, and looked "business" all over.

There was no time lost in reaching the foot of the tree where the bear was, though Phinney made a great show of hunting around with two mongrel hounds which he had impressed into his service for the day.

When it was announced that the quarry had been located, Mdme. Bernhardt stepped coolly forward, sighted the head of the animal and, with the coolness of one who having long ago got over "stage fright," took no account of "buck fever," planted a bullet straight between the eyes of bruin, and tumbled him to the foot of the tree as dead as Queen Anne,

He was a big, "well-nourished" bear—a proof of the soundness of the histo-genetic system of treatment, and as the great tragedienne with stately grace planted her foot on his body it was a tableux worth a good deal to see.

The scribe returned to his office, wrote the whole story for his paper as a *bona fide* bear-hunt, and it "went" with the public.

The morning papers were "left"—"scooped." They had had no reporter on the ground, and all they could do was to re-hash the story told by the evening journal. Of course, nothing could be got out of Mr. Phinney but what was confirmation of the evening paper's story, and Abbey did not know anything more than what he had seen. So the morning papers confirmed the tale. "The Divine Sara" left next day under the impression that she had, in very truth, slain a wild bear, and the eastern press reprinted the story.

Over the fact that the scribe who wrote the tale originally, and who was alone on the inside track, afterwards exposed the whole thing in the most merciless way, poking heartless fun at his *confreres* of the morning dailies, and giving a still larger measure of advertising to the proprietor of Woodland Park, I draw a veil.

A PAIR OF HANDS.

I lingered o'er the hand I held
As we had lingered o'er the way ;
Its five small members, soft and warm,
Within my own responsive lay.
And all the while with joyous pride
My heart within its bosom swelled,
Because I knew that I had won
The girl whose hand I lingering held.

I lingered o'er another hand
I held last night ; and clean forgot
The other one, because I knew
I held a hand to rake the pot.
And all the while I raised the pile ;
Until to show I was compelled
A flush in hearts—the hand at cards
That in my own I lingering held.

Jeremy Clay.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S VICTORY FOR ADULT SUFFRAGE

BY CATHERINE HELEN SPENCE.

THE hearts of all friends of Equal Rights in this Province of South Australia are pretty cheerful at this Christmastide, because on the 18th of this month the bill granting to women the same political rights as men passed its third reading by an absolute majority in the House of Assembly, having previously passed by an absolute majority in the Council, our Upper House.

The history of the movement is interesting, because it was a very different measure which was first presented to the legislature by Dr. Stirling, in 1886, then by Mr. Caldwell in 1890 and 1891. Three times was the restricted bill presented—that giving to women of property, householders, and tax-payers, who had no husband voting on the same qualification, the vote for the members of the Upper House, which is elected from larger areas than the Assembly. This vote was by a small property franchise; and if the Conservatives had not been too stupid, too prejudiced, or too sentimental to see that thus they might enormously strengthen the legislative council and the capitalistic forces generally, they could have passed that mild measure. It is the only form in which women suffrage has been presented in England, where the franchise is based on property or residence, for the only elective chamber, the House of Commons.

When the bill was next brought forward, the Women's Suffrage League, which grew out of the Society for the Promotion of Social Purity, took their stand on Adult Suffrage for both Houses on the same terms as men; and they were soon joined by the Temperance party and the W.C.T.U. The Province of South Australia is the most democratic of all in the Island Continent, I think. New Zealand is not more so. So a bill for adult suffrage has been presented in three separate years—1892, 1893, and 1894,—and after all sorts of devices, and every variety of fair and unfair opposition, it now only waits for the Queen's assent to become the law of the land.

I had been considered a weak-kneed sister for many years, because I was so eager for equitable representation on the basis of proportional methods—what I call Effective Voting—that I did not care to double the number of votes till we could secure that none should be wasted.

I knew that adult suffrage was right and just; but the reform that for 33 years I have worked for was a reform in which I was absolutely disinterested. If it were supposed that I sought for any personal, or any sex privilege, I feared I might not be so persuasive. But, of late years the movement for adult suffrage has been so strong that I dared not neglect it. In the campaign which I carried on for Effective Voting in this Province, I addressed women as well as men; I gave ballot papers for test elections to both; I knew they were going to have the suffrage ere long, and I tried to show them that this method would make their votes effective.

It was also founded on peace and not on war. The militant traditions of our ancestors are to be traced in our political methods as well as in our industrial competition. Victory and spoils for one party; discouragement, defeat, and discomfiture for the other. The One-man District is the "pen" in which the duel is carried on; and the duel between the picked and trained champions of the two parties is organized by strong party managers. The perfection of this is seen in the United States.

In other countries, in Great Britain and her colonies, for instance, we have the two natural parties—the party of Order and the party of Progress. Neither of the American parties can be called by either name. All progress is outside of the parties; and order is threatened seriously by the combat for victory and spoils, and the corrupt practices carried on. This is the reason why Women Suffrage is so hard to win by the women of the United States. It does not promise any advantage to the Republican or the Democratic party, and it is excluded from practical politics. We therefore see the strange anomaly, that in the great Republic, where women are a greater social force than anywhere else in the world, they are weaker politically than in England and the colonies, excepting in a few localities. They have not even the municipal vote which tax-payers ought to exercise.

If the municipal vote in the United States had been what it is with us, for the election of mayor and councillors only, women would have had it long ago; but the municipal vote means the choosing of all sorts of highly-paid officers who are marshalled on political party lines. An American municipal ballot is a fearful and wonderful thing; and the reverses which a slight change in political feeling, or an astute expenditure of money, can make in the civic as well as in the civil service of the United States, are things which politicians think that women had better be kept out of.

In fact, elections in the United States are so much for officials that women especially scarcely understand what representation means. When a list of candidates was presented to them to be voted on by the single transferable vote, their minds ran on the election of one president, one governor, one judge; and when told that proportional representation did not affect such uninominal appointments they were disposed to think it of little value.

The laws in the United States are generally so much better than the administration of them that the main wish of the conscientious women is to vote for men of good character who will carry out the laws. Now, in a British colony, the Civic and the Civil Service are secure during good conduct; and even vacancies by death or resignation must be filled up on recognized principles.

Woman suffrage, limited, would be a clear advantage to the Conservative party. Adult suffrage is evidently an advantage to the labor or radical party. On these lines, it will be fought in every Australian colony, sooner or later; while in America, where the women need the ballot less than the ballot needs them, it may be indefinitely postponed. All the outside parties, the Populists, the Socialists, the Single Taxers, the Prohibitionists, put this reform on their programme, and the Labor Party as well; but they are so squeezed between the upper and nether mill-stones by the Republican and the Democratic machine that the women seem to "get no forwarder," after a far longer and harder struggle than we have had.

It is worthy of remark that the two colonies which have first won woman suffrage are those which have taxed land values, and those in which proportional representation has been most vigorously advocated.

If I am spared in health and strength, I hope to go again through this province on an educational tour. I am now in my seventieth year; but, if I can, by means of my sister voters, press this valuable reform so that South Australia would be the pioneer in equitable representation, the work of my life will be accomplished.

ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA,
29th December, 1894.

THE BROOK'S GRIEF.

Hast heard the song I sing among
The boulders black, the fallen trees,
The slimy sedge along the edge,
Where stunted willows choke the breeze;

Where fern and snake-weed, dark and rank,
Suck the black blood of last year's bloom,
And through the grasses, thick and dank,
The slug trails bright across the gloom?

Beyond, the sunbeams gently play—
I see them web the far, far sky;
But I, who hate the light of day,
Swift and unheeding hurry by,

And pass again with grim delight
Into the shadows deep and still—
There I can dream, far from the gleam,
And nurse my sorrow as I will.

Men listen to my clam'rous voice,
And deem me but a blithesome thing,
Made but to chatter and rejoice,
And mock the robins as they sing.

These are light souls that never knew
Such pain as finds no earthly balm;
But they who know remorse and woe—
They see and hear me as I am.

They catch beneath the joyous plash,
A feverish but ceaseless moan;
And recognize, with darkening eyes,
A soul responsive to their own.

In the grey night when all is still,
Save that the hemlocks fret and toss
Because the wakeful whip-poor-will
Is noisy in his house of moss—

Ah then! I wildly beat my shores,
My anguish breaks its bonds in twain;
Each tiny leaf shakes with my grief;
The sluggish rushes thrill with pain.

Yet never man may guess the woe
That floods my heart unto its fill—
Nor is there joy that I may know,
Bound as I am to witness ill.

Dark with men's tears, my current sweeps
The tragic vales of life, and then
Is destined far in stormy deeps
To fill the mouths of drowning men.

—James A. Tucker.

HYPNOTISM.

BY GEORGE M. AYLSWORTH, M.D.

About a quarter of a century ago, Prof. Crookes, an eminent scientific man of London, with a number of others as associates, undertook an investigation of the manifestations produced through a spiritualist named Home. I, at that time, carefully read the full reports of these investigations published in scientific journals, and of the many tests two impressed themselves upon my memory. One was the placing of an accordeon, or a concertina, in a large wire cage, closed at every point by a wire netting of fine mesh, excepting that a hole was left barely large enough to insert a hand and arm as far as the elbow. Mr. Home introduced his hand, and taking hold of one side of the instrument, a number of tunes were played. The tune was selected by the on-lookers, if within the *repertoir*. The other was a ruler laid flat upon a table with rather more than one-half of it extending beyond the table's edge. This want of support was remedied by suspending the projecting end from a spring balance. The ruler being in this position, Mr. Home would place one finger upon the upper side of that portion of the ruler which was laid flat upon the table, with the result that the suspended end was depressed, indicating a weight of more than a pound, and the end lying on the table was raised from the table, notwithstanding that Mr. Home's finger was upon its upper side.

One conclusion formulated at the close of these investigations was that in many of the tests, there was a force utilized that at that time was not taken into account by science; and, as a matter of convenience it was called Psychic or mind force. This name was applied *only* as a matter of convenience, for the investigators did not presume to offer any explanation of the phenomena. Although, at the time, Prof. Crookes and his associates received a severe chastisement at the hands of their fellow scientists, the exhibition of and interest in these phenomena have been growing—and growing in importance—until now many scientific men display the true scientific spirit (something unusual enough to merit remark), and, instead of ridiculing what they cannot explain, they are brave enough to say "I don't know," and admit that Psychology can now justly claim to rank as a science, and that its phenomena are worthy of serious study. From the time the witch of Endor raised the Spirit of Samuel, or made Saul believe she did, down to our own times, the belief in the supernatural has been almost universal. And although it has become fashionable in recent years to "pooh pooh" the idea, almost every individual member of the human race has more or less superstition, or a belief in the supernatural in his composition. Even Gen. Wolseley very recently declined an invitation to the Thirteen Club, on the ground that he had too much respect for superstition to accept it with a clear conscience, while I am free to admit that I never see the new moon for the first time, or find a horse's shoe, without thinking of the influence over my future. I do not believe there is anything supernatural or immaterial. I would not have the reader, however, think I use these words in the ordinary acceptation, for, although I cannot conceive of anything without body, form or parts, as spirits are supposed to exist, I believe we have the two forms of material—the physical and the spiritual, and that both forms are subject to the same laws and that they gradually merge the one into the other,—the boundary line not being clearly drawn.

This Psychic force is said to manifest itself in mesmerism, psychometry, telepathy, clairaudiance, clairvoyance, crystal gazing, hypnotism, mind healing, Christian science and treatment by suggestion, etc., and these in the present state of our knowledge, in my opinion, must be regarded as one genus. There can be no doubt entertained by anyone who investigates these things honestly, that there are things seen, heard and done—described under one or other of these names—which cannot be explained upon a physical basis, as we at present understand physics.

I believe that all of these phenomena, that are genuine, depend for a *medium* to *transmit* the *force*, upon the universal ether, and for a *force* upon that which proceeds from sentient, living beings.

The English words "thought" or "mind" seem to me all-sufficient to describe this force.

We think that this ether sustains the innumerable planets in equilibrium while they move in their respective orbits. We believe that it transmits light and heat, that it transmits sound and permeates every atom of the universe, and that it therefore permeates us. We know that thought or mind, like electricity, of which it is, perhaps, but an amorphous form, does influence matter. Tuke, in his book, "The Influence of the Mind upon the Body," gives many instances, and a large percentage of them are of so homely a character that we have, most of us, experienced them ourselves. As instances: having seen some loathsome sight which, at the time, produced nausea or fainting, the mere recollection of it brought back to us suddenly, after a lapse of time, will reproduce the symptoms. The mildness or violence of the symptoms reproduced in this way depends upon the sensitiveness of the person affected.

We have all experienced the peculiar creeping sensation produced by a slate pencil held at right angles to a slate and drawn over it, and most of us have felt the same sensation in a lesser degree when we have seen a pencil held in the same relative position, and passing through the same motions. though the point of the pencil may not be in contact with the slate at all and no sound whatever has been produced.

A somewhat remarkable instance came within my own experience, where a man had been stealing melons from a garden, and finally got one that had been loaded with tartar emetic, which produced its physiological results. He afterwards, in a spirit of bravado, stole some fruit from a garden where a warning against poison was posted, and although there was no poison present, it acted quite as promptly.

Taking a step further, we find Buchanan quoting with approval in his Psychometry from Goethe's writings: "One soul may have a decided influence upon another merely by means of its silent presence. It has often happened to me that when I have been walking with an acquaintance and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing." I have, myself, met such instances. "I have also known a man," Goethe says, "who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation, by the mere power of his mind. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of this force within us. . . . It is possible, nay, even probable, that if a young girl were, without knowing it, to find herself in a dark chamber with a man who designed to murder her, she would have an uneasy sense of his unknown presence, and that an anguish would come over her which would drive her to the family parlor."

And we know that in art, the quality of the poem, the picture, the statue or the music is the thought its author embodies in it. The more we can think the same thought, or experience the same emotion that is seeking expression in a work of art, the more is its power over us. The ability to be thus influenced is largely a gift, though the gift can be cultivated, and thus increased, and it is not pure intellect, as is evidenced by Carlyle's want of appreciation for art. A person who is impressed by a work of art is under the influence of extraneous thought, which, originating in the sentient, living being, the artist, is a force projected through the universal ether—the medium—upon the mind of the person so impressed, the work of art being merely an instrument of precision.

The person who is most impressed by a work of art is also the person most capable of influencing others by work in some department of art. In spiritualism this person would be called a medium; in psychology a psychic; but a better word, which covers all classes in the present state of our knowledge, would be the one recently coined—a Sensitive.

. As it is true that an artist influences his fellow-being by the thought he embodies in his work, so it is true that one mind can influence another through the medium of the ether without the aid of instruments, such as a work of art, written or printed words, physical contact, verbal suggestions, etc. It is also true, and very easily demonstrated, that these aids render the process so easy and so universal that it passes without remark, unless the manifestation is extraordinary. This form of influence is the lowest form in which it is manifested, and is the only one with which I have any experience as an operator.

In regard to hypnotism, most human beings are susceptible to its influence, but the susceptibility varies immensely. Dr. Liebeault, of Nancy furnishes the following statistics:—Out of 1,014 patients, 27 were uninfluenced, 33 had drowsiness, 100 had light sleep, 460 had heavy sleep, 232 had very heavy sleep, 31 had slight somnambulism, 121 had advanced somnambulism. Prof. Beaunis states that about twelve per cent. are influenced, and Van Eeden, of Amsterdam; Moll, of Berlin; Wetterstrand, of Stockholm; Bramwell, of Goole; Kingsbury of Blackpool; Cruise, of Dublin, and Tuckey, of London, give about the same results.

In my own experience, out of some forty cases, twelve were uninfluenced, but some attempts were made under very unfavorable conditions.

Hypnotism is simply mesmerism, and the word, as derived from the Greek, means sleep, and it is a much better word than the latter, which was derived from the name of the man Mesmer, who practised it.

It is quite unnecessary to relate the innumerable popular ideas of hypnotism, derived from fiction and imaginative writers; but, without further introduction, I will point out what it is, and its limitations as far as my limited knowledge will permit.

It depends upon what we physicians describe as the principle of inhibition. This principle can best be explained, perhaps, by examples of its manifestation. Many of my readers have suffered from toothache and have found that the near approach to a dentist to have it extracted, or in those who are sensitives, the mere thought of visiting a dentist will cause the pain to cease. This effect is produced by the dread of the forceps overcoming or inhibiting the pain of the irritated dental nerve, and for the time overcoming all other sensations. People possessing a high power of mental concentration easily inhibit all sensation by the subject upon which their mind is concentrated. The dancing dervish of the East, who, by rapid and monotonous and religious songs, renders himself insensible to pain; the Indian medicine man of our North-West, who, by fasting and a persistent contemplation of the pit of his stomach, produces a semi-conscious condition in which he sees visions of occurrences at a distance, in common with the Christian martyr whose absolute faith and religious ecstasy enable him to pass through the most horrible torture without giving a sign of pain, have simply inhibited their nerves of sensation, or, in other words, are the subjects of auto—or self—hypnotization.

All who practise hypnotism aim at inhibiting all the nervous organization of their subjects, except that portion under their own control, or that portion that is susceptible to the suggestion of the hypnotist. When perfectly reduced to this condition the subject will obey any suggestion made by the operator. As a matter of fact, all hypnotization is produced by the subject directing his mind, whether at the prompting of a second person, or of his own volition, to one subject so strongly that all others are excluded. This, it is thought, is produced in a number of ways. By taking a barnyard fowl, holding it upon a board in a sitting position with its beak in contact with the board, then drawing with a piece of chalk, straight forward for about two feet, the bird will be in a state of hypnotic catalepsy for a longer or shorter time. By varying the method, the same result can be obtained with many animals. A rabbit laid upon its back in a little trough, which is merely used to prevent its falling over, rapidly becomes hypnotized. Horses are easily hypnotized by a person standing in front of them, so that they are compelled to look at him fixedly. In fact, this method has been introduced, by law, into the Austrian army for the purpose of shoeing horses while under the influence. (Moll). The charming of birds by snakes is hypnotism, where the snake is the hypnotist and the bird is the subject.

Again, if the subject possesses a fair amount of will power and refuses to submit that will-power to the operator, or, at least, holds its exercise in abeyance, he cannot be hypnotised. Strong minds are quite as readily brought under the influence as are weak ones, but they must be consenting to it, or at least in a state of non-resistance.

The reader will have gathered from all this that the power of the operator consists only in his ability to induce his subject to concentrate his mental force upon his suggestions, to the exclusion of everything else. The various degrees with which a subject can be induced to do this give rise to the various degrees of hypnotization. These degrees have been variously classified, but the simplest and most satisfactory classification I have met is that of Siebeault of France, who makes six degrees:—

First,—The patient feels a heaviness of the eyelids and a general drowsiness.

Second,—This is characterized by suggestive catalepsy. When the operator places the arm in a certain position and says it is to remain there it is impossible for the patient to put it down. It remains rigid and fixed for a much longer time than would be possible in a natural state. In these two degrees consciousness remains almost complete, and often the patient denies having been in the hypnotic state, because he has heard and remembers every word which has been spoken to him. A very large proportion of people never pass beyond this stage.

Third,—In this the patient is also conscious, to a certain extent, of all that is going on around him and hears every word addressed to him, but he is oppressed by great sleepiness. An action communicated to a limb is automatically continued. If the arm is rotated it goes on turning until the operator directs its stoppage.

Fourth,—In the fourth degree of

hypnotic sleep the patient ceases to be in relation to the outer world. He hears only what is said to him by the operator.

Fifth and sixth,—These constitute somnambulism. In the former, recollection of what occurred during sleep is indistinct and recalled with difficulty. In the latter, the patient is unable to recall, *spontaneously*, anything which has occurred while asleep. All the phenomena of post-hypnotic suggestion can be induced in this condition.

The means used to produce the needed concentration of mind are almost as various as the operators are numerous, for almost any proceeding that will fix the attention will succeed. Perhaps the one least used at present is the original one of sitting facing the subject, clasping the hands and looking intently into the eyes. This method has the disadvantage of sometimes changing the relative positions and converting the operator into the subject and *vice versa*. Other methods are by stroking the forehead; and, perhaps, the one most practised now is to cause the subject to look at some bright object steadily while it is held in a position that requires continuous effort for him to keep it within his field of vision. Some operators are able to influence their subjects without touching them or speaking to them, but their numbers are very few; for to do this they must possess, in an extraordinary degree, the power, common to us all, of impressing others with our thought. They must have cultivated this common attribute until they have become experts in telepathy or mental telegraphy.

In the classification given above, the first four degrees leave the subject not only conscious but in such a condition that when roused he will remember all that has passed. For treatment by suggestion these lighter degrees are quite sufficient, but it is impossible to tell in advance whether a subject can or cannot be influenced at all and, if influenced, to what extent. In the fifth degree the subject remembers with great difficulty what has passed when asleep, but in the sixth degree he cannot remember anything that passed without its being suggested to him after waking. It is only in the sixth degree that the phenomena known as post-hypnotic suggestion can be produced, and, as far as I have any data, only one in ten of the human family is capable of being reduced to this condition. This condition has but recently been put forward as a defence in a court of law in one of the Western States, and with a result entirely unprecedented. The man who did the murder did not deny the fact, but declared that he did it while under the influence of post-hypnotic suggestion and on that ground was discharged as not guilty. But the alleged operator was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for the crime which was committed in his absence, and the prosecution did not claim that he was present. As a result, very stringent legislation has been enacted in the West looking to the suppression of the practice of hypnotism.

Readers are familiar with the exhibitions of the travelling mesmerist, but may not all be aware of the fact that some, at least, of the exhibitions of Eastern magic are dependant upon hypnotism for their success. One of their favorite tricks is the supposed piercing through and through of a child with a sword and its disappearance afterwards in the air. And the use of hypnotism to produce the effects was first demonstrated by two British officers who were witnessing this feat in India. One of them had a kodak camera with him, which he snapped at intervals, and although they both saw the performance clearly enough, when the plates were developed they found the camera had not been hypnotized, for each one showed the scene with the exception of the babe.

Whether these facts will be of more use to mankind in the future than in the past is a question very difficult to answer. There are at the present time medical men in every part of the world who are using hypnotism in their practice and apparently with marked success. The great majority of the medical profession will endorse the views of Prof. Alexander J. C. Skene, as expressed in his recent book in which he says, in the chapter on Mental Therapeutics, that this mind cure, "which is exceedingly limited and is imperfectly understood, and is far from accomplishing all that is claimed for it by its enthusiastic advocates outside the profession, must be accepted as a fact. Scientific men of the profession who have employed this, and who have obtained remarkable results in the cure of functional diseases, claim nothing extraordinary. In reference to "Christian Science," "Faith Cure," "Mind Cure," and the like, he says: "I have carefully watched this practice among the laity and have honestly endeavored to give them credit for all they deserve, and I am bound to say that I have found nothing of the wonderful, marvellous, and miraculous, except the failures which they make, as a rule, with an occasional success; so that the good they do is buried out of sight under a heap of mischief." "This popular cure as practised by the laity is little more or less than a craze, which has come to do some good and much harm for a time, and then to disappear, as all things of the kind have done." Besides all this, most people are afraid of it as something uncanny, and look upon one who preaches hypnotism as at least a half brother of his satanic majesty, and when it becomes necessary, in addition to a partial professional ostracism, to take the chance of being hung for murder committed by some one else in one's absence, it has a tendency to cool one's ardour, and lead him to extend his scientific researches in some other direction. Notwithstanding, it is a proceeding which can be utilized to great advantage by medical men in their work, as I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction.

The great development of Psychical subjects in the various directions enumerated in the earlier part of this paper opens up questions of a religious character which are intensely interesting. Some of the miracles of the Bible are explainable upon the Hypnotic hypothesis, and can be duplicated to-day. This does not in the least take them out of the region of the miraculous, as ordinarily understood.

Again, the scientific dogma of the conservation of force would seem to indicate that the God of the Bible and the "Cause" of the scientist are one and the same. Science says the existence of "Cause" is demonstrated by its effects, and declares that it is, as yet, impossible to detect it as an entity, while the Bible declares that God is manifest in His works—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," and also asks the ironical question of man, "Can'st thou by searching find out God?" All this opens an unlimited vista for thought. The mind directs a portion of the nervous energy to perform certain acts with the limbs or body. That is, the mind, which is said to be immaterial, moves the body, which is said to be material and through the limbs or bodies other material substances are moved, such as tables and chairs. In the doing of this there is a transmission of force from the mind to the objects moved. The law of the conservation of force says this force cannot be lost, but is eternal, and has merely changed its its form. Then to the names, "God" and "Cause," can be added "Force," and as within the limited scope of our senses we can detect innumerable changes in the form of force, these changes must be accompanied by a display of energy, else we could not detect them. For with our present senses, aided by all the instruments of precision to be had, we can only know of the existence of force by its effects, as we know of God by His works. Admitting the reasoning thus far, the reanimation of our bodies after death would simply be a manifestation of energy, elicited by a change in the form of force, and, from the scientific stand-point, brings us within sight of the resurrection of the dead, and indicates the easy possibility of the resurrected bodies being endowed with a permanent form of force (call it life, if we please), which would be immortality.

In conclusion, I reiterate the ideas I have advanced.

1st.—Anything that *is*—is material, either physical or spiritual material.

2nd.—Force *is*—therefore Force is material, but it is only manifested or known by its effects.

3rd.—Mind is a *form* of force—therefore it is material, and as such can exert an influence upon other material substances, whether spiritual or physical.

4th.—The more or less perfect concentration of all the mind force possessed by a given organism upon one subject to the exclusion of all else—whether such concentration is prompted by the organism itself, or by another in association with it—constitutes what is known as Hypnotism.

SELFISHNESS AND SOCIALISM.

A Socialist's View.

BY ROBERT L. SIMPSON.

THOUGH somewhat of an anomaly, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the two qualities of mind which mostly tend toward socialism are diametrically opposite to each other—I speak of selfishness and unselfishness.

Looking at the matter superficially, one would naturally be inclined to say that, if this be true, socialism should have already appealed successfully to every one, for every person is either selfish or unselfish. This thought certainly suggests a great element of possibility, under certain conditions, but those conditions do not now exist, for socialism has not been intelligently placed before the vast majority of our race; and, even if it were, it is to be feared that many would turn a deaf ear to it through careless ness, while a certain percentage would be found not possessed of the capacity to understand the question.

To have placed before all persons the justice and benefit that socialism would bring about is, I think, the main and immediate need of the cause.

How to do this best is the question. The principal difficulty in the way of supplying the answer seems to lie in the existence, amongst those constituting the movement, of the two discordant elements, selfishness aud unselfishness, linked for one object, or, to be more accurate, banded together under one name, to bring about, for different purposes, the same desired consummation.

In using the word *selfishness*, I wish to convey the idea of separation, or regard to the interests of self only, and with *unselfishness*, of course the opposite meaning. Though these elements are diametrically opposed to each other, they are not necessarily, *for present work*, beyond the possibility of being harmonized. I say "for present work" advisedly, for I cannot conceive of selfishness permitting socialism (once introduced and in practical operation) long to remain so, though it may be utilized in bringing about the system which will not only satisfy selfishness, but at the same time discount it, and and to its being gradually uprooted.

The present conditions are the outcome of disorganized and organized selfishness unopposed by definite organization; and the future conditions, to be better than the present, must be directed by organized unselfishness, or it is to be feared that the law that "like causes produce like effects" will operate once more, and the present state of fox-and-wolf society be perpetuated. And in so speaking, I have no intention of injuring the feelings of the selfish person, if he be irredeemably selfish, with no thought or care for others; we may be sorry for him, but have no right to blame him; he is probably as broad-minded and open-hearted as he knows how to be, and, like all of us, has been raised in as scientifically constructed a hot house of selfishness as the inventive genius of several thousand years has been able to design.

If a socialist, and still so from absolutely selfish reasons, and no others, he may yet be made useful to the cause, if socialism brings about a proper organization. Should he desire to dominate the movement or, perhaps, endeavor to absorb all the emoluments to be obtained—a contingency not likely to arise for some time to come—he should be gently but firmly assisted to step down and out.

But I think the utterly selfish man is something of a variety. In most of us some chord can be found that will vibrate to the universal harmony of sympathy, and not the least work of socialism should be to locate that chord, and bring it within reach of the notes most suited to it.

Of its very nature, selfishness is destructive. It stands alone, and is blown over by a gale; it walks on the streets, meets with its double, and both get hurt; it tries to go through a gate both ways at once, and the bodies it uses are crushed; it is one continually revolving kaleidoscope of turmoil, collision, separation and chaos. Leave it alone, and its tentacles extend as those of the cancer or leprosy, imperceptably, but steadily and surely, until the whole vitality has been absorbed, and, in endeavoring to gain strength and lengthen its life, it expires, and is dissipated along with the unfortunate victim in which it took up its abode.

It loves to be alone; it is at home in the garret and in the cellar; in huge stone buildings with barred doors and windows; it walks with a shuffling gait along the alleys and narrow streets; it has a furtive, startled glance or the glare of a wounded beast of prey; it cares not for the merry laughter of little children, or the buoyant mirth of youth; in the past it has nought but regrets; the present affords no pleasure; the future presents for it, only the hope of lust and gain—it is a devil fish extending its foul arms in all directions feeling for its prey; it is a vampire feeding on its own vitals—living a curse, dying a hideous nightmare of the past.

But brought into the light of day, and placed in contact with altruistic intelligence, it droops its head, not only displaying its inferiority, but recognizing its own despicable meanness.

There are some selfish to such a degree that they declare they take pride in being mean and sordid; but place them in a group less stunted than themselves and they will endeavor to cover up their selfishness and, so far as their dwarfed natures will permit, attempt to place themselves, for the time being at least, in harmony with the better element in which they find themselves.

Pointing out in a mild way the cankerworm, where selfishness predominates, in such a way as to show the selfish that they are found out and considered inferior in so far as they are selfish, will, I believe, do much to eliminate what is the greatest curse of modern civilization. Selfishness is of the nature of beasts of prey, and in so far as men consider themselves above the lower animals, just so much less should be their selfishness. It is a moral disease perhaps, possibly a mental one, but there are many other existing to-day that are much harder to cure in the ordinary case, though having much less serious results if left unchecked. That it has not been checked so far is apparently due to the admiration and adulation that have been heretofore bestowed upon the granddukes and archbishops of selfishness.

The symptoms of this universal canker have been treated as the disease, up to the present time, and as a consequence the disease is in no way disturbed. Let at least one aim of socialism be to eliminate selfishness; the former cannot permanently succeed while the latter is dominant. But the question will probably arise as to just the exact means that should be adopted to uproot selfishness.

The answer cannot be given in the prescribed form of a mathematical or chemical formula. In my opinion, the first step towards this end lies in the way of learning to know ourselves. It is something none of us do at present—when we learn we shall be certainly more competent to judge each other, and, as a consequence, know better what is in the interests of the race.

The whole is greater than its parts (though few act in such a way as to indicate their belief in the axiom), but the various parts of the human race are made up of precisely the same elements, only varying in proportion—and, learning to know ourselves we learn to know each other.

And I believe that a knowledge of ourselves and of each other will show the fallacy of separateness—or selfishness—and the strength, permanence, and wisdom of socialism.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.*

BY S. A. C.

SUCH is the title of a small volume lately issued from the William Briggs Publishing House, Toronto, and which ought to be in the possession of every Presbyterian in the Province of Ontario. It is the history of the second church belonging to Presbyterianism in the Province, the first being that of Williamstown, below Cornwall, 1787, just seven years earlier than St. Andrew's, Niagara. Naturally, the life of a hundred years of a second edifice involves that of the denomination to which it belongs. Change and chance, accident and event, figure alike in the spiritual as in the material domain; consequently, the reader of this interesting history will be reminded of much that is past in the career of Presbyterianism itself, as well as learn of war, fire, destruction, energy, courage and liberality, as part of the record of the church edifice and sustentation.

As the author remarks in introducing her subject: "In Ontario there have been several centennial celebrations within the last decade, notably, that of the settlement of Upper Canada, held in 1883; that of the first Parliament, in 1892; that of St. Mark's (the first English Church at Niagara), in the same year—1892—and that of the settlement of Glengarry, in 1894.

"Of these gatherings, three took place in Niagara, and now may be added a fourth, the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the congregation of St. Andrew's, and the building of the first church edifice in Niagara."

One of the values of these centennial occasions is, that historians become active in research upon local subjects that, while solitarily of small account, are of importance, relatively, to other historic points. The idea had become pretty general, not only in the immediate district, but beyond it, that the English Church, St. Mark's, at Niagara, was the older of the "two frontier churches," as Miss Carnochan very appropriately termed them in a former work, but that lady's careful research, the witness of certain archives at Ottawa, and collection or a collation of established facts, have shown indisputably that, while the first organized body of worshippers in Niagara was that of the English Church under its first missionary, the subsequent rector, Rev. Robert Addison, the first church erection was that of St. Andrew's.

The occasion of the centennial year of the church was wisely turned into a sacred celebration, lasting three days, 18th, 19th, and 20th August, of which the programme is given at the end of the book.

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* Centennial St Andrew's Church, Niagara, 1794-1894. By Janet Carnochan.

Happily the weather was lovely, and whoever knows Niagara will understand full well how delightful the old town appeared in the richest month of the year; and how its Sabbath quietude, broken only by the loud signal of the arriving or departing steamers to and from Toronto, contributed to the decorum and composure desirable on such an occasion. Very appropriately, a main feature in the arrangements was the invitation of as many of the old pastors and communicants of the church as could be reached, and the author gives a long list of names of these present, as well as of many of the descendants of the first members—most interesting reading.

The chief feature of the celebration, next to that of the commemoration services and sermons, was the paper prepared by Miss Carnochan, relating all that is to be known at present, for in history new points are continually cropping up, of the past existence of the church and congregation of St. Andrew's.

It is this paper which forms the main portion of the Centennial Volume · Much has been added further, so that the whole celebration is placed before the reader; and to the honor of Canadians, and to the lady herself in particular, the work done, even to seeing the book through the press, has been Miss Carnochan's, and the profit, which Presbyterians ought to find it a duty and a pleasure to make considerable, is her gift to the church—the church of her heart, and her spiritual home.

The limit of a notice like the present forbids very full review. We must, therefore, be content with noticing a very few of the numerous interesting points the work contains.

An old record book of the church has fortunately survived the "bright days and dark days, lightning stroke and tornado, booming cannon and blazing rooftrees" of the past century, and in this the historian found much treasure. One of the first entries is the agreement between the congregation and its first pastor, Rev. John Dun, in which "the undersigned," viz: "John Young" and "Ralfe Clench," obligate themselves to pay to him the sum of "three hundred pounds N Y. cy., with house-room, for three years."

The old book contains as its first entry the agreement, 23rd Sept., 1794, of the subscribers "for the purpose of building a Presbyterian Church in the town of Newark." Eighty names are affixed, with sums varying from 8s. to £10. Among the names are John Young, Andrew Heron, A. Gardiner, donors of £10 each, and Samuel Street, £8. The whole amount subscribed was £250.

The resolution to build a church is given in full, with its signatories—seven gentlemen—"all of Newark." The account of the steps taken, and the carrying out of them, is very full and complete. One small item, connected with the bell for the church, which was a very respectable erection, with steeple and belfry, puzzles the author a little. It savors of old times and the old country. In the items of expenses is a charge for "rope wetted,"—"whatever that may be," says the author. Wetting the rope simply means that whoever was appointed bell ringer treated the elders or other officials who had appointed him. They went to the nearest hotel, no doubt, probably Hinds', where the meeting was held that formulated the reason for building the church, and for the subscribers' lists, and drank a glass of ale round at the ringer's expense, with many pious toasts and wishes, no doubt. The custom is of the class of "footings" when a man entered a new workshop, or having fulfilled his apprenticeship honorably was admitted as "a lawful man." Such an one had to "stand treat all round," a pint of beer each being the usual custom. It is only a question of *autre temps autre mœurs.*

Among the earlier pastors of the church was Rev. John Burns. He seems, however, to have been a sort of bishop for the district, since he preached part of the time in other churches, at Stamford, for instance, and one of his sermons there "a solid exposition of duty to God, king, and country," as Miss Carnochan characterizes it, preached during the war of 1812, has been reproduced among its valuable publications by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Rev. John Burns was one of the first masters in Niagara District Grammar School, founded in 1808. He was also taken prisoner by the Americans, and preached, it is said, to his captors.

Strangely enough, though the old record book contains reference to the troubles occasioned by the uprising of 1837, not a word or line speaks of the war of 1812. The town of Niagara being, in 1813, for seven months in the hands of the enemy, the neighboring church of St. Mark's being used during that period for a barracks and a hospital, of which it still has the tokens, it is probable that the curator of the old record book of St. Andrew's, not knowing what might happen, put it in a safe place and only brought it forth again when the town, burnt to ashes by the enemy on that dark December night, rose again into something like order after the cruel war was over. The school-house was only injured in part by the fire, and here, until 1832, the congregation worshipped. St. Andrew's had the honor of holding the first Sunday-school in Niagara, and many pleasing reminiscences of the school are related.

The church has had many pastors in the course of its century of existence; four of the late ones were present at the Centennial celebration, and their portraits, as well as that of the present pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Smith, are given among others. The man who seems to have left the deepest impression on the life of the Church was the Rev. Robert McGill, sent from the Presbytery of Glasgow, and accompanied from Kingston by Rev. John Machar, the past Principal of Queen's University, and the father of the lady so well known in Canadian literature as "*Fidelis.*" Many among the older members of the Presbyterian Church will like to be reminded by Rev. Mr. McGill's portrait, of the gown and bands then worn in the pulpit.

Another reminder of old times is the picture of the old pulpit, with its high back of fluted silk tightly drawn, its flights of broad steps, and its velvet cushion for the book. The authorities of the church have done well to preserve it, if only as a relic of the time when the galleries of the old church were as well filled as the floor, and there was but one pew and a half unlet. The town of Niagara was then the centre of much industry now departed to other places.

Several members of the church in the past are mentioned with deserved honor, among them Mr. Andrew Heron, a man of exceeding liberality in money matters, treasurer to the church for many years, and a most patriotic and public-spirited citizen. Another, Mr. John Young, after whom the town on the opposite shore was named Youngstown, was also a most generous giver, and previous to the Centennial tablet unveiled on the first day, the only one in the church, was to his memory. It reads: "Sacred to the Memory of John Young, Esq., long a merchant of Niagara. Returning home in pain and infirmity, he was drowned in Lake Ontario, where his body rests awaiting the hour when the sea shall give up her dead. In his last illness concerned for the spiritual welfare of coming generations, he ordained a bequest for the perpetual maintenance of divine worship in this church. He met death July 29th, 1840, aged 73. 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, because of the House of the Lord I will seek thy good.'"

We need more John Youngs to day.

Among the many visitors of importance were Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. J. B. Robinson, formerly Lieut.-Governor of Ontario; Rev. Canon Arnold, and James Hiscott, Esq., M.P.P. The Premier's brother, Prof. J. B. Mowat, M.A., D.D., of Queen's University, who had been one of the pastors of the Church, took an active part in the Centennial services. Hon Sir Oliver Mowat's speech, almost as interesting as the historical paper, is given in full, but it was found impossible to deal as liberally with others made on the occasion, nor indeed was it necessary, for the newspapers of the day had produced them.

A hymn composed by Miss Carnochan, for the occasion, formed part of one of the services, and will be read, with the gratitude it is intended to express, by all true Presbyterians, of whom Canada can boast a large proportion.

GABLE ENDS.

AN ABNORMAL SPECIMEN.

WITHIN a half-hour's ride of Lake Huron, in the very garden of Western Ontario, is the picturesque village of F—, where one may look at Nature's beauty of flower and field, or listen to Nature's music in the early morning chorus of birds, and the vesper hymn of the evening thrush. In the month of June, 1892, having to visit this village in connection with an ordination service, I was royally entertained by my friend, Mr. S—, who has a passion for ornithology, and an eye for any rare and curious thing. In the course of a drive about the village, my friend said: "We have an educated gentleman here; let us go and call on him." While I was mentally pulling myself together and reviewing the rules of etiquette, in view of being presented to the "educated gentlemen," we turned a corner, and approached his "residence."

It was a low, one-story house, in the centre of a lot that was overgrown with grass and weeds. Evidently the proprietor was not an agriculturist. The front and only door, swung awkwardly back upon its broken hinges in answer to our knock, and we entered. The one room was furnished with a broken-backed chair, on which lay half a loaf of bread; a dilapidated lounge, and a shake-down bed that seemed to defy all the sanitary rules of the municipality. An antiquated stove competed with the floor for pure and unadulterated dirtiness.

The solitary occupant of this strange dwelling was a young man in the prime of life, whose name was H——. He received us with the confident air of a man accustomed to society, and at once began a conversation.

As I looked about the room I saw hanging on the wall a certificate of an exhibition examination of Oxford University, and several other evidences of scholarship. But the most striking feature of the establishment was the inside of the door. This was covered from top to bottom with inscriptions chalked in colors and in various styles of lettering. The substance of these inscriptions was a series of proverbs from Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, French, Italian and Welsh writers; and they were all quoted in the original. The whole made a veritable curiosity, worthy of preservation in a much better form; and it is to be hoped that when the owner passes away the door may be secured in some local resting place. On the lounge lay a standard edition of the Greek Testament, which H—— handled as one who understood its value, and several modern and classical authors. In his head this strange mortal carried a detailed knowledge of every important public work, railway tunnel, bridge, etc., and could give date of construction, gauge, height, and any other fact connected therewith. He was a walking encyclopædia on mechanical engineering.

The brief talk we had that day has never been forgotten, nor have I ceased to wonder by what course of unfavorable circumstances this young man had been led to this peculiar mode of living. A few days ago my friend secured a sketch of his life, which I hereby condense and present.

H—— was born in Truro, Cornwall, England, August 23rd, 1860, where his father was rector of the parish of St. Mary's. His grandfather had been a Prebendary of the Established Church, and rector of the same church. His first steps to knowledge were taken under his father's direction, as he, with his brother and sister, received their daily drill of three hours, and he declares that what he then learned he has never forgotten. In 1871, he was sent to St. John's Foundation School at Lower Clapton, Middlesex, and he attended this institution till 1874, in which year he obtained a scholarship at Forest school, Walthamstow, Essex, worth between £60 and £70 per year. Entering there in January, 1875, he remained till Christmas, 1877. In March, 1878, H—— entered Hertford College, Oxford, and by the end of 1879 he had passed two examinations. At this time, the Cornish Bank, and the Union Bank, of Helston, Cornwall, failed; the rector was thereby reduced to penury, and the son was compelled to leave college. In 1880, H—— obtained employment on the Stock Exchange in London. In 1882, his employer, through reverses, became bankrupt. He was, as he says, "cast upon the rocks!" For a while he lived precariously until he fell in with a young broker and began work once more. Soon, however, the broker was laid aside with brain fever and the office closed. From the trustees of the estate he received £15, and returned to his father's home. By the favor of a former Truro boy, who had amassed a fortune in the nitrate trade in Chili, he was offered a position on the Pacific coast. Borrowing £100 on the security of a life insurance poli y, he sailed for Iquique, Chili, March 28th, 1883. Here fortune smiled upon him. He learned the Spanish language, and repaid the loan in a little over a year. Business then began to slacken. The Chilian dollar decreased in value, until it fell to 1s. 9d. sterling, and he became discouraged, obtained a passage to England for £30, sailed in the *Prince Oscar* in August, 1886, and after a journey of 115 days, landed at Falmouth just before Christmas.

Again he proceeded to London, and again he entered the Stock Exchange at a salary of £4 4s. per week. This position he held till April, 1887, when, from the effects of the Chilian climate, he was seized with dropsy and paralysis, and was helpless for six months. It was not until 1890 that he had so far recovered as to accompany his brother to Canada. The two landed in Halifax in April, 1890, and reached the village of F—— on the 7th of the same month, where the brother held a position as lighthouse-keeper on Lake Huron. Here H— abides to this day, maintaining himself by doing odd jobs of painting, lettering the hotel register in all manner of styles, and occasionally giving private lessons in French. He is an ardent Episcopalian, and has a profound contempt for "schism shops," as he calls the non-conformist churches.

Here is a strange story of a living man, and it contains material for a novel. It also suggests the question as to why one who has the manners and speech of a cultured gentleman should be content with the life and surroundings of a tramp. As I stood and talked with him that bright June day, I thought I could detect a weakness in the eye that betokened a lack of steady purpose. The story of his life is one of vicissitude and of difficulties, yet not greater than have fallen to the lot of many brave men, and have been surmounted; and it would seem that here is an example of abnormal development, often met with in the study of men and of nature. Truly, as the Scotch women say: "There's nought so queer as folk."

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A.

HOW LIEUT. TOM B. "GOT SQUARE"—A SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCE.

A GOOD story is told of how Lieut. Tom B—— paid off two old scores at a military reunion held in K——, some years after the late civil war in the United States.

Tom, who was a practical joker and lived in K——, never had a chance since the war ended of settling up with Major B—— and Col. S——. These two gentlemen, unfortunately for themselves, were not acquainted with one another, but they were with Tom, who had often made them his victims. At last, however, an opportunity had been given each for retaliation, and it was this which Tom determined to even off, when one morning, some days before the date set for the reunion, he received word from each of the worthy officers requesting that he look up rooms for them. This he did by engaging a single room for both.

Early on the first day of the reunion, Tom was at the station to meet the colonel, who arrived before the major. After greeting each other warmly, the colonel asked him what arrangements he had made.

"The best I could," said Tom, "but in spite of it all, old fellow, you've got to have a room-mate, a Major B——. He's a regular gentleman, though, and one of my best friends."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the colonel, "I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance."

"Well, you see, it's this way," continued Tom; "he—well, perhaps, I shouldn't tell you—but, *entre nous*, you know he met with a misfortune before the war, was bitten by a dog, in fact, and every year he is so unfortunate as to have a return of some nervous disturbance resembling the rabies, which, if it is not stopped, sometimes lasts for two or three days, and it is just about now that they will be coming on again."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the colonel; "why, I might get bitten! is he very violent?"

"Yes, very violent, colonel," said Tom, "and that's what I want to tell you about, for I found out, while we were in camp together, that he can be made as gentle as a kitten by merely having a comb handy; and as soon as he begins to bark or act in a violent way, just comb his hair for all your worth. He'll jerk around a bit at first, but you must not mind that; grasp him tight around the neck and keep at it until he stops the barking, and then he will drop off to sleep as quietly as a child."

"Humph," half grunted the colonel, "that's kind of queer, but I suppose I can manage it"

Having seen the colonel to his room, Tom returned to the station to meet the major, who was to arrive on a later train. This soon steamed in, and after a hearty interchange of compliments, Tom led the way to a hack. During the drive he told the major of the colonel's arrival, and that owing to the lack of accommodation, they would have to sleep together. The major seemed very agreeable to this, and made no comment until Tom *incidentally* mentioned that the colonel was accustomed to have violent fits almost every night, commencing with a slight restlessness after retiring, and ending, if not stopped, in frightful paroxysms. At this declaration the major's face was a study.

"Cannon balls and sabres! My dear boy, I can't sleep with him!" he finally blurted out.

"Oh," said Tom, "but wait until I have finished. It seems that he has a sort of hallucination that some one is pursuing him, and we have found out that the barking of a dog makes him think that his pursuer is frightened away. So, just as soon as you notice that he is getting at all restless, all you have to do is to bark a little, and he will quiet down at once, and drop off to sleep."

"Well," said the major, after some hesitation, "I guess I can do that much for him."

And thus was the plan for the joke laid. As may readily be imagined, the introduction between the colonel and the major was somewhat constrained. The glances of suspicious sympathy which they interchanged during the day increased as the hour for sleep drew near. The colonel, who was an early riser, was the first to retire, and after he had entered his room he began to think over what Tom had told him, and the more he thought of it, the more he thought it would be advisable for him to get to bed with most of his clothing on. So, taking off his coat and boots, he selected from his baggage what seemed to be the strongest and most formidable-looking comb, and put it under his pillow. Then he got into bed and pulled up the clothes.

He had scarcely done this when he heard peculiar sounds coming from the hallway. It was the major, who, now that the critical time was coming on, began to wonder what kind of a dog-bark this friend of Tom's preferred, whether one of the black-and-tan sort would do, or if one of the bulldog species would be more effective. As he thought over this, he began to wonder whether or not he could make any kind of a dog-bark at all, and, anxious to settle himself on this point, he uttered a few specimens of bark in an undertone, as he ascended the stairway. Not feeling very well satisfied with the result, he uttered a few more in a louder key. It was these latter which the colonel heard.

"Good lordy," he murmured, "there's the major, and he's got the rabies already," and he broke out into a cold sweat, as the picture rose in his mind of that worthy officer frothing at the mouth and gnashing his teeth.

"Shades of Pontiac," he continued, as the sounds grew plainer, "I wonder whether I had better get behind the door and spring on him as he comes in, or wait and see if he has them bad."

Before he could well decide which to do, he hurriedly got into bed and the major entered, and, after glancing quickly around the room, half expecting to see the colonel in a fit, he sat down and began to take off his boots. As he continued disrobing, he cast furtive glances toward his undesirable roommate, and noticed that the latter's clothing was nowhere to be seen. The only reasonable conclusion was that he had them on. This fact caused the major to feel a little weak in the knees, for he naturally inferred that the colonel, anticipating a fit in a strange place, had not thought it advisable to disrobe. However, he controlled his emotions, courageously blew out the light, and got into bed, but not to sleep. Having composed himself, he began to watch, and to wonder how long it would be before he would have to bark. As for the colonel, he lay with thumping heart, wondering also how long it would be before the major would have his rabies, so that he could comb him.

This state of things lasted for nearly half an hour, and it seemed half a century to the worthy officers. At last the colonel could stand it no longer, and coming to the conclusion that a combing might do the major good anyway, and would settle the matter for the night, he turned and began to feel for his comb. These movements, unfortunately for himself, were misconstrued by the major, who was waiting for the slightest motion,—"Bow-wow-wow," he exclaimed, half interrogatively.

By this time the colonel had got his comb, and, raising himself up quickly, confident that he was about to do a charitable act, he reached over and drew it several times rapidly across the scalp of the astonished major. The latter uttered a yell of anguish, and then, suddenly recollecting that he must bark to quiet the colonel, continued; "Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!"

At this, the colonel, fully assured that his bedfellow was indeed mad, began to get in his fine work. After some effort he managed to get the major around the neck, and he then proceeded to tear out with his comb that poor worthy's few remaining hairs. To this barbarous proceeding, the major, forgetting to bark, showed his objection by using his fists and yelling for help. The struggle was continued from the bed to the floor, and at last the noise attracted the attention of the other guests, who, after some trouble, forced open the door.

The sight that met their gaze was most comical. On the floor lay the half-strangled major, his night raiment in tatters, and his scalp, furrowed in every direction by the merciless comb, was bleeding profusely. With one arm tightly around his opponent's neck, lay the colonel, plying his comb, which had now lost many of its teeth, with that vigor which only the fear of being bitten could give. The major was using his fists with telling effect, but the colonel dare not let go. At the entrance of the other guests, he pleaded loudly for someone to hold the major, in order that he could comb him more rapidly; while the major called for somebody to take off the colonel and bark,—that he had a fit. At last, to the terror of the latter, who expected to see his quandom bedfellow bite everything before him, they were separated.

When their respective wounds had been plastered and bandaged, each told his side of the story, and, after comparing notes, it finally began to dawn upon all that a huge joke had been played, and that two of Uncle Sam's leading soldiers were the victims.

Then the major wanted gore. So did the colonel But Tom, who knew them of old, had, with provident forethought, left town until their wounded feelings had become somewhat soothed, when, as he was well aware, they would join forces and endeavor to return his favor. And did they? Yes, and succeeded too, but that would make another story.

Arthur C. Lyons.

A Soft Snap.—"I t'ought yer told me," said Hungry Higgins, as he climbed the snake fence with unusual agility, an' shuffled towards his tattered comrade on the highway—"dat yer always struck a soft snap at dat house."

"Dat's what I said," replied Seedy Slocum, as he extracted with difficulty a pinch of tobacco-dust from his coat pocket to replenish his pipe. "Didn't yer find it that way?"

"Naw! De fust word I said, de old jay sot de dorg onto me."

"Jest like he allers does, Hungry. But de dorg's too old to bite."—P.T.

EASILY NUMBERED.

Old Mr. Plugwinch's pronounced and aggressive baldness has for some time been a continual source of wonder and curiosity to his little grandson, Willie, who, when the old gentleman calls, never fails to take stock of his shimmering expanse of cranium. One Sunday recently, when Willie accompanied the family to church, the pastor gave out as his text, "For the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"Ma," whispered Willie. "I say, ma, I know grand-pa's number. It's three."

—P. T.

RE-ASSURED.—"I have a last request to make of you, George," feebly gasped the dying woman.

"Anything, anything," sobbed the heart-broken husband. "I will do anything you wish."

"Then promise me on your sacred honor that you will marry Ethel Bangs, your typewriter."

He started up with a look in which astonishment and half-veiled satisfaction seemed to wrestle for the mastery.

"You mean"—he stammered, "that—I will *not* marry her."

"No, George, I mean what I say. Promise me faithfully that she shall be your wife."

"Why, my darling, if that is really your wish, I promise it."

"Thank heaven, I can now die happy," she faintly murmured, "for you never kept a promise you ever made to me."

P.T.

AN ANARCHIST GRIEVANCE.—"So, prisoner," said the French judge before whom they had arraigned the anarchist, "you admit, then, that you threw the bomb?"

"Yes," answered the accused, defiantly.

"Have you anything to say in exculpation of your atrocious offence?"

"Ah, yes. It was forced upon me. I was driven to the act by the cruel oppression of society."

"How so?"

"Every way. The people are enslaved. Why, nowadays, they even construct the lamp-posts so that it is impossible to hang a bourgeois upon them!"—P.T.

APPROPRIATE, IF NOT ACCURATE.

UNCLE Jedediah Simcoe and his son Frank from Nottawasaga Township, had gone down to New York on an excursion. After taking in the sights one morning, they found themselves some distance from their hotel, and stopped at the first convenient place, for uncle. It happened to be one of the French restaurants, now so popular in the metropolis. Everything was French—the dishes, the waiters, and the *m·nu.* Uncle Jedediah was puzzled. He glanced hopelessly over the bill of fare, not knowing what to order.

"Durned ef I don't b'lieve the blame thing is French or suthin', I can't read a word of it," he said.

"I guess it is, father," said Frank.

"Well, you larnt French to the academy fur two quarters; I guess you'd orter be able to make her out."

"Why certainly, father, hand it over," said the young man, assuming a confidence that he by no means felt. "Um—um—this Noo York French is some different from what we learned—Yes, I can read it though. 'Pate de fois gras,' (making a desperate bluff at it), that means—let me see—'pie of great faith,' father."

"Does it though?" said Uncle Jedediah, admiringly, "Well now, they is some sense to it after all, for it requires a mighty sight of faith to swaller most of these furrin' fixins." P. T.

THE NEW PROPAGANDISM.—She—Who is that distinguished looking man?

He—Oh, that's Dr. Fadsharpe, the founder of a new school of religious thought.

She—How very interesting! What's the title of his novel?—P.T.

CRUEL—Miss Passay—If there's anything I do hate it is to be taken for an "advanced" woman.

Miss Sardou.—Yes, I suppose so; but, time will tell, you know.—P.T.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.—Joblots—Do you find any trouble in meeting your paper these times?

Hardup.—Not the least. I meet it everywhere. My trouble is in avoiding it.—P.T.

STORY-BOOK INDIANS.

It's funny about Indians,
In the stories which I've read ;
White men is always killing 'em,
And yet they aint all dead.

The hero of the prairies,
Who hankers for their gore,
Can kill a dozen every day,
And always finds lots more.

They are blood-thirsty savages,
And scalping's their delight,
And they're dreadful easy whipped,
Each time they try to fight.

And though they live by hunting,
And kill no end of game,
When shooting at a white man,
They always miss their aim.

But when the hunter fools 'em
By sticking out his hat,
So he can draw their fire,
They always riddle that.

And when they take a captive,
He's bound in such a shape,
He never has much trouble
In making his escape.

I never knew them get a chance
To torture him next day ;
You'd think by this time they'd have learned
To kill him right away.

They cannot speak much English,
Few words is all they know—
"Ugh ? The big chief ! kill pale-face !"—
They call all white men so.

But when they want to make a speech,
They use fine language then
And talk like Daniel Webster did,
And other famous men.

It's very funny all the things
That Indians seem to do ;
I sometimes think the story-books
Can't be exactly true !

—Phillips Thompson.

Epical.—Professor—Which is the most celebrated Latin epic, Mr. Callow ?

Freshman.—Epic-tetus.—P.T.

Thoroughly Tested. — Tombrown — Is Bostwick a hard student ?

Billgreen.—He must be. There were half a dozen jumping on him at the last football match, and he survived.—P.T.

PUT TO THE TEST.

"To serve you, I'd go to the ends of the earth,"
He said ; but it gave him a shock,
When she answered with somewhat contemptuous mirth,
"Well, then, just take a walk round the block."

—P.T.

A Plea in Mitigation.—Seedy Slocum—Wot's dis I hear about you, Mike. Dey tells me dat you's been disgracin' de profesh by workin' ! Dat so ?

Meandering Mike.—(*Apologetically*)—Yes, Seedy—but, say, ol' man, dey gin me a job in a brewery—all de booze yer kin git away with, yer know.

Seedy Slocum.—(*Thoughtfully*), Well, we mightn't none of us be able to stan' that temptation.—P.T.

Ancient and Modern Politics.—"It is the duty of every citizen," said the Professor, "to take an active interest in politics. The original meaning of the word 'idiot' in the Greek is, 'one who takes no part in public affairs."

The Thoughtful Student passed his hand over his brow reflectively, and talked in a hesitating sort of way at the Professor.

"Well, Mr. Grinder," said the latter encouragingly, "Does it suggest any id a to you ?"

"Not particularly," replied the Thoughtful Student. "It just occurred to me though, that the man who invented the word had evidently never attended a sitting of the Legislature."—P.T.

The Western Way.—Buckskin Joe of Deadman's Gulch had come east to New York to settle up some business, and was told by his lawyer that several hundred dollars was deposited to his credit in the bank.

"That's all right, pard," he said, "but spos'in I want to git the dust, how do I go about it ?"

"Oh, nothing easier. All you have to do is to draw on the bank, you know."

"Draw on 'em ! All right, pard, if you say so. I allers knowed you Noo York sharps was bound to play to skin game, but I didn't expect to have to hold a man up with a shootin' iron to git my own.—P.T.

ANECDOTES.

On one occasion, when the great Lord Chesterfield was present, the Duchess of Marlborough was urging the Duke to take some medicine, contrary to his inclination. At length she said, vehemently: "Do, my Lord, take it; I'll be hanged if it will not do you good." Lord Chesterfield joined in her grace's entreaty, and slyly said:—"Take it, my Lord; it will certainly do you good one way or the other."

A gentleman in Britain made a bet with his wife's brother on the result of the division on the Malt Tax; but, before the bet could be decided, the poor young man was gone "to that undiscovered land, from whose bourn no traveller returns." To most people, this would have been a case of difficulty; not so to a man of real business. Scarcely had the important intelligence of the majority against the repeal arrived, when he was called to attend his wife, who was taken suddenly ill, and thought to be dying. On entering her apartment, "I am dying," faintly articulated the lady, "indeed, I feel myself going." This was too good an opportunity to be lost. "If you *must* go, my love," said the affectionate husband, "should you see your brother, Tom, my dear, you will tell him I have won the bet on the Malt tax by a majority of 158."

In the reign of George II, the see of York falling vacant, his Majesty, being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted position, asked the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself, by his remarkable facetiousness, from being the son of a beggar to the see of Durham. The Doctor wittingly replied, "Had'st thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou would'st say to this Mountain (at the same time laying his hand on his breast), 'be removed and be cast into the sea (see).'" His Majesty laughed heartily, and forthwith conferred the preferment on the Doctor.

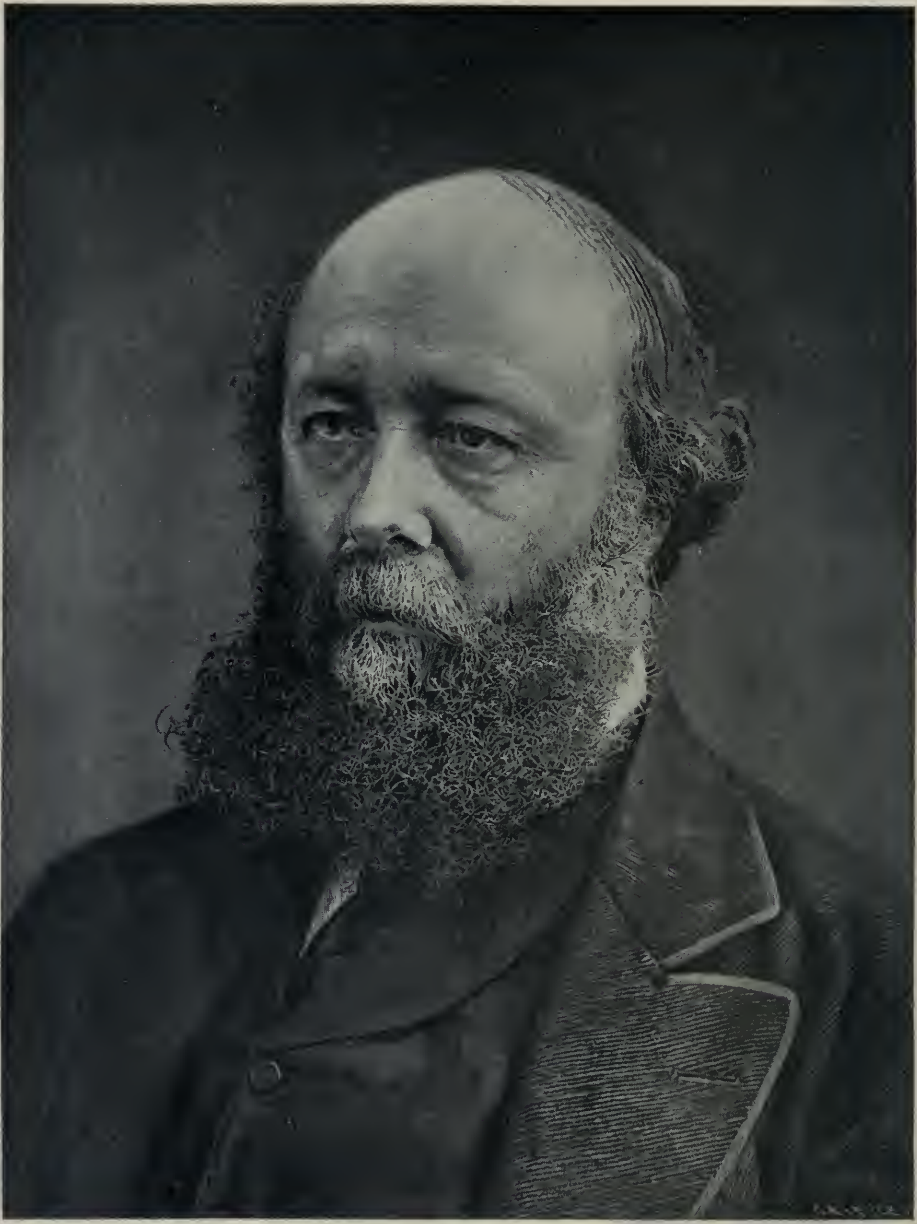
A Mr Hare breakfasted once with the celebrated Mr. Fox, whose dealings with the Jews was pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out: "Pray, gentlemen, are ye fox-hunting or hare-hunting this morning?"

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages. To which he replied: "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

A lady, some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a *skull* of *Oliver Cromwell.* Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

An Irish gentleman was in company with a beautiful young lady to whom he was paying his addresses; when, on giving a shudder, she made use of the common expression that "someone is walking over my grave." Pat, anxious for every opportunity of paying a compliment to his mistress, exclaimed:—"By the powers, madam, but I wish I was the happy man.'

—PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.



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SCHOOL IN AN AIR CASTLE.

BY WATSON GRIFFIN.

THE Protestant agitation against Roman Catholic separate schools reminds me of a story which Mr. Thomas S. Judah of Montreal, now in his ninetieth year, told me several years ago. Speaking of the time when there was an English majority in the Montreal city council, he said:—"You know Craig street runs almost on the level, but there is a slight incline toward the east, and a sluggish stream of water formerly ran eastward in a big ditch along the middle of the street. But when it was first decided to construct a sewer along this street, instead of making it run in the direction of the stream, they turned it westward, necessitating, of course, a deeper sewer. There was a good deal of discussion in the council before the vote was taken, the French-speaking members favoring an eastward flow, and the English-speaking members a westward flow. I asked one of the English speaking members afterward to explain why the majority of the council had voted to make the sewer run up hill instead of down hill. 'Well,' he said, 'those d—n French-Canadians wanted it to run east, and so we were determined to make it run west.' The attempt to make the sewer run up hill proved a complete failure, and it had to be reconstructed afterward."

If the Roman Catholic church authorities in Canada had been wiser they would have demanded some years ago that Roman Catholics and Protestants should attend the same public schools. The result of this demand would have been a great Protestant agitation against the Romanizing of the public schools. Then when the Protestants were thoroughly committed to advocacy of the separate school system, the Roman Catholic church might have gracefully yielded the point. and so the country would have peace and quiet now instead of being disturbed by politicians who work upon the religious prejudices of both Protestants and Roman Catholics.

What could be said from a Protestant point of view against children of all religions attending the same schools? A great deal might be said. If all the children who attend the Roman Catholic schools in both Canada and the United States attended the ordinary public schools, the Roman Catholic church would take a very active part in school elections. Quietly, earnestly, secretly, with an eye to the future as well as the present, the Church of Rome would extend its influence over the schools of the land. No effort would be spared to elect Roman Catholics to the school boards; and when it is considered how largely the Roman Catholic vote influences municipal elections all over the continent, and how the city councils of nearly all the large cities are controlled by Roman Catholics, some idea may be formed of the influence Roman Catholics might have over the public schools if they took the same interest in the election of public school boards as they do in ordinary municipal elections. Wherever possible, Roman Catholic teachers would be appointed to positions in the schools, and often, where the majority of the children were Protestants, the teachers would be Roman Catholics. Religion might be entirely excluded from the schools, but still many Protestant parents would object to having their children taught by Roman Catholic teachers, fearing that influences might be brought to bear to undermine their Protestantism. Those Protestant teachers who were driven out of the public schools would not need to change their profession, for private Protestant schools would flourish, and very few Protestants who could afford to pay for private instruction would send their children to the public schools.

It may be said that the Roman Catholics would not have it all their own way in the school elections, that the Protestants would make a bitter fight against the appointment of Roman Catholic teachers. That is true. Nearly every school election would be a fight. Sometimes the Protestants would win, and sometimes the Roman Catholics. Bitter feelings would be aroused on both sides, and the children attending the schools would take sides with their parents, so that the schools would be divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant factions. Yet the strongest argument advanced by the opponents of Roman Catholic separate schools in Canada is that they foster ill-feeling, and prevent the building up of a united nation.

The religion of the teachers would not be the chief objection made to the public schools by Protestant parents. It is not my purpose in this article to consider at length the reasons why the average Roman Catholic is poorer than the average Protestant, but it is an undoubted fact. Many Roman Catholics are rich, educated and refined, but the majority of them are not. One reason for this is that the Roman Catholics have directed their attention more to the poor than have the Protestants. In the large cities the Protestant churches follow the rich as they move from one part of the city to another. In New York this removal of Protestant churches excites frequent comment in the newspapers, and the same movement is noticeable in Montreal. The rich and poor do not meet together in the Protestant churches of the big cities. But the Roman Catholic church never runs away from the poor. Where it is first built it remains. The poverty of its people cannot be considered a reproach to the church if they are poor not because they are Roman Catholics, but Roman Catholics because they are poor. But however this may be, there is the fact that the Roman Catholic masses are poor, and their children have not the same advantages as Protestants in general, so that their attendance in large numbers at schools now reserved exclusively for Protestants would at once lower the standard of these schools, and many Protestant mothers would send their children to private schools on the ground that the children attending the public schools were too rough and vulgar. Contagious diseases are more prevalent among Roman Catholics than among Protestants, and the death-rate among Roman Catholic children is much higher than among Protestant children. Protestant mothers would consider this fact very seriously before sending their boys and girls to the public schools, common to all.

If while abolishing their parochial schools and sending all the poor children who attend them to the public schools, the Roman Catholics would maintain select convents for the well-to-do, they would secure as pupils many Protestant girls driven out of the public schools by the influx of poor Roman Catholics.

The system desired by Canadian Protestants has been on trial in the United States for a long time. What has been the experience there? Have the common schools, so long maintained, united Protestants and Roman Catholics in bonds of brotherly love and good feeling? The daily reports in the newspapers bear emphatic evidence to the contrary. Scarcely a day passes without reports of dissensions between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the United States. How is it that the Protestant Protective Association, which is such a weak organization in Canada, is so strong in the United States? One day recently in fifty different towns of New England anti-Roman Catholic meetings were held simultaneously, and strong resolutions were passed denouncing Roman Catholics and condemning Roman Catholic parochial schools. Canadian newspapers published a long telegraphic despatch about these meetings at the time. A short telegraphic despatch published by Canadian papers not many weeks ago said that in Kansas city, Kan., all Roman Catholic teachers had been barred out of the public schools this year, while another despatch, published about the same time said that no nuns would be allowed to teach in the public schools of Rochester, N. Y., this year. What do such reports indicate? They show that there has been a contest between Protestants and Roman Catholics in those cities for control of the public schools, and that the Protestants have won. Why did the Protestants object to Roman Catholic teachers? Evidently they believed that there was danger of the public schools being Romanized. On the 4th of July this year there was a fierce fight over the school question between Roman Catholics and Protestants in the streets of Boston, in which one man was killed, another fatally wounded, and a number seriously hurt.

Canadian Protestants in general imagine that there are no Roman Catholic separate schools in the United States, and that throughout that country Protestants and Roman Catholics are educated together. It is true that the Roman Catholics of the United States have to pay public school taxes, whether they attend public schools or not, but nevertheless they maintain 72 seminaries, 135 colleges, 661 academies, and 3,725 parochial schools. I am unable to state the number of children attending the seminaries, colleges and academies, but there are 755,038 children attending the Roman Catholic parochial schools.

There is difference of opinion among Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the United States as to the proper policy to pursue regarding the public schools. All agree that it would be wise to maintain separate schools if the Roman Catholics could obtain exemption from public school taxation; but there is difference of opinion as to whether it is wise to bear the cost of maintaining their own schools in addition to paying the public school taxes, many believing that it would be better to accept common schools for Protestants and Roman Catholics as an accomplished fact, maintain no parochial schools, and make quiet but earnest and continued efforts to gain control of the public schools. They argue that if all the money and energy expended upon the maintenance of the Roman Catholic parochial schools were devoted to school election work, Roman Catholics might control the appointment of public school teachers in almost every school section throughout the country.

While visiting Toronto recently I sat in a Queen street electric car behind three boys, about fifteen years of age, who were discussing the school question. One of the boys was evidently an American, although he appeared to be residing in Toronto, judging from the conversation I overheard. He had a newspaper in his hand, and pointed to an article upon the Manitoba School question as he said: "Your papers here are full of rot about forcing the Catholics to go to the public schools. You Canadians don't know when you are well off. What do you want the Catholics to go to your schools for? If the Catholics get into your schools you fellows will have to get out. Why, in America it is not considered the thing for nice people to send their children to the public schools. They are considered too vulgar. People of means always send their boys to private schools. When I first left America and came to Toronto, I thought that it was mighty queer that my cousins here attended the common schools, for their father is quite wealthy, you know, but I soon found that it was quite the usual thing for rich people to send their boys and girls to the public schools. They won't do it very long after the Roman Catholics come in, I can tell you."

The other boys did not argue the question. In fact, they seemed to be more impressed with his use of the word "America" than with his opinions on schools. One of them said, "You have a queer way of talking about coming to Toronto from America, as if Toronto were not in America."

"Yes," said the third boy, "don't you know that Canada is the bigger half of America?"

I did not catch the American's reply, and as the boys left the car at this point, I heard no more of their conversation. The American boy's statement that "It is not considered the thing for nice people to send their children to the public schools" in the United States, reminded me of an article by Robert Grant in the April number of *Scribner's* magazine. Mr. Grant declares that three-fifths of the parents in the United States who can afford to pay for private instruction do not send their children to the public schools. "There are many men in the community," says Mr. Grant, "who believe thoroughly that every one would do well to send his boys to a public school—that is every one but themselves. When it comes to the case of their own flesh and blood they hesitate, and in nine cases out of ten, on some plea or other, turn their backs on the principles they profess."

The most serious enemies of the public schools, according to Mr. Grant, are the women. Many a man would like to send his children to the public schools, but his wife objects. She believes her children's manners and morals will be affected by association with vulgar schoolmates, and fears that they may catch such diseases as scarlet fever and diphtheria. "It must certainly be a source of constant discouragement," says Mr. Grant, "to the earnest-minded people in this country, who are interested in education, and are at the same time believers in our professed national hostility to class distinctions, that the well-to-do American parent so calmly turns his back on the public schools and regards them very much from the lofty standpoint from which certain persons are wont to regard religion, as an excellent thing for the masses, but superfluous for themselves. If the public schools are to be merely a semi-charitable institution for children whose parents cannot afford to separate them from the common herd, the discussion ceases. But what becomes then of our cherished and Fourth of July sanctified theories of equality and common school education?"

Evidently the system of public schools so much desired by Canadian Protestants has not proved a success in the United States. If carried out in Manitoba or in Ontario, as some Protestants desire, the result would probably be that about one-third of the Roman Catholic population of school age would attend the public schools, and two-thirds of the Roman

Catholic separate schools, while at least one-third of the Protestant children now attending the public schools would be withdrawn and sent to private schools. The Roman Catholics, being taxed for the public schools, which the majority of them could not conscientiously allow their children to attend, would be unable to pay as much toward the maintenance of the Roman Catholic separate schools as they do under the present system, and consequently these schools would deteriorate, and the Roman Catholic population would grow up in ignorance.

The idea of national schools throughout the country, where children of all religions would grow up together and learn to love and trust each other, is as pleasant to contemplate as many other air castles, but it is not practicable.

For the sake of establishing in Canada a system which has proved a complete failure in the United States, the Protestant majority are asked by Mr. Dalton McCarthy to take advantage of a legal technicality to break faith with the Roman Catholics, and violate the solemn compact of Confederation. When a man is asked to do a dishonorable thing, it is customary to offer him something for it. But what advantages are Canadian Protestants to get in consideration of this breach of faith? Does any Protestant believe that the attendance of Roman Catholic children at the public schools heretofore reserved for Protestants will be an advantage to the Protestant children? If the object desired is simply to raise the Roman Catholic standard of education, it can be accomplished without depriving the Roman Catholics of any privileges to which they are justly entitled. It is only necessary to enact that all Roman Catholic schools receiving money from the Government shall be taught by duly qualified teachers holding Government certificates, and shall be subject to the same system of inspection as the Protestant schools.

* * *

BIGAMY UNDER THE CANADIAN CODE.

BY RICHARD J. WICKSTEED, LL.D., B.A., B.C.L.

THE resolution passed at the late general meeting in Toronto of the National Council of Women has raised anew the wave of popular surprise and irritation at the condition of the law of bigamy in Canada:—surprise at the law on this vital and national point, as pronounced by Ontario Judges; and irritation that no legislative action has been attempted to remedy the law's defects,—if such exist.

"The Dominion Government is powerless to punish bigamists when the ceremony of the second marriage is performed in the United States or any other foreign country." Such was the sentence which, in November last, was telegraphed over Canada, and in its passage shocked and grieved all readers. Both lawyers and laymen were shocked, mortified, chagrined and alarmed: alarmed because the institution of marriage, one of the bases of society, was threatened; and mortified that our boasted Criminal Code had failed to provide a remedy for a crime becoming only too prevalent in civilized communities.

When I first read the newspaper report of the judgment given in the Queen's Bench Court, Toronto, by Justices Armour and Falconbridge, in the Plowman case, I fairly gasped for breath. "Obstupui," which, according to my old classical teacher Dr. Smith, of the High School of Quebec, was best translated, "My hair stood on end like the bristles of a fighting pig, and the devil a word could I speak." After partial recovery, and when my locks had grown obedient to the laws of gravity, I thought over the matter and formed my own conclusions, but waited to hear from others before giving tongue myself. But as the Bar of Ontario seems weakly and meekly submissive to the ruling of its professional leaders, I venture to take exception to the judgment delivered by the two first-named Judges, in Regina *vs.* Plowman.

This case is reported in the *Canada Law Journal* of the 1st December, 1894, at page 735, as follows:

> "Conviction for bigamy quashed where the second marriage took place in a foreign country, and there was evidence that the defendant, who was a British subject resident in Canada, left Canada with the intent to commit the offence. *Held*, that the provisions of section 275 of the Criminal Code, making such a marriage an offence, are *ultra vires* of the Parliament of Canada."

For particulars of the case we must rely on the information telegraphed to the daily Press. The following report appears in the Montreal *Herald* of the 20th November, 1894:—

BIGAMY NOW EASY.

STARTLING JUDGMENT IN A TORONTO COURT.

MARRYING A SECOND TIME IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY IS NOT PUNISHABLE IN CANADA.

"The Dominion Government is powerless to punish bigamists when the ceremony of the second marriage is performed in the United States or any other foreign country. This was the decision of the Queen's Bench Divisional Court to-day.

"Benjamin Plowman, tanner, of Weston, with his second wife, née Matilda Dixon, sat in the rear of the court, and gladly heard the court's decision. In May, 1893, though a married man, he took Matilda Dixon to Detroit, married her and brought her back to Weston. A jury in September, 1893, found that his visit to Detroit was for that express purpose, and found him guilty of bigamy. Judge McDougall, however, reserved the case for the Divisional Court at the instance of lawyer Du Vernet, who raised the question of the power of the Government to punish such offenders as his client.

"The argument to-day was brief. The Act says: Bigamy is an act by a person who being married goes through a form of marriage with any other person, in any part of the world.

"Lawyer Du Vernet argued that the portion 'in any part of the world,' was beyond the power of the Dominion Government.

"The argument was followed by this remark from Chief Justice Armour: 'This conviction should be quashed. It appears to me that the Government is powerless to punish bigamy when the second marriage ceremony is performed in a foreign country. The British Parliament might provide that if a British subject married in another country he should be punished if he returned. The Parliament of Canada is in a subordinate position. Its jurisdiction is territorially limited to within its own borders.'

"Mr. Justice Falconbridge agreed. Deputy Attorney-General Cartwright left the Court somewhat surprised, while Mr. Plowman and his wife enacted an affecting scene in the corridor. The decision overrules the judgment of Chancellor Boyd in the Queen *vs.* Brierly, and has the effect of rendering unpunishable any married man or woman who desires to escape the costs of a Canadian divorce, marry in the States and return."

The inspiration for these objections and remarks by the Judges and Counsel seems to have been drawn from the debates of the House of Commons of Canada on the Criminal Code, in the session of 1892. I deem it worth while to quote what was said in the House on this point. Turning to page 3321 of the Debates of the House of Commons, on the 3rd of June, 1892, we find:—

"(In the Committee) On section 275.

"MR. FRASER—Will the hon. gentleman explain sub-section 4?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—The object of subsection 4 is to keep the enactment within our jurisdiction. In the early words of the clause we speak of marriages in any part of the world. Of course, Canada being a colony, this Parliament can only legislate for offences committed in Canada, and therefore, in order to restrain the preceding words, and restrict them to our own jurisdiction, we say:—

"'4. No person shall be liable to be convicted of bigamy in respect of having gone through a form of marriage in a place not in Canada, unless such person, being a British subject resident in Canada, leaves Canada with intent to go through such form of marriage.'

"In such a case we make it an offence to leave Canada for the purpose of committing that offence in another part of the world, that being the full extent of our power."

"MR. FRASER—Could a citizen of Canada visit a foreign country and go through such form of marriage and return here, and not come within the jurisdiction of Canada for purposes of prosecution?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes."

"MR. FRASER—Does the Minister say that Parliament would have no power in such a case?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes, we are following in that respect the decision given with respect to the jurisdiction of the Australian Parliament, that although the words used extended beyond the territorial jurisdiction of the Parliament, the Parliament had no authority, and its legislation must be confined to its jurisdiction, and interpreted accordingly. While it is morally the same offence to commit bigamy outside our jurisdiction, all we can do is to punish any person who leaves this country for the purpose of committing it."

"MR. FRASER—I have the idea in my mind, although I am not quite sure about it, that in England such cases have been dealt with. Would not an enactment of the English Parliament have effect here?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes, but it has not legislated in that manner."

"MR. FRASER—Then, practically, there would be no redress?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—There would be no criminal liability."

It will be my endeavor to show that Sir John Thompson, and after him Judges Armour and Falconbridge, talked nonsense in this matter of bigamy committed by a Canadian outside of Canada. It will not be difficult to show that the crime ought to consist, not in the leaving of Canada with evil intent, namely, the intent to marry again in a foreign country, the first wife being living and not divorced: but the crime ought to consist in doing an act in another country, the effect of which will be felt by others in Canada, and by doing which the man and paramour will return to Canada, immoral beings, and to be avoided by wholesome people, as setting an evil example in their actions, morals, and living. It seems absurd to talk of wishing to keep the enactment within our jurisdiction, by punishing a man who has an evil intent in Canada, but executes his evil intention in a foreign country, and then returns to Canada; and yet to refrain from punishing a man who returns to Canada a notorious evil liver and a bad example to his fellows, let alone the injury he does to his friends and relations, unless the evil life was determined on when in Canada. Then, to cap the climax of foolishness, it is gravely stated that an enactment by the English Parliament would change the whole aspect of affairs; and then bigamy committed outside our jurisdiction could be punished when the guilty parties enter Canada. Sir John Thompson, who was chiefly remarkable for a ready flow and a plethora of forceless words, obscuring logic, argument, and common sense, forgot that he had a fortnight previously, in the same session, given a contradictory opinion. On page 2706 of the Debates for 1892, the 17th May, we read:—

> "Mr. Davies (P.E I.)—Supposing a British subject named Smith, on board a foreign ship in Constantinople, committed a murder and afterwards came to Canada, could he be tried here?"
>
> "Sir John Thompson—Yes, he could be tried here by the United Kingdom statutes."
>
> "Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—Does the Minister know that, under the Imperial Act, the case would be tried according to the law of England, or according to Canadian Law?"
>
> "Sir John Thompson—We are given authority to try offences against common law."

It does seem curious that these two crimes, bigamy and murder, crimes under English as well as Canadian law, should be treated differently, when committed on foreign soil or territory by British subjects, and the two criminals afterwards set foot on British soil. There are several screws loose in the partitions of our Canadian box of crimes.

From the last opinion given above, in the case of murder at Constantinople, committed by a British subject while on a foreign ship, Sir John Thompson evidently believed that "*the personal theory of jurisdiction*" applied. Or, in other words, that a subject may be tried on his return to his own country, or even in his absence, for an offence against the laws of his own country committed while within the territory of another state. (See Holland's Jurisprudence, page 350.) This is the theory of the *forum ligeantiae*, and ought to apply to the Plowman case of bigamy now under discussion. The parallel case to the latter occurred to me of a Canadian living in Boston publishing a defamatory libel about another Canadian, in a Boston periodical circulating in Canada. The Canadian libeller could certainly be punished by the injured party on his return to Canada.

It is absurd to say that a contract hurtful to a Canadian, entered into in a foreign country can be carried out in Canada. A man proposes to build a house in Canada and employs a Canadian architect and builder, who commence work. The intending householder goes to the United States and engages an American contractor to complete the job. What a row there will be when the American attempts to oust the Canadian contractor. Damages—heavy damages, Sir. Canada protects her soil even against invasion by British subjects, when the said subjects are afflicted with yellow fever; she refuses to assist pauper immigrants; and imposes a tax on Chinese incomers; all on account of the undesirability of such arrivals in the midst of her population. It is not common sense to state that the Dominion cannot prevent her soil from being polluted by the presence of concubinaries,—who may be living in luxury, while the lawful wedded wife is starving in a neighboring village.

The true principle which ought to have guided Justices Armour and Falconbridge in their decision, and doubtless guided Vice-Chancellor Boyd in his, is ably set forth by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, a man eminently distinguished by judgment, by learning, and the powers of reasoning, in his immortal work entitled "Ductor Dubitantium" or the "Rule of Conscience." In Book III, chapter 1, and rule 8, he writes:—

"*Extra territorium jus dicenti, non paretur impune*," is a famous saying in the Canon law, "a man may safely disobey the law of his prelate, if he be out of the Diocese." And the reason is, because beyond his Diocese he hath no jurisdiction; and beyond his jurisdiction a prince hath no power. '*Lex est jus proprium civitatis*," saith the law; "The law hath no power beyond it's own city." * * * * * *

"This rule does not hold, when, though the subject be abroad, yet the action does relate to his own country. Thus it is not lawful abroad to coin or counterfeit the money of his country, to rail upon his prince, to prejudice his subjects, to violate his honor, to disgrace his nation, to betray the secrets and discover the counsels of his prince. Because the evil, done out of the territory, being an injury to them within, is as if it were done within. When the dispute was between the Athenians and Thebans about their confines, and the parties stood at a little distance, disputing and wrangling about the breadth of an acre of ground, Timotheus shoots an arrow, and kills a young Theban gentleman. The Thebans demand that Timotheus be put to death by the laws of Athens, as being their subject; they refuse to do so, but deliver Timotheus to the Thebans, giving this reason: He shot the arrow within the Athenian limit but it did the mischief within the territory of Thebes; and where the evil is done, there and by them let the criminal be punished. Being abroad is no excuse in this case. If a subject shoots an arrow into his own country, though he bent his bow abroad, at home he shall find the string." * * * *

"If the action be something to be done at home, the subject abroad is bound to obey the summons of the law. When Henry the Second of England commanded all prelates and curates to reside upon their dioceses and charges, Thomas Becket of Canterbury was bound in conscience, though he was in France, to repair to his province at home. The sum of all is this. A law does not oblige beyond the proper territory unless it relate to the good or evil of it. For then it is done at home to all real events of nature, and to all intents and purposes of law. For if the law be affirmative, commanding something to be done at home, at home this omission is a sin. "*Qui non facit quod facere debet, videtur facere adversus ea quae non facit*," saith the law; the omission is a sin there where the action ought to have been done. But if the law be negative, "*Qui facit quod facere non debet, non videtur facere id quod facere jussus est*," "He that does what he is forbidden to do is answerable to him who hath power to command him to do it."

Uninstructed, the same conception arose in my mind, but I was glad to find myself supported by probably the ablest of all divines; the better pleased from the fact of his being a theologian, and not a lawyer simply. For as Dr. Taylor himself writes:—

"In matters of justice which are to be conducted by general rules, theology is the best conductress; and the lawyers skill is but subservient and ministering."

The question might be asked, ought the moral wrong done to the community by such actions as were proved to have been done in the Plowman and Pallett cases, to be righted by the State? In reply I would cite the opinions of Aristotle, Hooker, Locke, and Whewell:—

"But a state exists for the sake of a good life, and not for the sake of life only: if life only were the object, slaves and brute animals might form a state, but they cannot, for they have no share in happiness, or in a life of free choice. Nor does a state exist for the sake of alliance and security from injustice, nor yet for the sake of exchange and mutual intercourse; for then the Tyrrhenians and the Carthaginians, and all who have commercial treaties with one another, would be the citizens of one state. True, they have agreements about imports, and engagements that they will do no wrong to one another, and written articles of alliance. But there are no magistracies common to the contracting parties, who will enforce their engagements; different states have each their own magistracies. Nor does one state take care that the citizens of the other are such as they ought to be, nor see that those who come under the terms of the treaty do no wrong or wickedness at all, but only that they do no injustice to one another. Whereas, those who care for good government take into consideration the larger question of virtue and vice in states. Whence it may be further inferred that virtue must be the serious care of a state which truly deserves the name; for without this ethical end the community becomes a mere alliance which differs only in place from alliances of which the members live apart; and law is only a convention, "a surety to one another of justice," as the sophist Lycophron says, and has no real power to make the citizens good and just. * * * * * * *

"It is clear then that a state is not a mere society, having a common place, established for the prevention of crime and for the sake of exchange. These are conditions without which a state cannot exist; but all of them together do not constitute a state, which is a community of well-being in families and aggregations of families, for the sake of a perfect and self-sufficing life. Such a community can only be established among those who live in the same place and intermarry. Hence arise in cities family connexions, brotherhoods, common sacrifices, amusements which draw men together. They are created by friendship, for friendship is the motive of society. The end is the good life, and these are the means towards it. And the state is the union of families and villages having for an end a perfect and self-sufficing life, by which we mean a happy and honorable life.' —(*The Politics of Aristotle. Jowett, page* 82, 83, 84.)

"Laws politic, ordained for external order and regiment amongst men, are never framed as they should be, unless presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience unto the sacred laws of his nature ; in a word, unless presuming man to be in regard of his depraved mind, little better than a wild beast, they do accordingly provide notwithstanding so to frame his outward actions, that they may be no hindrance unto the common good for which societies are instituted ; unless they do this they are not perfect."—(*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, page* 90, *Book* 1, *Chapter* 10)

"Thus the law of Nature stands as an eternal rule to all men, legislators as well as others. The rules that they make for other men's actions must, as well as their own and other men's actions, be conformable to the law of Nature, *i. e.* to the will of God, of which that is a declaration, and the fundamental law of Nature being the preservation of mankind, no human sanction can be good or valid against it."—(*Locke on Civil Government. Book* 2, *Chap* 11)

" All that we have hitherto said, tends to this ; not that, in any given state of society, Divorce should be absolutely prohibited, but that the highest conception of Marriage is expressed by making Marriage indissoluble ; that the Duty of the State, which is, among other Duties, to establish such Laws as may maintain and elevate the Moral Culture of the citizens, requires the Lawgiver constantly to tend towards this Conception of Marriage. and this condition."—(*Whewell's Elements of Morality.** *Book* 5, *Chap.* 13)

But it may also be asked, has Canada the power within itself of carrying out and fulfilling these specific objects for which as a State it was created ? To this question Doutre answers in the affirmative :—

" Although the Dominion Parliament does derive its powers from the British North America Act it cannot, I think, be successfully disputed that with respect to those matters over which legislative authority is conferred, plenary powers of legislation are given ' as large and of the same nature as those of the Imperial Parliament itself,' and therefore they may be exercised either absolutely or conditionally. . . . .

" The Parliament of Great Britain having, as I think, conferred on the Dominion Parliament this general, absolute, uncontrolled authority to legislate in their discretion on all matters over which they have power to deal, subject only to such restrictions, if any, as are contained in the B N.A. Act, and subject, of course, to the sovereign authority of the British Parliament itself, with reference to the question under consideration, I can find in the B.N.A. Act no limitation either in terms or by necessary implication, of the general power so conferred, and without which the legislative power should not, in my opinion, be limited by judicial interpretation."—(*Doutre's Constitution of Canada. Page* 196.)

In section 275 of the Criminal Code of Canada, 1892, we find the definition of bigamy,—the formation of which is described in the Hansard debates which I have quoted in the first portion of this essay. The conclusion I have arrived at is that this section or any one of its sub-sections is of full force and effect, and requires no assistance from the Imperial Parliament to bring Canadians under its powers. This conclusion I have come to in spite of the judgment herein criticized and the others dependent on it ; which judgments I consider in all humility, to be contrary to sound sense, logic, the law of nature and the law of nations.

Ottawa, July, 1895.

EXPERIENCES IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

BY G. M. STANDING.

THE Great North-West has become so familiar—to Canadians at least—through the reports of travellers, the descriptions of newspapers, and the letters of friends, that one can scarcely hope to say anything new on the subject. I certainly need not attempt to describe the most obvious features of the country, for that has been done by every one who has passed through and viewed the land, if only from the windows of a Pullman car. "The long level stretches of prairie, the broad fields of waving grain, the blue lakes glittering in the sunshine, and the brilliant expanse of sky," have all been described time and again till one has grown weary of such glowing accounts, and has longed for more sober and reasonable tales. On the other hand, there have not been wanting dismal stories of frost and snow, terrific hail-storms and terrible blizzards, stories of dissappointment and ruin from unlucky speculators and unfortunate settlers. It is not my purpose to maintain a proper balance between these conflicting or contradictory accounts. Perhaps each presents one side of the case; each contains a measure of truth; and each exaggerates to some degree.

But leaving such general matters for the present, let us consider other and, perhaps more interesting, features of western life. In Manitoba a man is considered "an old settler" who came during or before the famous "boom" of the early eighties. In those days oxen formed the ordinary team of the incoming settler, and many a man, who had never even seen a pair of oxen yoked together, learned to drive the horned steeds with all the grace and dexterity of a practical bull-whacker. It is said a man can never drive a yoke of oxen without swearing, and it seems quite reasonable to believe it.

Although Winnipeg was the centre for all the northern and western portions of the province, yet Emerson on the Red River, at the International Boundary, was the headquarters for all settlers in southern and south-western Manitoba. The Gate-Way City, then so thriving and prosperous, is now but a name, a shadow of what it promised to be. But at that time it was filled with settlers completing their outfits, and every day long trains of immigrants left for the west. Almost in a single season the whole country west of the Red River as far as the Pembina was homesteaded. The "Old Commission Trail," the trail made by the commissioners who marked out the international boundary along the 49th parallel, was the one followed. The seasons then, so the old settlers say, were rainy. The rivers were full, and there were no bridges; lakes and ponds were numerous, and sloughs (remember s-l-o-u-g-h spells "slew" out West), were frequent and sometimes almost impassable. What appeared to be the most innocent-looking puddle of water proved to be a most treacherous bog. The wheels began to sink, the driver whipped and shouted, possibly he used bad language, but all in vain. The wheels sank to the hub, and there stuck. The teamster descended and unhitched his team. The goods and household articles of all kinds were unloaded piece by piece, and carried on the unwilling back of the driver, wading through the water to firm ground. Then the wagon was dragged through and the journey resumed. Sometimes Eastern landbuyers were caught in a similar predicament. A story is told, in this regard, of a certain knight, a prominent Canadian politician. He was being driven through one of these sloughs; the rig stuck fast, and the passengers had to descend. As the knight was very nattily dressed he was unwilling to spoil his clothes, whereupon the driver undertook to carry him safely out on his back. By a well-simulated accident the burden-bearer's foot slipped, the good knight rolled in the mud, and a new suit of clothes was necessary.

The incomers were men of all nationalities, but the greater number were good Ontario citizens, well able to take care of themselves and become adapted to their new surroundings. Great numbers were from Huron county, while again other settlements consisted of Lanark men. In was particularly noticed that the Lanark folk were the most highly pleased with their new home, which was perhaps somewhat of a reflection on the county they had left.

Perhaps in some respects the life of the settler was somewhat monotonous, but yet there were many things to relieve the tedium of existence. Though the buffalo had gone, and nothing but his whitening bones remained to tell of his past existence, or it might be, here and there, a narrow path worn deep in the soft prairie soil, and leading down to the water, yet game of many kinds still remain, and that, too, well worth a sportsman's attention. In some of the more broken and wooded townships a few elk were occasionally to be seen, and black-tailed deer, while the common red, or Virginia deer, were comparatively numerous. Bears, too, made their appearance now and then in the "scrub," as the small timber is called. On one occasion one of these animals, unfortunately for himself, lost his way and wandered into the neighborhood where I had taken up my residence. It is one of the regrets of my life that I happened to be from home at the time and so missed all the fun that followed. The poor bear took refuge in the timber surrounding a small pond, and here he dodged bullets and buckshot, or quietly swallowed his dose of lead without even a wry face, or making an attempt to turn on his pursuers. Though he sometimes met them face to face, he politely made way and scampered off in another direction. He managed to elude everyone, and was quietly stealing off the way he came, when a settler's wife, who was an interested spectator of the scene, caught sight of him. Calling the dog she headed and drove him back. A school-teacher fired the last shot just as the animal was ready to tumble over, and managed to persuade himself that he had "killed the bear." One of the first animals I had the pleasure of meeting in that place was a lynx, but he was exceedingly shy of making acquaintance, and sprang over the steep bank of a ravine, carrying with him a small load of shot in his brindled hide.

Hares were too plentiful to be thought of as game. In going a distance of a quarter of a mile I have counted a hundred of these animals hopping about in the poplar scrub. If a poplar was cut down in the winter time, and left an hour or so, a person on coming back would find from twenty to thirty hares nibbling at the bark and young twigs. A clergyman of the neighborhood took his young English farm-hand and with two double-barrelled guns set to work one day to lay up a supply of hares for winter, before their flesh became bitter from eating poplar bark. There was a perfect fusilade all day, and, as a result, over a hundred hares hung dangling by their hind legs from the eaves of his house. Here they remained all winter, swinging to and fro, rigid as iron, in the biting wind.

Not very numerous, but exceedingly noisy, were the packs, or rather families, of prairie wolves. On a still night, a single yelp and a long, shrill howl would break forth, with startling suddenness, followed by a shrieking chorus of mingled yells and barking, and all this would come from four or five of these animals, for there are seldom more than that together, and not often that many. They are the great enemies of the farmers' chickens and young turkeys. For the rest they subsist on hares, and on the gophers they sometimes dig out. These latter mentioned animals were so destructive in a dry season that many municipalities gave bounties for their destruction. At first their tails were to be produced, but the wily red men, who frequently engaged in the gopher trade, were accused of not being so unsophisticated as to destroy a future source of revenue, and of letting the little animals go, minus their tails. More satisfactory measures were adopted soon, and a free distribution of strychnine to poison them was ordered. Merchants, in the meantime, had imported barrelfulls of small steel traps, and many laborers made more money trapping gophers than they had done in the harvest field.

But after all the chief game of Manitoba is the feathered game; the prairie chickens, the geese, and the wild ducks that inhabit or frequent the country. All over the country are rivers, lakes and ponds. The long grass, the reeds and sedges serve to shelter the nests, and the young ducks feed and grow during the quiet summer. All summer long, and through the early fall, they are scattered over the country, in every pond and pool of water. When the ice begins to form they gather into the larger lakes, and the different species coming down from the far north swell their numbers to countless thousands.

Well do I remember the first time I visited one of these lakes. Standing on the high bank, overlooking the wide valley at the foot of the lake, the scene lay spread before me. The river, flowing out from the lake, wound in many curves through the broad level valley, its course lined everywhere by trees, through whose branches it gleamed like a belt of silver. To the west lay the lake. The long, steep hills surrounding it were clothed with oak and poplar, while round the margin ran a wall of stone like a parapet. Here and there were openings in the hills, showing deep and dark ravines. Near at hand, on a grassy slope, a group of dwarfed and gnarled oaks were scattered, looking for all the world like an old apple orchard, and awakening memories of another land. Over the lake the sun was casting its last beams, and lighting up its surface. There the ducks were gathered in thousands. I never saw so many at one time before or since. Counting the number on a small space it was easy to make sure that there were myriads scattered over the surface of the lake. Sportsmen from Winnipeg sometimes camp there for a month or six weeks in the autumn, and with their 10-guage guns make the air resound with heavy discharges. On their return to the city they disposed of enough game to pay all expenses.

Geese were much more difficult to shoot than the ducks. Cautious and suspicious they circled round and round the wheat-fields, before they ventured to alight. When they did settle it was usually in the centre of the field, or at least far from any cover that might serve to shelter the approaching sportsman. Two or three tall ganders with long, upstretched necks were always on the alert, and ready to sound a note of warning on the least suspicion of danger. Thus, it came that the rifle was used oftener than the shorter-ranged shot gun, in bagging this game. Suspicious as they were, however, they sometimes allowed themselves to be taken in by an innocent looking pair of oxen, straying carelessly by. Between, or behind the oxen, with gun ready, walked the hunter, whose stratagem was not unfrequently substantially rewarded. Occasionally, late in the fall, the geese would hold a grand rally, when all the scattered flocks of the country would coalesce and hold a sort of triumphant jubilation. Perhaps the approach of thanksgiving, and the proud consciousness of freedom and immunity from the fate of their enslaved kin, induced them to hold this gathering. As if confident in numbers, they were unusually bold and reckless on those occasions. Several times I have known thousands of them to alight within a stone's throw of a settler's house, and feed almost under his nose. What made their conduct so very irritating was the fact that when they did this they chose a Sunday for it, and, furthermore chose the yard of a man who was superintendent of the little Sunday School in the neighborhood. Of course, he was precluded from disturbing them and violating their touching confidence in his Sabbath-keeping practices, but certain sons of Belial, that is to say, several youthful scions of old country gentry, were not restrained either by the day or their past record, when a similar opportunity was offered them.

The commonest and most readily obtainable game-bird is, of course, the prairie chicken. Instead of disappearing before advancing settlement, they are said rather to be increasing with the increase in their food supply derived from the great wheat-fields. But, nevertheless, it requires a strict enforcement of the game laws to maintain this state of things. With a pony and buckboard, or more comfortable buggy, the sportsman rides over the prairie, following the flock whereever it goes. Rising almost singly, several birds are secured before the last has gone, and as they do not fly far, sometimes almost the whole flock is gathered in, especially if it is at the beginning of the open season. Strong and full of life as they are, it requires a hard hit to bring them down; even when badly hurt they continue their flight in full force until they suddenly drop stone dead. Farmers are usually very obliging to city sportsmen, and allow them to ride over their land without question. But the open season for game coincides with the farmer's very busiest time, and when he sees city men drive into his unfenced yards, and begin to shoot the prairie chickens that have long been feeding on the tops of his stacks, while he himself has been too busy to snatch the little time necessary to secure them, even his patience gives way. Under just such circumstances, I have known a doctor of divinity to drive off declaiming against the meanness of the farmer who had requested him to move on. Very evidently he had not learned to look at questions from any other standpoint than his own.

When the shooting season is past, the fishing season opens. This is perhaps, a reversion of the usual process. Though there is, of course, a certain amount of fishing done during the summer, yet the absence of boats for trolling, and of leisure for the occupation, has brought about the result that most of the fish that are caught are taken in the winter through the ice. In the early days of settlement fish were plentiful and of considerable size, in the lake expansions of the Pembina, but frequent fishing and, more than all, low water in the river, have somewhat reduced their number and size. Pike are the chief, and with the exception of suckers, almost the only fish taken, for other fish have a decided objection to dwelling in the same waters with the exclusive pike.

The Indians are the most patient fishers. Cutting a hole in the ice and baiting their hook with a piece of fat pork or other meat, they dangle the bait sometimes for hours without reward. An English immigrant, who was something of an artist, sent to the illustrated papers a sketch of the Indian method of fishing, and, as a contrast, another, labelled, "The way we do it." The Indian was patiently sitting over the hole, his knees painfully bent, and his blanket drawn over his head, enduring the full force of the winter wind, at many degrees below zero. The Englishman, in the other picture, had erected a tent over the opening in the thick ice, lighted a fire and put up a bed, upon which he was luxuriously reclining, pipe in mouth, and with a bundle of *Graphics* in his hand. He seemed quite a picture of ease and contentment as with one hand he lazily dangled the hook in the water. The place usually selected for fishing is near the shore, where springs run into the lake. There the fish assemble in great numbers, and when a hole is cut in the ice, they crowd around it to get a supply of oxygen—that is, they sometimes crowd around, but often the fishing is very poor. On some occasions, however, they first make great runs, and at these times they are taken in large numbers. Around each fishing hole are two great heaps of frozen fish, one of pike, the other of suckers, and with these piles the Indian, who is adept enough at bargaining, secures his supply of flour.

The Indians have their reservations and are supposed to stay on them, but that is a mere supposition, and is different from the actual fact. They wander from one point to another, and on several occasions I have seen bands coming from the upper waters of the Missouri across the plains of Southern Manitoba, on their way to the Indian agency at Emerson to draw their semi-annual treaty allowance. They were of the Cree race, harmless and quiet, and taller, straighter and darker than their brethren in Eastern Canada. Some were riding on their tough little ponies, some walking, and among these the women, unless in some cases when they were seated with the papooses in Red River carts. These carts, with immense wooden wheels and axles, never greased, go creaking and groaning along, and if it be a still frosty morning their approach may be heard for miles, sounding, as one expressed it, "for all the world like a hen-roost broken loose." The Indian pony is a faithful and useful servant to his master, be he Indian or white. His endurance is remarkable, and he can make long trips and live on such feed as would soon kill ordinary horses. Nevertheless, he has his failings, and one of these is that he frequently requires an inordinate amount of the "persuader" to induce him to hasten his motion. A familiar sight on a Sunday morning was a certain pioneer minister who used to ride one of these piebald ponies in making his circuit trips. As far off as the eye could distinguish him, he could be seen on his unwilling pony, coming along at a canter, and with every bound the minister's muscular arm brought down on the pony's tough hide a good stout cudgel, rising and falling in regular cadence, until he disappeared again from view. But passing years bring changes, and pony and saddle have given way to a more dignified, if less picturesque and enjoyable, mode of ministerial travel.

REMINISCENCES OF BENCH AND BAR

BY C. A. DURAND, BARRISTER.

In years long gone a well known man, then resident in a dear old town hard by the City of Hamilton, instituted a suit to recover, for the loss of an eye, damages from a doughty officer in Her Majesty's military service. The accident occurred at target practice while the ill-starred man was travelling along a highway. At the trial a sporting barber was put into the witness-box for the purpose of establishing the relative distances which a breech-loader and an ordinary rifle would carry. Counsel for Plaintiff, (a very gifted man, but careless of extremes, and averse to delicacy of expression when he believed the opposite would be more effective), after eying the witness critically, asked him if he professed to be a sportsman, and, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, replied: "Why, sir, I should have taken you for a barber." Witness retorted instanter, saying: "I have had you by the nose before to-day, sir," in a tone indicating a resolve to then and there again manipulate that organ; but he spent the force of the retort by adding, "I mean professionally." The witness had often shaved the counsel. The opposing counsel was none other than that Heaven-born advocate, the late Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron (the gamiest of the game.)

At an assize held in Toronto, a very eminent Q.C., representing the defense in an important action, upon hearing the case called, just before an adjournment till the day following, sprang to his feet hurriedly, saying: "My Lord, the witness will be down by the first train of the Northern Railway to-morrow morning." The presiding Chief Justice being lashed to the Bench, and debarred from crossing swords with the legal gladiator in the conduct of the case (he was renowned for possessing a highly polished, ironic tooth, and prone to use it), catching the anxious tones of counsel, whose action and conduct proclaimed him to be for the plaintiff, and, feeling that it was a rare opportunity for a home thrust, the course being so clear and inviting, the Chief could not restrain himself from informing the counsel how perilous he could render the situation. So he replied: "All I have to say, Mr.—— is, that if the case is not ready at the opening of the court to-morrow morning, I shall strike it out of the list. Counsel arose, his own brilliant intellect aglow, and whilst a sardonic smile irradiated his countenance, looked the Chief full in the eye, and with a graceful salaam, said: "Thank your lordship; I'm for the Defendant."

The unnamed counsel referred to in the last paragraph, at luncheon, during an assize, hearing an Englishman (fresh from the land we all love so well regardless of all her faults), make the assertion that the birds of Canada, although in many instances clothed with comely plumage, were devoid of note or melody, hastened to the rescue, and asked the calumniator (I am using his own words): "Have you ever heard our little canary bird; not the ordinary little canary, but one that frequents my garden, and sits on the tip of a bough, and swings, and swings, and sings his little heart out?" This was rendered in a full, rich, overwhelming tone, like the toppling of many waters. The foe looked aghast, and may be said to have collapsed, for the silence which ensued was so pronounced that one might have distinctly heard the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree (had he not been so very far off).

The same man, marvellous in versatility, be it said to his credit and in pleasant remembrance of him, never lost his temper with judge, counsel or witness (a characteristic which many of us might emulate), but was ever courteous and dignified.

The writer had the good fortune, when a resident of the Manchester of Canada—the staid old town of Galt—to be chosen as one of a deputation with the late Colonel Peck. to solicit the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee, orator and historian, who at the time referred to was aiding his friend the Hon. Michael Hamilton Foley in an election contest in the county of Waterloo, to attend at Galt and deliver a Shakesperian oration, on a then approaching centenary of Shakespeare. To this request he gracefully acceded. Upon the arrival of Mr. McGee at his friend's, Dr. Richardson's house in Galt, after the usual greetings of old and tried friends, Mr. McGee asked his hospitable hostess if she could recall which of Moore's melodies he had sung when last there, and after a mutual recollection that it was, "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," Mr. McGee again struck the harp to that most touching melody, and again sang it in his own peculiarly sweet, muffled tones; then suddenly, looking intently at his hostess, said: "Mrs. Richardson, one day I told Mrs. McGee that when from home I received a great deal of attention from the ladies, and what do you think she said in reply?"—and when Mrs. Richardson had expressed her inability to imagine,—"Well!" said Mr. McGee, "my wife said 'D'Arcy, I have great faith in your homeliness.'"

On the same night, at a supper given in his honor after the Shakesperian oration (which it is superfluous to say was "rich and rare" and a model of the kind), a knock came at the hall door (Peck had failed to put in an appearance at the supper) some one exclaimed: "There's Peck at last!" Mr. McGee said: "Let me go to the door!" It was then in the "we sma' hours" of the night. Mr. McGee slid down the hall, and, suddenly opening the door, exclaimed (supposing the knocker to be Peck): "How do you do, you quarter of a bushel?" The visitor proved to be a liveryman previously ordered to convey McGee to Guelph to catch the early train for Montreal, where he was due the ensuing night to deliver a lecture. We ever after called the Colonel a quarter of a bushel Noble fellow, Peck; for breadth and soul, where could we find his compeer?

Mr. McGee informed us that one day, when on a railway train at a station, a little boy with a telegram for him ran through the car, shouting "Is Darkey McGee here?" Mr. McGee said he beseechingly called out, "Soften the 'C,' my boy." Mr. McGee, as we all know, was of a very dark, rich complexion. He also assured us that in an election contest between the Hon. Mr. Dorion and himself, they together visited a negro settlement, near Montreal, the votes of which were an important quota in the election. He, McGee, said he manœuvred and got Dorion to first address them, which he did in a long stirring appeal, and then he (McGee) arose, and opening his mouth from ear to ear, and glowering at the negro audience, shouted: "We are a down-trodden race," and then resumed his seat. "And," said Mr. McGee, "they voted for me to a man."

A very touching incident occurred at the burial of William Craigie, of the city of Hamilton. He was an honored graduate of the University of Toronto, and a distinguished member of the Canadian Bar. The writer was honored by being chosen one of the pall bearers. A very learned Q. C. in our midst was another of the pall bearers. Just before reaching the cemetery opposite Dundurn Castle, on the sultry day of the funeral, a very plainly dressed woman might have been seen hastening her steps to keep pace with the funeral cortege. As soon as the hearse halted in the cemetery grounds, the woman knelt by the hearse and said (to all appearance wholly unconscious of the presence of others) "I know that he is happy for he was always kind to everybody." Such a tribute to sterling worth! The woman, upon enquiry, proved to have been a devoted servant of Dr. Craigie, (the father of William Craigie). and had known deceased, so to say, from his cradle to his grave. Many of Mr. Craigie's friends, when reviewing their happy associations with him, could truthfully say, in the words of the Honorable Mr. Norton, "I'd give the hopes of years for those bygone hours."

On an occasion when the writer visited a public inn in the county town of Waterloo, a man with more than a "wee drappie in his 'ee," jostled against him. He at once removed to a distance, but shortly after the jostling was repeated in a more marked manner, and when addressed, "Well old fellow, what's wrong?" the man replied: "See here, you'll have to get another man. I won't do it again unless you get another man." After a lengthened interview my friend informed me that he had been on two juries in different years and that on each of these occasions I had defended one and the same individual for a like offence—a very grave criminal charge —"and," said Mr. Juryman, "for your sake, on each occasion, I secured an acquittal; but," added he, "I will not do it again, unless you get a different prisoner." In vain did I endeavor to persuade him that I could not choose men for prisoners. He was inexorable. Of course the circumstance of his having been on the juries was news to me, but it was, nevertheless, true as to the fact that one and the same individual had been tried for a similar offence on two occasions, and defended by me. But what a revelation. Until then I had been vain enough to believe that my efforts had had somewhat to do with the acquitals. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue?"

As to the almost superhuman capacity and magnetism possessed by some men with whom we have had the blessing of association.—The late Chief Justice Moss was seen and heard receiving (poured into his ear by junior counsel), the particulars from a voluminous brief in an important case, and he rehearsed it to the presiding judge in a most fluent and logical form, as though he had studied, weighed, and digested it. The fact, as I believe, was that the case was forced on, and that Mr. Moss, immediately upon entering court, had to assume the role of senior counsel. As a tribute to the last named beloved Chief Justice, and as an instance of his personal magnetism, it can be truthfully stated that, when first he contested Toronto as the champion of the Reform party, a most strongly prejudiced Conservative, upon being urged to support Mr. Moss because of his extreme fitness and eminence as a scholar and gentleman, expressed himself to the effect that no Reformer ever had or would receive a vote from him. Mr. Moss made a personal canvass of the city, and called upon the referred to Conservative (it was their first meeting) and, to use the Conservative's own words: "Before Mr. Moss had been in my company ten minutes, I had pledged to him my vote, and I loyally fulfilled my promise." Mr. William Craigie before mentioned, and Mr. Chief Justice Moss were ardent friends. "Tom lo'ed him like a vera brither, etc." They each died very young, in blossoming fame, "As if the sun would set 'ere noon." It would scarcely be sacrilege to say of such men, what the poet Burns said of his friend Gavin Hamilton: "With such as they where'er they be, etc., etc.

Years ago, in the good City of Toronto, a legal luminary, (now in the high latitudes), by no means devoid of amiability, but liable to sudden bursts of passion, had, on the occasion referred to, a slow but faithful scribe or office-man, at whom, not infrequently he had shied average sized volumes, but on the occasion now recalled, for some dire omission or commission, the man of all work was compelled to dodge a volume of the Revised Statutes of Canada, which went crashing through the panes of the office window; whereupon my lord glared at the offender, and bellowing at him in stentorian tones, demanded of him: "Why the —— do you not run for a glazier."

Once upon a time when visiting a race-course with a legal friend (before fashion had set her seal upon race-courses in this country), we met a Pennsylvanian known to be of the strictest sect, and above suspicion in relation to the moral code, who beholding us, viewed us with sorow-stricken horror of visage, exclaiming that he was amazed at finding us there. We replied, expressing equal astonishment at discovering our model friend on such unhallowed ground. He at once excused himself, saying, "Ah, as to myself, I am here 'looking for a man.'" My companion, a noted wit, remarked, "It's the human race and not the horse-race that our friend has come to look at."

I recollect a leading counsel (he now adorns one of the High Court Divisions at Osgoode Hall) cross-examining at an assize sitting an apparently very stupid Paddy, and time and again counsel cleverly cornered him. When requiring him to account for his inconsistent answers, the witness invariably answered him, saying: "Och, you were thinking of one thing, and I was thinking of another," and there he lodged. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., etc. An equally evasive individual was a German who spoke freely (after his partner had fled the country and taken the property with him), of the fraudulent suggestions his partner had made to him. But when asked, as a feeler, how he had replied to such fraudulent suggestions, his invariable reply was, "I was silent." That man was found with a copy of Shakspeare in the German vernacular, and gave "every man his ear, but few his voice." He let concealment "like a worm i' the bud," etc., etc. Having been told that it is bad form to be ever talking shop, I may be permitted, therefore, to close my crude remarks by telling the reader that it is surprising how little knowledge of foreign languages and of how to pronounce them some adults can attain to, even though they intermix with and associate from time to time with foreigners for many years. I know a man who after such an association had prided himself in the belief that, at least, he could command some German expressions fairly well Setting out with such conviction he essayed to hold sweet converse with a most commendable German woman —and after he had, as he verily believed, talked to her in Schiller's best style—picture to yourself his consternation and humiliation, when she, after listening to him intently, turned on her heel exclaiming, "Nichts verstehe English," (Do not understand English)

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

SCIPIO'S DREAM.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR HARVEY, F.R.S.C.

I.

I VISITED Africa, as you are aware, as a military tribune, attached to the fourth legion, when Manius Mamilius was consul, and was charmed to have the opportunity of meeting King Massinissa, who was for many good reasons very friendly to our family. When I visited him, the old man embraced me and wept, and in a little while looked upwards and exclaimed: "I thank thee, mighty Sun, and the rest of the Heavenly host, that before departing this life, I am privileged to behold in my kingdom, and within my palace, P. Cornelius Scipio, whose name is refreshing to me, as recalling an excellent and brave friend."

We interchanged enquiries about his kingdom and our republic, and after a lively conversation, daylight waned. Even then, while a right royal entertainment was in progress, our discourse was prolonged until late at night, the old king constantly speaking about Africanus, whose very words, as well as his actions, he well remembered.

Finally, on retiring, I fell into a sounder sleep than usual, for I was travel-worn and tired by sitting up so late. Perhaps, because we had been speaking of him, Africanus thus appeared to me, in the shape I knew better from his statue than from personal recollection — a thing which Ennius says once happened to him with regard to Homer, of whom he was very often thinking and talking, when awake. I shivered when I recognized him, but said he: "Possess your soul in quietness, nothing fearing. Remember and repeat what I am about to say."

II.

He pointed towards Carthage, from some bright and noble spot above us, shining with stars. "Do you see," quoth he, "that city which I made bow her neck to Rome, but cannot yet rest without a renewal of the strife? You have come to besiege it, a lad of scarcely military age. In two years you will be consul and destroy it, when you will bear in your own right the surname which has so far only belonged to you by inheritance from me. When you have razed Carthage, enjoyed your triumph, been chosen censor, and become lieutenant plenipotentiary in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, you will again and in your absence be elected consul, and by the destruction of Numantia bring a most important war to a favorable issue. You will, however, be blamed by the populace (whom the speeches of my nephew will lead astray) for driving in your chariot to the Capitol. Then, my Africanus, you will have to fittingly display the brilliancy of your inherited spirit, judgment and tact; and I see at that juncture two paths marked out by Fate. For when your years count seven times eight annual changes of the sun, these two numbers (both, though for different reasons, called complete) will have brought you by a natural circuit to the apex of your destiny the universal state will turn to you alone, and to your name; the senate, all good citizens, our allies and the Latin world will lift their eyes to you; on you alone the state will lean for safety, and, in short, you will, as dictator, scarcely fail to restore the good old system of the Republic, if you can escape the unfriendly hands of your own relatives."

When Lœlius here started and cried out, and the rest were warmly sympathizing, "Pray," said Scipio, smiling, "do not awake me from my dream, of which I have said so little yet. Let me tell the rest."

III.

"And, Africanus, that you may be the more eager to serve the state, hold firmly to this fact—that for all who have defended, aided, or helped to develop their country, a certain place in the skies is set apart, where in happiness they can enjoy perennial life. And nothing on earth can better please that chief God, who rules the world at large, than the councils and assemblies of men united by law and justice, which are called states. The directors and conservators thereof, as they issue hence, so hither do they return."

At this point, alarmed, though less by the fear of death than by the dread of treachery at the hands of my own people, I asked if he and my father, Paul, and others whom we suppose dead were still alive?

"Why, of a surety," said he, "those who have put off the trammels of their bodies, escaping, as it were, from a prison, are alive, for what you call your life is really a death. But there—look at your father who approaches."

As I perceived him, I shed floods of tears, but he, embracing and kissing me, told me not to weep; whereupon, as soon as my sobs would let me—"Father, best and beloved," I cried, "since this is life, as Africanus says, why do I linger on the earth, instead of hastening to meet you here?" "Not so." he answered, "unless that God, whose temple is all that you see around, Himself has freed you from those bodily shackles, entrance hither will be denied you, for men are begotten that they may keep and care for the globe called Earth, which you see in the centre of this temple, and life is given them from those eternal fires you call stars and planets, which, spherical and rounded, themselves, animated with divine spirits, complete their circles and orbits with wonderful swiftness. That, Publius, is why you and all men of worth should guard this vital principle in the body's keeping, and not give up your lives as men without the order who bestowed them, and have it known that you shirked the duties of humanity assigned to you by God. Cultivate, therefore, justice and respect, as this your grandfather and I who begat you did, for valuable as they are in regard to parents and neighbors, they are even more so as regards the State. Such a life is the road to Heaven, and to this the company of those who, having passed through life, and been relieved from their bodies, dwell in the place you now behold."

The region was, let me say, a ring which shone with a splendid brightness among the lights of heaven, which, following the Greeks, you call the Milky Way; and, as I looked around, other wonderful and glorious things appeared, for luminaries were there which we never see from earth, and the size of them all was quite unexpected, for the least of them was the small body, lowest in the Heavens, though nearest to the earth, which was shining with borrowed light. The globes of the stars much exceeded in size that of the earth. Indeed, so small did our world seem that I felt ashamed of our Empire, by which we have acquired a mere point upon it, as it were.

IV.

As I was wrapped in contemplation of the earth. "How long" asked Africanus, "will your mind be fixed on mundane things? Why do you not rather gaze at the temple you have entered? The universe, you see, is bound together by nine orbs or rather spheres, of which the most remote, which closes all the rest, is the Heavenly sphere, which is the great God himself, ruling and keeping them in bounds. Therein fixed are the never ending courses of the stars which are turning with it. Below it are seven planets which have the opposite motions to that of the sky. She, who on earth is called Saturnia, possesses one of these. Next comes the healthy bright light called Jupiter, and after it the ravening star, baleful for mortals, which is ascribed to Mars. Then, somewhere in the middle region, comes the sun, leader and chief, and governor of the other lights, the mind of the world and ruler of its seasons, so huge that with his light he shines upon and fills all space. Him, as companions, two planets closely follow, one assigned to Venus, the other to Mercury, while in the lowest sphere revolves the moon, illumined by the solar rays. Below that . . . naught, save what is mortal and frail, except the minds of men, given by provision of the gods. Above the moon all things are eternal, for the earth which is in the centre and is the ninth body, is at the base and moves not, and to it all things of weight are attracted by their own tendency."

V.

When I had somewhat recovered from the amazement with which I observed the scene, I heard a loud sound, extremely sweet, which filled my ears with melody, and "What," I asked, "is this? "It is caused," he said, "by the impulse and motions of these very orbs. The intervals are not equal, yet are proportioned in a way that produces various smooth harmonies, by mingling shrill sounds with deeper ones. It would be contrary to nature for such powerful motions to occur silently, and they are such that the extremes on one side yield a deep note, on the other a high one. The star tracks in the lofty heavens, whose circling is indeed rapid, form a sharp and treble sound; the lunar one, the lowest, emits a base note: for the earth, the ninth, is without motion and keeps stationary in the middle of the universe, while the other eight spheres, of which two have similar attributes in this respect, cause seven sounds, distinct in tone—a number which seems to be the key to almost all things. Wise men who have followed this model with stringed instruments and voices; others, too, who with excelling genius, have in this life made a study of divine things, have opened the way for their returning hither, but the ears of mortals, albeit they have filled with this music, are quite deaf to it; you have no sense more dull than that of hearing, and are like the race dwellers at the cataract of the Nile, who where the river falls over lofty cliffs, because of its tremendous noise have no sense of hearing at all. This sound, caused by the rapid revolutions of the universe, is too much for the ears of men to catch, on the principle that you cannot look straight at the sun, because his rays over-match the sharpness of your vision." Lost in wonder at these statements, I yet kept my eyes upon the earth.

VI.

Then Africanus, still addressing me, continued: "You are still gazing, I notice, upon the home and dwelling of mankind. If it seem small to you, as in reality it is, look ever to the things of heaven and think less of those of earth. For what reputations for oratory, or what search for glory can seem of consequence to you! You perceive that people dwell in scattered places, confined within various limits, while between the spots they do inhabit are vast deserts, placed so that they who live on earth are not only sundered by such obstacles that they can have little intercommunication, but some are at one angle, some incline the other way, while some even stand foot to foot with you—from whom you can surely expect no glory. Do you see how the earth is circumscribed, and as it were surrounded by certain zones, of which you may observe two, very far apart, lying on either side, under the very poles of the sky, stiff with cold; while the middle one is of larger size, and is overheated by the sun's burning power? Two of the zones are habitable, but those who dwell in the southern one of these, and have their feet turned up to yours, are of an altogether different race, while as for the northern, which you live in . . . see what a small part of it you occupy! All you are concerned about is a mere strip, quite narrow from north to south, though broader from east to west—a sort of little island, surrounded by the sea you call the Atlantic, or the Great Sea, or the Ocean, and you can now mark how small it is, though you give it so great a name? Again, of these lands which are tilled and known, can your name or that of any of us surmount the Caucasus which you see here, or swim the Ganges which you note there? Who in the distant east, or the remotest west, or in the extreme north or south, has so much as heard of Scipio? Yet, leave such regions out, and how small a stage remains for you to fill with glory, while as for those who do speak of you, how long will they continue to exalt your name?

VII.

"And though a future generation, which might have received from their forefathers some accounts of us, should wish to hand down our glory to their posterity, we could not attain eternal or even long enduring renown, because of the floods and fires which, in time, must needs occur. What can it matter, then, whether unborn generations speak of you, if they know naught of those who were before? In past times men were surely not less numerous, while they certainly were better. But among those who make some mention of our name, there is not one whose memory goes back a single veritable year. For men commonly measure the year by the return of the sun, *i.e.*, of a single luminary, but the true change of the year should be reckoned when all the planets here together, returned to the places they set out from, and have thus, after long intervals, reached the starting point of the several years of each. How many centuries of human life are contained in such a year as this I hardly dare to state. The sun was known to disappear and to be totally eclipsed when the spirit of Romulus was entering the temple we are now within. When it is again eclipsed, in the same quarter of the heavens, and at the same season; when too all the constellations and planets are where they at that time were . . . call that a year fulfilled, and know that we have not yet accomplished the twentieth part of it. Therefore, what matters popular fame, which scarcely endures for a small fraction of a single year, if you lose the hope of a return to this abode? If you wish your aims to be lofty, and your aspirations fixed on a home here, forbear to spend yourself in speeches to the rabble. Do not be greedy for human rewards, but let virtue, by its own attractiveness, lead you towards true nobility. Let others say what they please about you; they will talk, but all such report is excluded from these regions; it dies with the death of men and is utterly forgotten by posterity.

VIII.

"Africanus," I said, when he had finished, "From boyhood I have tried to walk in my father's footsteps and your own, but if the gate to the entrance of Heaven is thus open to those who deserve well of their country, I shall strive with much greater watchfulness to follow your noble example, knowing how great the reward in prospect is." To which, he—"Work on, with confidence that this body of yours is the only mortal part of you, nor are you the being its form declares, but the mind of any one—that is the man—not the mere shape you can point out with a finger. Learn, indeed, that you are a God, if that be God which impels, remembers, feels, foresees—

which rules, subdues and moves the body over which it is placed, in the way that the God and King of all governs the world. As that eternal God from some dwelling moves the perishable world, so the ever-living soul directs the fragile body. That which continues ever in movement is everlasting; that which transfers motion, and that which derives motion, from whatever source, must have an end of motions and an end of life. Therefore only that which moves itself, never goes out of itself, is ever in motion, is the beginning or fountain of motions in things which are moved. But, of the beginning there is no origin, for all things spring thence: it is unbegotten, for if it came from another source it would not be the beginning. And, having no beginning, it can never die, for a dead first cause could not be revived by another, nor call forth anything from itself. All things must start from a first principle, so the beginning of motion is in a self-moving being, which can never have had an origin and never can have an end, unless all the heavens, all nature were blotted out, and all force destroyed by which, as at first, impulse might be given."

IX

"It being thus plain that what is self-moved is eternal, who will deny that natural things are subject to mind? All that is moved by outside force is lifeless, but that which has life is moved by inherent force, this being the attribute and power of mind. Mind, sole cause of motion, must be unbegotten and eternal. Use it, then, in the highest pursuits, such as solicitude for the best interests of the State, in which if the mind be practiced and exercised it will the more swiftly penetrate to this its home and abode—especially if, while imprisoned in the body, it be distinguished outside of it, and withdraw itself therefrom by the contemplation of things without it, to the greatest extent possible.

As for the minds of those who have given themselves over to the lusts of the flesh, and made themselves slaves thereto, violating human and divine laws at the beck of the passions—when they slip off their bodies, they flutter around the earth, nor can they return hither unless after a much disturbed existence for many centuries."

He left me: I awoke.

THERE'S A PATH IN THE WOODLAND.

There's a path in the woodland I wander alone,
Where the leatherwood bough hides the grey linnet's nest;
How I love there to linger unseen and unknown,
Till the glory of eventide fades in the west!

Away down by that pathway a clear stream et flows,
'Neath the tam'rack and maple that arches it o'er;
Where the sun-tinted cedars sweet perfumes disclose,
And the little, striped chipmonk leaps down to the shore.

Long ago on this pathway, the lone redman went;
The mandrake and pitcher plant grow o'er it now:
See his oaken-bow broken, his flint arrows spent,
And the leaves that have faded encircling his brow.

I am loth to depart, yet I cannot remain;
The even star lingers, the dews are too chill;
On the dawn of the morrow I'll come back again
'Ere the golden light gleams o'er yon cot on the hill.

June, 1895. W. A. Sherwood.

ONTARIO PETROLEUM AND ITS PRODUCTS.

BY L. CLAYTON CAMPBELL.

THE study of the petroleum industry of Ontario is a study of small beginnings which are rapidly developing into great enterprises. From being a small and very unimportant branch of Canadian activity, it has advanced into the front rank of Ontario industries.

The first attempt to utilize Canadian petroleum was made about the year 1859. At that time liquid oil was extracted by rude processes from "gum oil," a thick black substance, which found its way to the surface of the ground in the neighborhood of Oil Springs, County of Lambton. The next step was to dig surface wells from 40 to 60 feet deep, and having a shaft of from four to six feet in diameter, into which the oil oozed up through the porous soil. This crude oil was then pumped to the surface by hand power and taken to the refinery, where it was partially refined and made ready for shipment. In 1861 an attempt was made to drill in the rock at Oil Springs. This new departure was highly successful, and flowing wells were struck which produced large quantities of oil. Owing to the fact that the drilling tools often dropped through and were lost it was inferred that these wells tapped some large crevice filled with oil and gas, and when this crevice was emptied the well was either abandoned or pumping was resorted to. The greater part of the overflow from these early wells was lost during the interval between the striking and the controlling of the flowing oil. In 1860 similar wells were struck at Petrolia, but in no case did the flow continue for any length of time, and at present all the oil produced in Ontario has to be pumped.

In the old days the process of drilling a well was very slow and expensive, but with modern machinery and better methods a well can be drilled in from three to six days, and $150 to $160 is sufficient to cover the cost. At first drilling was done with cable tools, but this method has been entirely done away with, and at present ash poles are used to connect the engine-beam with the drill,—a steel bar three and one-half inches in diameter, and from 25 to 30 feet in length. The well is drilled out to a diameter of about 4⅝ in., and casing is put down as the boring progresses, to keep water from interfering with the action of the drill.

After the oil is struck, a pump of 1¼ to 1½ inch tubing is put down, and the well is ready for operation. Formerly much of the pumping was done by hand, but steam engines have taken the place of manual labor, thus largely increasing the output of the wells. One engine furnishes power sufficient to pump from six to ninety wells, by means of a combination of pump rods working on a horizontal wheel so arranged that their weight balances one another, and minimizes the power required.

The petroleum, after being pumped from the wells, is run into large underground tanks, each holding about 8,000 barrels. These tanks are built by boarding up an excavation and covering it over, and they are a sure protection against fire. The soil about Petrolia is an absolutely impervious clay, and the oil is held without the slightest loss. These tanks are always kept filled with oil or water, otherwise the sides would cave in.

Canadian petroleum in the crude state is not so pure as the American variety. It is more largely tainted with sulphur, and the most difficult part in the process of refinement is to eliminate this noxious ingredient. Moreover, Canadian crude oil contains less illuminating oil than the Pennsylvania product, but yields more heavy lubricating oils and parafin.

The crude oil is distilled in large sheet iron retorts. The necessary heat is furnished by means of a spray of mixed petroleum and steam injected beneath the retort into the fire-chamber, which is lined with fire brick. The distillate is carried in tubes immersed in long vats of water. As the different distillates appear at various stages of the process they are led off into different troughs, and flow into separate tanks. The first that appear are the incondensable gases—gasoline and naptha. The gasoline is used to dissolve rubber for waterproof clothing, to remove grease from wool, and to separate flax oil from flax seed. The best brands of gasolines deodorized are used for the intense clear flame in which the bamboo filament of an incandescent bulb unites with the platinum wire to lead in the electric current. Other brands are used to melt the solder in canning machines. Deodorized napthas are useful in the manufacture of paints, varnishes and lacquers. They make a good wood stain, and, with resin and metallic oxides, make a good paint for barrels.

The next products which appear are illuminating and wool oils, and, finally, heavy lubricating oils, while an incrustation of carbonaceous matter or cake is left in the retort. This cake makes good fuel, and is largely used in the vicinity of Petrolia and Oil Springs.

All the grades of distillation are divided at will, either by stopping the process at different stages, or by subsequent re-distillation and treatment, into an almost endless variety of lighter and highly combustible intermediate illuminating and lubricating oils, and also into such solids as vaseline and parafine.

There is also an oxidized matter thrown away as worthless, from which tars and asphalts for roofing purposes might be produced, should a sufficient demand arise.

Illuminating oil is refined by agitating it with 2 per cent. of sulphuric acid, which destroys the odors and removes free carbon and other tarry materials which are drawn off below. Then, after washing the remaining product with water, caustic soda and letharge are added. The soda neutralizes the acid, which is very injurious to metals, and the letharge combines with the sulphur, forming lead sulphide. Flowers of sulphur are then added to precipitate the lead and other impurities, and the oil comes out cleared. A new and better process redistils the oil after the letharge and caustic soda have been added, and before the flowers of sulphur have been put in, most of the sulphur is in this way left in the retort in combination with the lead precipitate. The remainder of the process is carried on with the re-distilled product, as described above. Finally, in all processes the product is bleached in the light in an open vat, after which the oil is ready to be barrelled for shipment.

The tar or residue remaining after the illuminating oil has come off is redistilled, resulting in a yield of 70 per cent. gas-oil, used in the manufacture of illuminating gas, and 30 per cent. of parafine oil. This parafine oil is put into a freezing vat, and from 8 to 10 per cent. of parafine wax crystallizes out from it. This wax has all the oil squeezed out of it by pressure, and is then refined by chemicals, one part of the result being made into wax candles, while the smaller portion is used in the manufacture of artificial flowers and fruits, and chewing gum. The remaining oils, after the parafine has been crystallized, are made into lubricating oils, such as parafine oil, cylinder oil, mineral lard, mineral seal, antigrease, and vaseline.

It is easy to see that but little waste is incurred in the manufacture of petroleum products, for science is rapidly opening up new avenues for usefulness, even in the case of the most worthless residuum of distillation and refining, and Canadian illuminating and lubricating oils are competing on almost equal terms in the markets with the best brands of American manufacture.

THE ABANDONED FARM.

Along the hill and meadow moves the early breeze,
And gently stirs the feathered sleepers in the trees,—
A peep, a chirp, a trill, a bar of melody,
Then forth full-throated flows the morning rhapsody.

Across the fields the mellow sunbeams slowly creep,
And waken drowsy nature from her restful sleep,
Soft hands unseen upraise the drooping flowers
And fling upon the grass a flood of silver showers.

From out his burrow snug the timid little hare
Pokes up his cautious nose to sniff the freshened air ;
The squirrel from the limb surveys his whole world o'er,
Then briskly scampers off to gather for his store.

The fox forsakes the covert of the woodland lot
And jogs across the open field in careless trot ;
The dumpy groundhogs leave their damp and darkened hole
And heedless sun themselves upon a neighboring knoll.

The bee, whose filmy wings belie her buoyant powers,
Buzzes about, enriching while she robs the flowers,
Buries herself in bloom, then homeward straight she flies,
The honey-bag brimful, and pollen in her thighs.

The rustic gate, unhinged, lies hidden in the grass,
The lawn and old-time path are but a tangled mass,
The hedge, once trim and neat, shows but a ragged row,
And where the flowers bloomed tall wild-weeds rankly grow.

The vine weighs down the porch that shades the open door,
And dusty leaves are strewn upon the musty floor ;
The mournful moaning winds blow through the broken pane,
And wail from room to room a sorrowful refrain.

Within the crumbling curb the stagnant waters sleep,
And o'er its mossy walls the slimy insects creep;
Upon its cumbrous post the well-sweep leans at rest,
And in the bucket swallows build their noisy nest.

Where once the clucking hen led forth her wayward brood,
And taught the truants how to forage for their food,
A dozen crafty crows strut boldly round the yard,
While on the fence near by a sentinel keeps guard.

The great barn empty stands; the deep broad mows in vain
Await the welcome harvest rich in golden grain;
The rolling fields lie waste or thick with myriad weeds,
And winnowing winds will soon be white with winged seeds.

Upon the orchard slope the trees still rugged grow,
And scatter, all around, their blooms like summer snow.
All through the sunny summer days and mellow fall
The robins watch the ripening fruit and claim it all.

Beside the weedy stream that loiters in its bed
The lonely elm holds high its venerable head,
Full vigorous, for the wind's caress, the waters lave,
And nature's hand has healed whatever wounds she gave.

No more the pastured cows trail home as evening falls,
No tired team returns from field to well-filled stalls;
No more the hillside green is flocked with browsing sheep,
Or crowded sty contains its happy sleeping heap.

No more the watchful dog barks welcome o'er and o'er,
Or toddling children play, and tumble at the door;
No more the mother sings, and patient does her best,
To make her humble house a home of love and rest.

No more the man of toil outruns the early sun,
And home returns at dusk when labor's day is done;
No more the evening meal is laid with simple fare,
Or trembling voice is heard in earnest humble prayer.

Perhaps his views of life were narrowed by his toil,
And scanty gains were charged to poor and stubborn soil;
And so he taught his boys that farming was a curse,
And drove them from the farm for better or for worse.

Perhaps he bartered freedom for a banker's loan,
And sold his little crop before 'twas even sown;
His labor lost, his hopes by many ills beset,
He sank beneath the ever-growing load of debt.

Perhaps he foolish followed but the law of chance,
And toiled for years the slave of hopeless circumstance;
At last forsook his fields, and joined the rushing quest
Of fickle fame and fortune in the "booming" West.

Perhaps affliction came, and after lingering strife
Took wife and child beloved, and crushed out all his life;
Perhaps, alas! some cruel crime tore home apart,
Laid low his fondest hopes, and broke his human heart.

Perhaps no prattling babes shed sunshine on his life,
Or brought the little cares that cheer the loving wife;
And none of kin were left to lay them side by side—
In lonely love they lived, in lonely love they died.

The sun shines day by day, the bees are on the wing,
The flowers gaily bloom, the birds so sweetly sing,
The fields all fallow lie, the door wide open stands,
And nature holds a double welcome in her hands.

O, send some homeless souls to find the open door,
O, send some hung'ring souls to feed from nature's store,
O, send some weary souls to take sweet rest awhile,
O, send some cheerless souls to beam in nature's smile.

For them let sun shine bright, and let warm breezes blow;
For them let flowers bloom, and let cool waters flow;
For them let grass be green, and let clear sky be blue;
For them let birds sing sweet. Let love, let life be true.

JAKOB KARL.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CANADA.

BY EDITH M. LUKE.

About 1846, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips—an illustrious quartette—went to London as American delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. The women delegates, owing to their sex, were not permitted to take their seats in the assembly. Screened behind a curtain at one side, and excluded from the discussion which had sufficiently interested them to bring them three thousand miles from home, it may be inferred that these clever Quaker women meditated much upon the wherefore of their exclusion, for on their return to their native land they organized the first Woman Suffrage society. The first meeting was held at Seneca Falls, N.Y. So began that mighty movement to whose founders, forty years later, Prof. Elliott Cones, M.D , lecturing before the Western Society for Psychical Research, paid the following magnificent tribute :—

"Think for a moment of these things ; concentration of will-power ; the fixed, firm,—if you will, grim—determination of the great women who have led their cause for a lifetime. Think of the fixity of purpose; of the singleness of aim ; of disinterested benevolence ; of unselfish endeavor ; of ardent aspiration ; of fervid appeal ; of personal example ; of unflagging courage ; of the contagion of enthusiasm,—can such forces be set in operation and be futile ? No ! A thousand times, No !"

The origin of the woman's movement in Canada was in this wise :—In 1867, (Confederation year) Dr. Emily H. Stowe, graduate of the New York Medical College for Women, came to Toronto to practise. She was the first, and for many years the sole woman physician in Canada. Dr. Stowe, who stands to Canadian women in the same relation that Julia Ward Howe and Susan B. Anthony stand to our sisters across the border, and then, as now, vitally interested in all matters relating to women, at once came before the public as a lecturer upon topics then somewhat new—"Woman's Sphere," and "Women in the Professions," being her subjects. She lectured not only in Toronto, but, under the auspices of various Mechanics' Institutes, in Oshawa, Whitby, Bradford, etc. It is interesting to read the comments of the press of the period upon such an innovation. One notes with pleasure that they were almost uniformly fair, and, in many cases, sympathetic.

Dr. Stowe says : "From the morning following my first lecture, I was never without plenty of professional work." The blessed relief of being able to talk to a WOMAN concerning her physical needs was evidently at once appropriated by Canadian women. Very busy years followed for the pioneer Canadian woman physician; but none so busy that any good opportunity was lost of placing a telling word on the side of the matter ever uppermost with her—the progress of women. So was laid the nucleus of the Equal Suffrage movement in Canada.

As the history of Woman Suffrage in Ontario ante-dates that in any other of our provinces by many years, the data regarding it, too, being much more detailed, I shall describe its progress first. . . . . . After attending in Cleveland in '77, a meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Women, and meeting thereby many of the finest women of the United States, Dr. Stowe, on returning home, felt that the time had arrived for some union of the kind among Canadian women. Talking it over with her friend, Miss Helen Archibald, they decided that it would not be politic to attempt at once a suffrage association, but, in November, 1877, organized what was known as "The Toronto Woman's Literary Club," part of the preamble to the constitution of which read as follows:

"Whereas a few ladies in the City of Toronto, having felt the need of something to keep alive their interest in mental growth and development, regarding, as they do, that continuous and concentrated effort upon any one course of thought or pursuit of object, has a tendency to cramp and narrow the views, to enfeeble the mind and powers of intellect, they have, this 3rd day of November, 1877, banded themselves together to form an association for intellectual culture, where they can secure a free interchange of thought and feeling upon every subject that pertains to woman's higher education, including her moral and physical welfare."

DR. EMILY H. STOWE.

During the next five years this club made phenomenal growth, adding to its ranks such women as Mrs. Mary McDonell, so well known in the W.C.T.U. work; Mrs. W. B. Hamilton; Mrs. W. I. Mackenzie; Mrs. J. Austin Shaw, besides many men. It also called forth a surprising amount of attention from the press. Among the most able and earnest helpers of the work from its very inception was Mrs. S. A. Curzon, for several years sub-editor of *Citizen*, and well known in journalistic circles.

It was the habit of the club to meet each Thursday at 3 p.m., at one of the members homes. Though not avowedly a suffrage society, no opportunity was lost of promoting this basic idea of the founders. One of the earliest efforts in this direction was a paper, by Miss Archibald, entitled "Woman Under the Civil Law," which elicited much discussion, and, no doubt, did its part as an educator.

Fearless, and thoroughly enthusiastic towards the subject in hand, one does not wonder that these women accomplished much. One of their earliest and most admirable pieces of work was the writing to all places of importance in Toronto where women were employed, asking information regarding the separate sanitary conveniences maintained for the comfort of the female employés. In several instances, the revelations regarding the wretchedness and ill-health that women were subjected to from lack of accommodation that would have cost the employer at most only a trifling sum, were appalling. Many a Toronto working woman thanked the club for this step.

During these years, too, mainly through the instrumentality of the Woman's Literary Club, the Provincial University, Toronto, was opened to women. Miss Balmer was the first woman-student. It was now believed (1883) that public sentiment had sufficiently progressed to warrant the formation of a regular Woman-Suffrage Society. Turning to the minutes of the Club for Feb. 1st, 1883, I note the following:—"Moved by Dr. Emily Stowe, seconded by Mrs. W. B. Hamilton,—That in view of the ultimate end for which the Toronto Woman's Literary Club was formed, having been attained, viz., to foster a general and living public sentiment in favor of women suffrage, this Club hereby disband, to form a Canadian Woman Suffrage Association."

At a meeting of the City Council, March 5th, 1883, the following no doubt startling communication was read:—"The Toronto Women's Literary and Social Progress Club asks the favor of the use of the Council Chambers for the purpose of holding therein a conversazione on the evening of Friday, the 9th inst. The object of the meeting is to discuss the advisability of granting the franchise to those women who possess the property qualification which entitles men to hold it; and then to proceed to form a (Suffrage) Club."

Accordingly, on the aforesaid evening, Mrs. D. McEwen, then President of the Club, found herself in the novel position of occupying the Mayor's chair, which a *World* of that date says she did as though "to the manner born." A most enthusiastic meeting was held. Among those present were Mayor Boswell, Ex-Alderman Hallam, Alderman Baxter, J. W. Bengough, Thos. Bengough, Phillips Thompson, and Mr. Burgess, editor of *Citizen*. The Canadian Woman Suffrage Association was formally inaugurated amid much good will, and forty persons enrolled themselves as members that evening.

The first piece of work undertaken by the Association was the securing of the municipal franchise for the women of Ontario. In the minutes of September 10th, 1883, I find: "A committee was appointed to wait upon the City Council to urge them to petition the Local Government to pass a bill conferring the municipal franchise upon women; the committee to consist of Dr. Stowe, Mrs. McEwen, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Curzon, with power to add to their number—committee to wait also upon Hon. Oliver Mowat."

Of course, from the beginning the members of the Association recognized that it would be manifestly unjust to exclude married women from the exercise of the franchise, bestowing it only on widows and spinsters. Few people reflect that under a regulation of this kind, the unmarried mother, who comes under the denomination of spinster, may exercise the franchise, while the married mother is denied it. However, it was agreed that it was not politic to criticize the franchise bill before the House, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread. Accordingly, with true philosophy, objections were thrown aside, and every woman lent her energies to secure this partial reform, even though, if married, she would not directly benefit by it.

DR. AMELIA YOUMANS.

In the Association's minutes of May, 1884, I read that, "Captain W. F. McMaster and Miss McMaster were appointed a committee to draw up a short circular addressed to the women of Ontario, pointing out the value of the municipal vote that had just been conferred upon them, and the duty it laid upon them to use it.

Another important work accomplished about this time, more or less directly through the influence of the Suffrage Association, was the opening of the Woman's Medical College, Toronto. Dr. Emily Stowe (with her friend Mrs. Trout), had, sometime in the seventies, forced her way to a season's lectures on chemistry in the

Toronto School of Medicine. She of course encountered much rebuff, but nothing daunted, about '79 coolly intimated her intention of entering her daughter as a medical student. This was done. Miss Augusta Stowe (now Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen), won her degree of M. D. C. M. in '83, the first woman to win such a degree under Canadian institutions. As a consequence of the splendid persistence of Dr. Stowe and her daughter, other women were awakened to the possibilities awaiting them in the medical profession, and so numerous were the applications for admission that it was deemed expedient to open a Woman's Medical College in Toronto. Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen was appointed Demonstrator in Anatomy.

Re-action being equal to action, after the labor expended in securing the municipal suffrage in '83, and later, in struggling for the opening of the Woman's Medical College, there seems to have been a lull until 1889, when Dr. Stowe made arrangements to bring Dr. Anna Shaw to Toronto, to lecture. Personally she sent out invitations numbering four thousand in all, to every member of Parliament, Council, School Board and Ministerial Association, inviting each member to be present to hear one of the ablest exponents of the Woman Question. Needless to say that after such well-directed effort the lecture was in every sense an entire success, creating so much interest in the matter discussed that the old suffrage association, which had been practically non existent for several seasons, was re-organized, with Dr. Stowe as president, and Mrs. Curzon as secretary. . . . In December of the same year, Susan B. Anthony was secured to lecture in the Auditorium. Miss Anthouy was described by one of the city papers as "a slight, delicate-looking, little lady, whose quiet fashion of dress proclaimed her Quaker origin." It is not surprising that the woman who, at the centennial of 1876, read the Declaration of Rights for Women; who was the first woman delegate to the National Political Convention, held in 1868, in Tammany Hall, and who is joint author with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Mildred J. Gage, of that oft-quoted work, "The History of Woman Suffrage,' should have succeeded in fanning the flame of interest in her chosen work, until it spread from the women of Toronto to those of surrounding towns, flourishing organizations springing into existence in many places.

Next, the Association secured Mrs. Mary S. Howell, of Albany, N.Y., to lecture. Mrs. McDonell, ever indefatigable in her zeal for women, accompanied Mrs. Howell to many towns throughout Ontario, to stimulate suffrage clubs already in existence and to form others.

It was now believed that a Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Convention might be assembled. This convention was duly announced to be held in Association Hall, Toronto, June 12th and 13th, 1890. It was a grand achievement for those who had labored over a decade in educating public opinion sufficiently to make such a gathering possible in Canada. Delegates were received from the various Suffrage Clubs then existing; also, there were many honored representatives from American Clubs, among the latter: Dr. Hannah A. Kimball, Chicago; Rev. Anna Shaw; Mrs. Isabella Hooker, (sister of Henry Ward Beecher), and Mrs. McLellan Brown, lawyer, and president of a Cincinnati college. . . . The women assembled at this convention fully demonstrated their ability to deal with what are usually termed the weightier questions, and also their thorough interest in all matters that pertain to the uplifting and onward march of the race. Perhaps the papers that elicited most attention were: "The Ballot, its Relation to Economics;" "Woman as Wage-Earner," and "Woman in the Medical Profession." As is ever the case where women have aught of influence, the social side, during this gathering of women, was not neglected, Mrs. Scales giving a "Drawing-room" at which Mr. Pope, U. S. Consul; Rev. E. A. Stafford, Mr. John Waters, M P. P.; (who has so many times championed women in the Local House), and other men of the city expressed their entire accord with the object of this, the first Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Convention.

Yellow, the color of the precious metal, and the symbol of wisdom in the East, the badge of equal suffragists all over the continent, was plentifully used at all meetings in decorating the walls of the hall. Some of the mottoes used were "Canada's Daughters Should be Free," "No Sex in Citizenship," "Women are half the People," and "Woman, Man's Equal."

Altogether it was felt that the convention marked an epoch in the history of Canadian women.

The Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Association is now duly incorporated.

MRS. EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.

But the work of 1890 was not yet completed. In accordance with the desire of the Equal-Suffragists, Mayor Clarke and the Toronto Council determined to invite the American Society for the Advancement of Women, (known as the A.A.W.), to hold its 18th annual Congress in Toronto. One is well within bounds in saying that no more brilliant gathering ever honored our country,—Julia Ward Howe, authoress and litterateur, the friend and associate of Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes; Miss Eastman, one of the leading New England educationists; Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*, and daughter of the Rev. Lucy Stone; Clara Berwick Colby, of Nebraska, editor of the *Woman's Tribune*; Rev. Florence E. Kalloch, of Chicago; Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, journalist and writer,—these are a few of the women whom Canadians had the privilege of entertaining, and to know whom is surely a liberal education.

Don, in a *Saturday Night* of this period, says: "The fact that a large class of women already have the municipal suffrage, and that all the prophecies of evil consequences made at the time this right was granted have been conspicuously falsified, affords the strongest ground for believing that the principle might be extended without any of the direful results, either to the sex or to the country, the prediction of which forms the burden of anti-female suffrage utterances."

It has ever been a favorite theory of Dr. Stowe that men and women should stand side by side, as thorough equals, in all the affairs of life; that every society and every association is the better for the presence and influence therein of representatives of both the sexes. In accordance with this idea, the Equal Suffragists in 1891 elected Mr. James L. Hughes to the presidency of the Central Club, Toronto, a position which he continues to hold. Since the convention of 1890, Dr. Stowe has been President of the Dominion W. E. A.

A magnificent forward step for women was accomplished in Toronto in the early part of 1892, when Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, Mrs. McDonell, and Mrs. Harrison were elected school trustees; also when Mrs. O'Connor was made chairman of the High School Board, (the first woman in the world, as far as I have been able to find, to fill such a position.) So much for Canada and Canadian women, and so much for the justice and liberality of Canadian men!

Passing from Ontario to the extreme west, we note with surprise that as early as 1872 the statutes in British Columbia were constructed in such a shape as to give MARRIED women a vote in municipal matters. We read that "*any female British subject*, who is rated on the assessment roll, or has been a householder for six months previous to election, at a rental of not less than $60 per annum, (in the city of Nanaimo $40); also any female holding a trade license can vote for municipal purposes." * * * From which we infer that British Columbia women are one step in advance of those of other parts of Canada, in that the act of marrying does not disfranchise them. Is it not strange that no tales of dire domestic strife have come to us from the homes of the province on the Pacific? Is it possible then, after all that has been asserted to the contrary, that a man may accompany his wife to the polling-booth on election day, and allow her to record her personal opinion, whether it be adverse to his or not, without quarreling with her on the journey home! It would seem so, as we are not told that divorces are more frequent in British Columbia than elsewhere. Having shown that this is true in regard to municipal elections, surely it follows that it would hold good in Parliamentary elections—and, lo, we have swept away one of the strongest and most quoted arguments against the political freedom of women—the old idea that it would breed strife in the home!

Dr. Stowe, as Dominion President, says she inclines to the opinion that the women of Manitoba will yet have the full parliamentary franchise (they, of course, possess the municipal now) before those of Ontario or Quebec. The Equal Suffragists in Manitoba are under the leadership of Dr. Amelia

Youmans, she and her followers showing the zeal and progressiveness that we have learned to associate with all movements in the West. Dr. Youmans writes me that the women of the W.C.T.U. were the first to espouse equal suffrage in Manitoba, they having twice brought largely signed petitions before the Provincial Legislature. In the winter of 1892-93 much interest was evoked in the subject by the holding, in the theatre at Winnipeg, of a mock parliament, of which Dr. Youmans was Premier, the building being frequently crowded from pit to dome." * * * If we had in every city in Canada as enthusiastic a suffrage club as that which exists in Winnipeg, we should not be long in gaining the point for which we are striving. *Will the reader not arouse the women of his town to aid in bringing about this much-needed social reform?*

Returning to the older provinces, we find that, in Quebec, women have for many years exercised the municipal franchise. In the old days, when it was held that a woman would be polluted by entering a polling-booth, it was customary for a notary to call upon the Quebec ladies in their homes, where they would, in his presence, record their vote without leaving their easy chair. Of course this system was open to grave suspicion of abuse, and has long since been relegated to the past. * * * Miss E. A. Reid, vice-president of the McGill University Alumnal, a society which, by the way, is almost revolutionizing life for the Montreal working girl writes me: "We have never had a 'suffrage society' in Montreal, although there are numbers who are equal suffragists."

Prince Edward Island is the only province in Canada in which there is no legislation whatever regarding woman suffrage. Here not even the municipal franchise has been conferred. But we have the word of one of the most highly-respected legislators of the Island, to the effect that the sentiment in favor of equal suffrage is deep-rooted and wide-spread, that all that is necessary to speedily bring about the reform is organization.

In New Brunswick Mrs. Sarah Manning, of St. John, is president of the W.E.A. In a recent letter she says: "Last summer our society affiliated with the Local Council of Women, which is composed of twenty-two different societies, and I have not, in all that large body of representative women, encountered a single expression of aversion or disapproval regarding the suffrage movement,"—a pretty conclusive argument as to the unanimity of New Brunswick women on this question.

In the Maritime Provinces the suffrage movement has attracted to its ranks the most intelligent, the most literary, and, happily for its success, the most influential women resident there. Mrs. Edith J. Archibald, president of the Maritime W.C.T.U., is, perhaps, the pioneer suffragist of Nova Scotia. As it has been repeatedly stated that women of culture and social position do not want enfranchisement, it is in point to state that Mrs. Archibald is a daughter of Sir E. M. Archibald, late H. B. M. Consul-General at New York, which was her home until 1874, when she married a son of Senator Archibald of Cape Breton. A Halifax woman says of her: "No more judicious or inspiring leader could be wished for, and there are rallying around her many of our best people, prominent among whom is Mrs. Leonowens, so well known as the writer of "An English Governess at the Court of Siam." Mrs. Leonowens is president of the W.E.A. of Halifax."

A Nova Scotia woman writes: "During the last three sessions petitions have been circulated and bills have been brought into the three legislatures of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. In N.S., the first year, the petitioners numbered

3,000; the second year between 6,000 and 7,000; this year (1895), 12,000; thus showing an increase, each time, of about one hundred per cent. over the previous. Very many more names could have been secured with little effort."

With such well-directed zeal as this manifested, one is safe in predicting that the women of the Maritime Provinces will not long be to their legislators only petitioners.

In concluding this fragmentary history of the progress of Equal Suffrage in Canada, there is one thing above all others that it seems to me pertinent to urge—a more thorough organization. We should have, in every town of importance throughout Canada, a society for the advancement of the political freedom of women * * * Was any eminence ever attained in any field by disfranchised men? Is not the attainment of the ballot looked upon as a thoroughly essential step to freedom? Have we not already realised, time after time, that the lack of it renders us powerless to accomplish our ends? The women of the W. C. T. U. recognized it some years ago, and thereupon made Equal Suffrage agitation one of the chief features of their work. What social reforms can we hope to effect; what abuses can we hope to exterminate, so long as we have no voice in public affairs? * * * It seems to me that the gaining of the complete franchise is one thing that it is incumbent upon women to unite their energies upon at once, as here assuredly lies the only avenue to a broader outlook on life's work—a wider field of usefulness.

THE LAKE.

All the golden bars of light
That cold, gray winter hid from sight.
Now falling soft athwart the lake
Into glittering jewels break.

All the waves that seemed to swoon
To silence 'neath the winter moon
Now ripple on the lake afar,
And call unto the morning star.

Now the water's whispering,
Sweet as memories of life's spring,
Again breaks sweetly on the air,
Wild as passion, soft as prayer.

It takes the winds upon its breast,
And rocks, and rocks them into rest,
Singing ever soft and low
The song that only waters know.

The shimmering pale moonlight
Parts the mantle of the night,
And when it falls, and lingers there
On its bosom seems most fair.

—WYNDOM BROWNE.

A POTLACH DANCE.

BY DAVID OWEN LEWIS.

Of the once powerful Tonghees who, when the Hudson's Bay Company first settled in Victoria, British Columbia, were a numerous tribe, but few remain, whiskey and other civilizing influences having succeeded in their deadly work.

It has been their custom for many years to celebrate the Queen's Birthday in their own peculiar fashion, in addition to participating in the white man's games and the canoe races at the regatta.

This year an unusually large number of visitors flocked together, representatives of the Puget Sound clans, and the different tribes of British Columbia, and potlaches were the order of the day. Both early and late might be heard the monotonous beating of the hand drums or tomtoms, and the weird strains of the chants which accompany the dances.

Now a potlach is a feast, at the conclusion of which property is distributed among the invited guests, frequently hundreds of blankets and considerable sums of money being thus given away.

A potlach may be given for various reasons; the erection of a house or totem pole, the birth of a child, a marriage, the death of some near relative; or by a chief or personage of distinction for the purpose of acquiring influence. And to this love of power and the creation of envy among the less fortunate may be ascribed this reckless squandering of the savings of years, which from our own point of view seems so inexplicable. For be it known that Mr. "Lo," of the Pacific Coast, is not afflicted with such painful generosity towards his fellow beings, and in this respect does not compare favorably with the red man of the plains. The more the giver of a feast distributes among the expectant guests, the greater distinction he achieves, and the more is owing to him when he in turn attends a similar ceremony. This custom, however, is dying out and does not seem to find much favor among the young men, who cannot appreciate the idea of squandering their savings in this fashion.

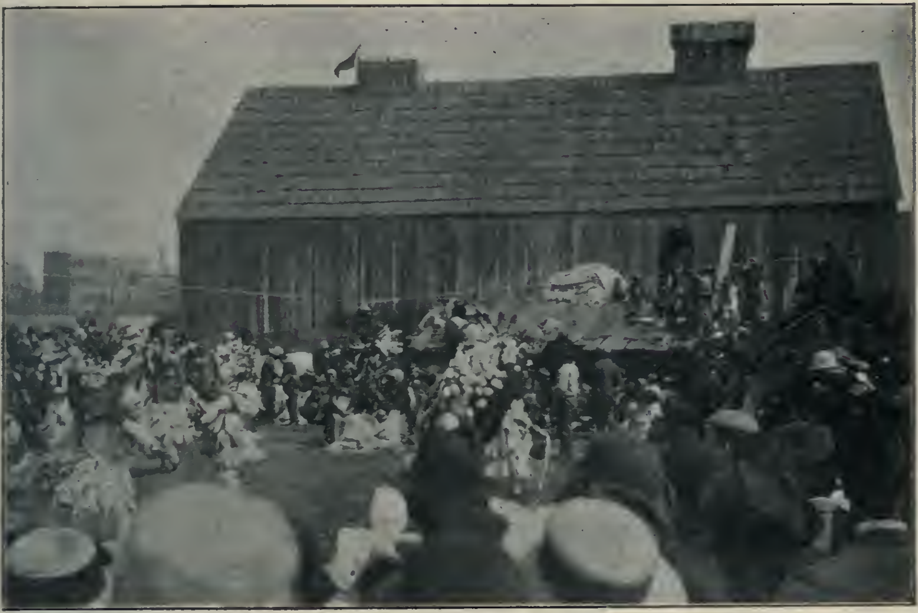
On May 27th, the local news column of the *Colonist* contained the information that Chief George of the Tonghees would give a great potlach that day, when a dance was to take place, the participants to be decked out in all their ancient finery. Consequently, at 10 a.m., the time stated, many Victorians and their American cousins might have been seen "wending their way" across the railway bridge in the direction of the reservation, where all was bustle and preparation, a dressing room (as we afterwards discovered it to be) having been improvised by stringing red bunting around poles planted in the ground at the corner of a large dwelling house. Many endeavored to obtain surreptitious peeps through the red bunting, in order to ascertain what progress the masqueraders within were making with their preparations, but were promptly ordered away to a safe distance by an ancient Tonghee gentleman, with an authoritative manner and a face tinted up with vermillion in most hideous fashion. Nature had not been generous as far as his appearance was concerned, and with these embellishments the effect was simply diabolical. A whiff of his breath that was wafted towards me as he passed to windward was not a "bunch o' wiolets," leading one to suspect that, as Dick Swiveller expressed it, "he had had the sun very strong in his eyes" the previous evening.

After mature deliberation and frequent consultations, a ring was formed by planting poles in the ground about twenty feet apart, and to these were attached native blankets, so as to form a barricade about four feet in height. These blankets, woven from the hair of the mountain goat, appear to be very serviceable, and in some cases are dyed in the most artistic fashion. Then a rope was attached to one of the adjacent buildings, carried across the circle and made fast to one of the poles. To this rope, and immediately in the centre of the ring, was tied a string which hung down about two feet, so that it was just within reach when standing on tiptoe. What purpose this was to serve was a mystery, and gave rise to many surmises among the spectators. A man in my vicinity volunteered the information that a dog was to be hung there by his tail, and eaten alive by the dancers. To intensify our curiosity they kept fooling around that bit of string like boys around a wasps' nest. First an Indian held the pendant loop in his forefinger, and in that position delivered quite an oration in silvery sonorous Tonghee, then the string, slipping off his finger, would be jerked up with the rebound of the rope, coiling itself into a hopeless tangle, whereupon a chair was brought and the refractory coil being unravelled, it was allowed to assume its original position once more.

THE INDIANS GATHER.

After this extremely interesting little performance had been repeated several times, a small box was brought, in which was very ostentatiously placed a considerable amount of money, and the lid being then securely tied down, it was attached to the loop of string. Then with shouts and singing, a canoe was carried in, and piles upon piles of blankets heaped over it, and those which had been hung up around the ring were added to the heap. In place of the blanket barricade about thirty Klootchmen (Indian women), trooped in and seated themselves around the enclosure: each one was provided with two cedar sticks about eighteen inches long.

At this juncture our notice was attracted to a large dwelling-house near by, from the door of which a procession of three men and three women was moving in our direction, the women carrying three effigies representing a woman and two children. They were most fantastically attired



"The whirling ludicrous figures tripping about in time with the chant."

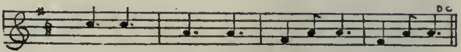
in goat's hair robes, with ermine skins sewn on, and head-dresses of down and feathers, the latter being flexibly attached so that they swayed about in startling fashion with each movement of the wearer, at the same time retaining their erect position. In their hands they carried rattles made by stringing the bills of gulls upon small wooden hoops, which produced a dry, harsh noise when shaken. As they advanced within the circle, the row of Klootchmen started up a weird chant, keeping time by beating with the cedar sticks upon boards placed in front of them. These effigies, which we discovered were intended to represent the dead wife and children of Chief George, and in whose honor this potlach was given, were placed most reverentially in the canoe. Whereupon some of the sage counsellors and orators of the tribe came forward, and in an amazing flood of eloquence (which was all Chinese to us), extolled the character and good deeds of the departed wife, and recommended their listeners to emulate her exemplary career. These dusky Ciceros have certainly a great command of language, albeit it is only Tonghee, and the manner in which they seek to impress their audience, and work themselves up to a proper pitch of excitement, is certainly interesting to observe, the legs moving as if they were springs, and imparting to the body a trembling, jerky, up and down motion, the speaker's words being at the same time emphasized by continually gesticulating with the arms and hands. Frequent impressive pauses occurred, succeeded again by spasmodic throaty utterances, to which the native audience expressed their appreciation by many grunts of approval. There was an extreme self-possession to be observed, and a total absence of that *mauvaise honte* often met with among our own public speakers. The Tonghee language seems to me to greatly resemble the sounds which might be emitted by a man undergoing a process of strangulation, with here and there a gurgling as of liquid running out of a small necked bottle into a thirsty throat, so that I was unable to obtain much mental solace from the harangues.

After the speeches, native blankets were taken out and cut into strips, and in that form distributed, and during this process a man near me, pointing out to a companion, one ancient aborigine, with very generous extremities, said: "He's got the largest feet I ever saw." Whereupon I entered the remark that they were not Trilby feet, to which he replied irrelevantly: "No, he's from Vancouver." Positively one man who has not heard of *La Grande Trilby*!!!

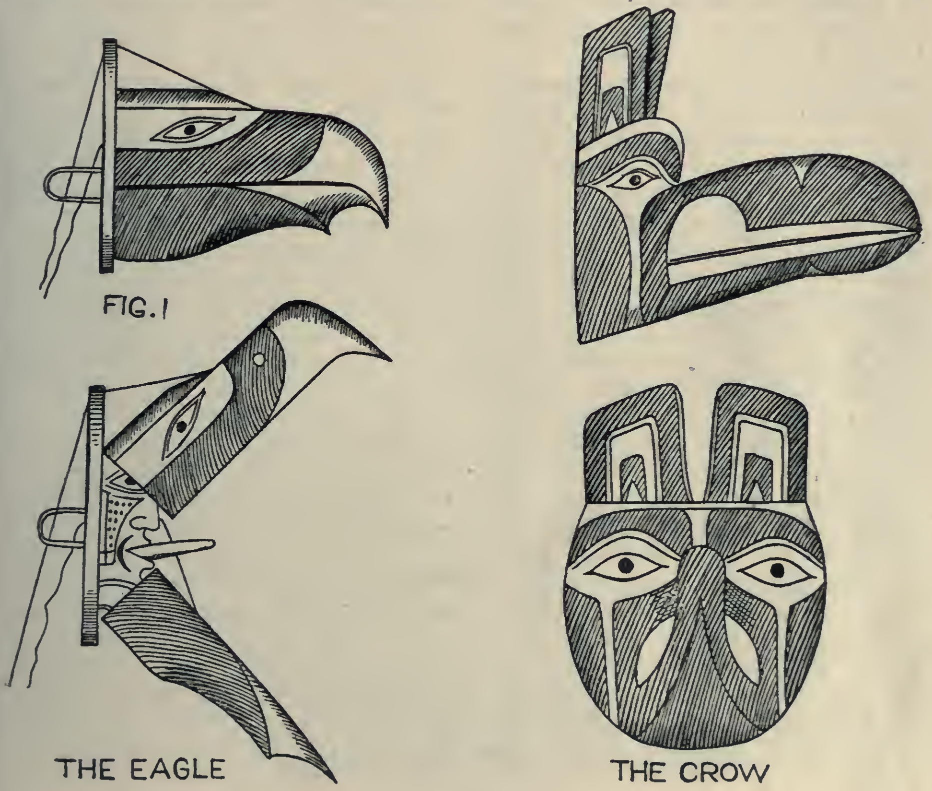
But *revenons à nos potlaches*, when the partial distribution of the blankets had been accomplished, the canoe was taken from the enclosure, and the remaining blankets placed upon the roof of a small shed near by, which was to serve as a further distributing point at the conclusion of the dance.

THROWING THE BLANKETS AMONG THE CROWD.

At the side of the open space were placed chairs upon which two aged crones seated themselves, and supporting between them the effigy of the late lamented Mrs. George. One of them held a framed representation in her Sunday best upon her knee. Then at a given signal began again that monotonous weird chant, which had a most creepy effect upon one's nerves. The words it would be useless to repeat, but the air was as follows:—



The dancers now emerged from their dressing-room, one by one, and at intervals, until there were ten whirling, ludricous figures tripping about in time with the chant, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of some picture-book of our childhood's days. The feet were bare but ermine leggings, trimmed with ever-clashing puffin beaks, encased the legs from the ankle upwards, while the body was concealed by a robe made of gull and eagle feathers, these turning and twisting with every motion of the wearer. Hideously grotesque wooden masks covered the face, while over the back of the masks and hanging down the back were shawls trimmed with ermine. To the top and sides of the masks were attached fringes of hair made from cedar bark, dried and beaten into threads, while feathers and down stood erect upon the forehead. In the right hand was held a hoop, upon which was strung a number of large pecten shells, (*amusium caurinum*), so attached by having holes pierced in the centre of each shell. The slightest movement of the wrist as the strange figures danced about, caused them to clash and jangle together. Some of the masks displayed great artistic taste and skill in their construction. A specimen of the cunning manner in which a representation of a ludicrously distorted human face is combined with a bird's head may be seen in Fig. 1. The bill of the bird is retained in position by strings manipulated by the wearer, and the transfiguration is quite startling to behold. This occurs at some critical time in the description of exploits and legends, as chanted by the chorus of women. In some masks the eyes and mouth are so contrived that they roll about in most alarming fashion. Loops and thongs bind the mask to the head, and sight holes are pierced either in the nostrils or eyes of the mask, apertures being also cut for breathing through. It would seem that to even bear the weight alone of these masks for any length of time would be extremely fatiguing, notwithstanding which these votaries of the light fantastic retained our attention with their antics for fully forty minutes. At certain periods the time of the chant would be changed by striking the cedar boards with the sticks held in each hand, alternately; then it would stop unexpectedly, with some word, as if a question had been asked, to burst out again after an interval of a few seconds with like suddenness.



MASKS.

At the conclusion of the dance, the

assembled Indians gathered around the suspended wooden box containing the money, the rope, in the meantime, being so lifted by a pole that the wished-for prize was far beyond reach. What a mass of black hands practically grasping and clawing!!

Now the box is allowed to drop among the expectant swarm, but being securely tied with string, it is by no means an easy matter even then to obtain the much coveted money, and the scene that followed simply baffles description. A scrimmage at foot-ball was child's play compared with it. Like a pack of hungry wolves quarrelling over some desired morsel, those on the outskirts clomb over the men in front of them, until they arrived at the point of interest, when they disappeared as if down the vortex of a maelstrom. It was one surging, writhing, revolving, struggling mass of humanity for fully fifteen minutes, when, with a shout, the lucky man emerged from the confusion minus half his shirt, and otherwise dishevelled, but bearing aloft in his clenched fist the source of the excitement, and, as a consequence, was happy.

Two men then commenced throwing the blankets among the crowd, when a similar scene was presented, with the exception that a man was entitled to as much of the blanket as he might hold in his hands or under his arms; those not interested in that particular blanket, cutting it into pieces with their knives, which proceeding, at first, appeared a wanton destruction of property, but it seems that these apparently useless fragments are torn to pieces and again woven into blankets.

On our way home we passed some of the canoes which had taken part in the races a few days before; and what marvellously fine models they were. A great amount of skill and labor is required in the construction of these canoes. In the first place a sound cedar tree of the necessary size is located. This is cut down, and the outward form of a canoe partially chopped out; then a road is cleared out to the sea-shore, possibly a mile distant. With the aid of rollers and a considerable amount of labor, this log is conveyed to the water and towed to the village, where, during the winter months, the work of hewing is continued. The exterior is fashioned to suit the fancy and judgment of the builder, then wooden pins of a certain length being driven in at regular intervals, the interior is hollowed out until the ends of these pins are encountered, so that the canoe is of a known thickness throughout. In ancient times, and before the advent of the white man, a canoe was hollowed out with stone adzes, wedge-shaped pieces of stone being fastened to a wooden handle by spruce roots; now, however, files are converted into tools of a similar form. This part of the construction being satisfactorily accomplished, the body of the canoe is partially filled with water and covered with blankets or cedar-bark mats, and hot stones are dropped in until steam is generated. The sides are then spread out by wedging in boards until the requisite beam is obtained, when the permanent thwarts are inserted, the latter being securely bound in place by spruce roots. This process of steaming and spreading the canoe to the required model, sometimes occupies several days. All that is now needed is a stern piece and bow piece; the latter is generally carved to represent a bird's head. The bill and rings around the eyes and neck are painted red, and the eyes white.

The bottom and sides of a canoe are polished and hardened by the application of fire, and are painted black, with a red line around the gunwale. The greatest danger to be apprehended while in a canoe in a rough sea is from splitting, and to prevent this all seams are securely tied at either end with spruce roots to prevent further spreading; but for all this, many cases are on record of accidents of this kind occurring. The insertion of ribs, and the requisite amount of stiffening necessary to avoid this danger, is seldom resorted to among the Indians unless the canoe is very old, as the twisting and yielding in a seaway gives a canoe a decided advantage over a rigidly-constructed craft.

For the same reason, it would seem, slavers have been known to saw through the deck beams of their vessels when hotly pursued, in order to gain additional speed. Yachts also, built for racing, when stiffened up for ocean travel, have their rate of speed lowered in consequence.

These canoes before us are black-leaded to render their course through the water more rapid, and it is my opinion that before the wind no other craft of the same dimensions can outsail them. Surely no more beautiful lines can be seen on any water craft, and this is all the more wonderful when we consider that it is the result purely of eye and judgment, as no models are used.

Cedar being very durable, it is considered that a canoe will, with proper care, last a life-time; and, after his family, there is nothing under the sun that an Indian prizes so much as his canoe—unless it be firewater. What precaution is taken when making a landing that the canoe may not be scratched, as the moment it grates upon the beach it is carried carefully above high water mark! then in hot weather, to prevent splitting, water is dashed over it several times a day. Blankets and mats are used to protect it from the sun's rays.

A CANOE RACE.

Now, a potlach dance is generally preceded by a feast, but in this instance the order was reversed, the feast taking place in the evening. It was my intention to have witnessed that also, but I was unfortunately prevented. Walking over to the reservation, however, somewhere in the vicinity of nine p.m., with a friend, we were fortunate enough to see some Indians eating "soapolali."

This "soapolali," or "la brew," is composed of the berries of the *vacci ninium* which are pressed into cakes dried in the sun and wrapped in bark. In this form it is quite an article of commerce among the different tribes. To prepare this delectable dish, some of the dried berries are placed in a bowl with a small quantity of water, and worked up into a paste, and stirred with the hand until the mixture is of the appearance and consistency of soapsuds. A very small quantity of berries suffices to fill a large bowl, but the process entails a good half hour's stirring before sufficient "head" is produced. In this instance it was served in a china wash-basin; indeed it is not the first time that these people have misused household articles, a certain piece of chinaware being frequently used as a sugar bowl by the northern Indians.

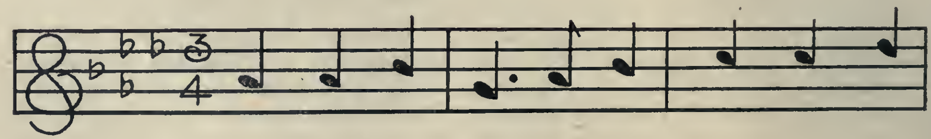
We were invited to partake of the good cheer, but declined with thanks, the method of preparation and the strong fish-like odour that prevailed entirely dispelling any ideas we may have had about participating in the feast.

Since then, however, I have tasted some prepared under different circumstances, and found it possessed a decidedly bitter flavor. From this fact, and the effect it produces, it would seem to be of a similar nature to quinine.

The manner in which the Indians demolished this mixture was extremely ludicrous. They sat in a ring around the bowl, each person being supplied with a stick, on which the compound was conveyed to the lips, where, a "blob" being placed in position they proceeded to blow until it was in the act of falling, then with a rapid inspiration and a disgusting smack of the lips, it disappeared to regions unknown.

KUCHLAMS.

There they sat like a lot of children, making horrible faces, and the queerest noises with the most sober and intent expression upon their faces. We were nearly convulsed with laughter at the sight, but managed to contain our merriment until we arrived outside the building, where we were glad enough to obtain a breath of pure air once again; and a few whiffs of Arcadia mixture soon dispelled the halo of ancient salmon.



THE NEW ENGLISH MINISTRY.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

It is rather more than forty years since any political event in England has created such intense interest as has the recent resignation from office of Lord Rosebery and his cabinet. There were only two possible successors to the noble lord: like himself they were both in the House of Lords and not in the Commons These were the Marquis of Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, the leaders respectively of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties. Of course, had Lord Rosebery simply resigned of his own free will or on account of ill-health, a successor would have been found for him from among the ranks of the Liberal party, but as his ministry had been defeated by an adverse vote of the House of Commons, as a matter of course the new premier had to be chosen from one of the two political parties opposed to him and his policy.

At the time of Lord Rosebery's defeat he was at the head of the Liberal and Home Rule party, which only held office by the grace of the various Irish Nationalist representatives; these were likely at any time to desert him, and without their votes his party in the House of Commons, led by Sir William Harcourt, was in a hopeless minority, so his position can not be said to have been a pleasant one. Defeat came though, and the Rosebery-Harcourt ministry, with its record of unfulfilled good intentions, was numbered with the past.

Unlike his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Gladstone, when he was defeated in 1874, Lord Rosebery did not take his expulsion from office seriously to heart and threaten to retire from public life, but from his place in the House of Lords hurled political anathemas at the head of his successors, and gave them to understand that so far as he was concerned they would have to give a very good account of their doings.

Opposed to Lord Rosebery's policy of Home Rule for Ireland, Welsh Church disestablishment, and the "ending or mending" of the House of Lords politically, all of which projects were legacies from Mr. Gladstone, was the entire Conservative party of Great Britain and Ireland, led in the Peers by Lord Salisbury, and in the Commons by Mr. Arthur J. Balfour. Equally opposed with the Conservatives to the first of the three projects just referred to, while giving only a half-hearted support to the second, and viewing with cynical contempt for its insincerity the third question, were the Liberal Unionists under the leadership of the Duke of Devonshire in the Upper House and of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the lower.

This party was formed when the Marquis of Huntington, Mr. Chamberlain, and other well known Liberal leaders, preferring their country's good to that of their party's, seceded from the support of Mr. Gladstone when he introduced his abortive Irish Home Rule measure in 1886.

When Lord Salisbury came into office in the autumn of 1886 in consequence of the defeat of the Home Rule bill, which owed its rejection entirely to the great number of Liberal votes given against it in conjunction with the Conservatives, who unanimously opposed it, the Liberal Unionist party gave his ministry a general support on all subjects, though the alliance was strained on one or two occasions, but never so as to seriously imperil the cordial relations existing between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour on the one hand, and the Duke of Devonshire (formerly Marquis of Hartington), and Mr. Chamberlain on the other.

At the general election held in 1892 Mr. Gladstone secured, by uniting the English, Welsh and Scotch Liberals and Radicals with the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites of the Irish party, a majority of the House of Commons, and once more was a Home Rule Bill brought before the representatives of the people, by the aid of the closure passed through committee and to its third reading, but was subsequently brought before the House of Lords and ignominiously rejected.

The cry that went up from a certain section of the British electorate and from the whole of the Irish Nationalist party for the abolition of the House of Lords, because that body discharged fearlessly its absolute duty of rejecting a measure which not only had passed the House of Commons without discussion of many of its provisions, but had never been submitted to the country, is now only remembered with contempt by the opponents of those who raised it.

The Salisbury Cabinet and ministry just formed, marks a decisive epoch in English history. By its formation is signalized the all but absolute disappearance from English politics of the two great historic parties, the Whigs and the Tories. For a long time past the former of these two parties, of which such notable families as the Russells, Cavendishes, Grosvenors, Fitz-Williams, Fitz-Maurices, Leveson-Gowers, and many more were leading adherents, has been drawing closer and closer to its opponents, in presence of what both viewed as a common danger—the rise and progress of revolutionary and socialistic schemes, foisted upon the country in the name of Liberalism, these schemes being regarded by the leaders of the Liberal party with consideration, if not with absolute friendliness.

The dissentient Whigs and Liberals, among whom are numbered the Duke of Devonshire, head of the Cavendish family, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the representative of the Fitz-Maurices, and the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, member for one of the divisions of Birmingham, in the House of Commons have formed the party hitherto known as the Liberal Unionists, who while professing general adherance to Liberal principles as they were formerly understood, are as staunch in their opposition to the revolutionary scheme of Irish Home Rule as the most uncompromising Tories.

This party has now joined the old Conservatives, and the new party has for the time being, perhaps for the want of a better name, elected to be known neither as Conservatives or Tories, but as Unionists. The party is in fact a Nationalist one, where both of its sections sink what may be looked upon as minor questions, in view of the great danger threatened to the integrity of the Empire by such a revolutionary project as that of a separate Parliament for Ireland.

The question of the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales, as well as that of the Church of Scotland, are, no doubt, subjects of very great importance; but, despite the fact that a measure with the former object has already been submitted to the House of Commons, they are not at present within the range of practical statesmanship, and their consideration and settlement may be safely left for another decade, if, indeed, within that period both religious bodies do not, by their increased activity and usefulness, make their destruction an impossibility.

Let us glance at the leading members of the Unionist or National Cabinet.

By virtue of his office Lord Salisbury takes precedence. He has been in public life for nearly forty years, and was in Lord Derby's Cabinet of 1866, as Secretary of State for India. He was then Lord Cranbourne, and represented the borough of Stamford in the House of Commons. He seceded in 1867, on the Reform question, from the Derby-Disraeli ministry, in company with General Peel, Secretary for War, and Lord Carnarvon, Secretary for the Colonies, and until his accession to the marquisate by his father's death, a year later, but little was heard of him in the political world.

In 1869 Lord Salisbury gave the public its first intimation that he was not a blind and unreasoning Tory, such as Liberal partisans delighted in denouncing him as, by his manly and courageous conduct in the House of Lords on the second reading of the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He boldly spoke in favor of the second reading, and did so on the highest grounds, not those of expediency, but of duty. "The country," said his lordship, "has by an overwhelming majority declared for this measure; it is for you, my lords, to bow to that verdict."

The bill was read a second time, and soon after, with but little alteration, passed into law.

In February, 1874, Mr. Gladstone, whose ministry had been losing public confidence from month to month, appealed to the country, and was hopelessly beaten in the constituencies. Under the leadership of Mr. Disraeli in the Commons, and Lord Salisbury in the Lords, the Conservatives came into office. Lord Salisbury took the post of Foreign Secretary. It is almost needless to refer to the Berlin conference, where, in conjunction with Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury played such a prominent part, succeeding in impressing the most famous of European statesmen not only by his sagacity, but by his deep knowledge of affairs. Again, in the same office, in 1885, and in 1886-92, the verdict was all but unanimous from both political friends and opponents that, as a Foreign Secretary, the noble lord's policy was unassailable. His successors paid him the highest of compliments in continuing their management of foreign affairs on the same lines as he had already traversed.

At the head of the new ministry Lord Salisbury again holds the seals of the Foreign office, and it may confidently be predicted that he will do so with credit to himself and benefit to his country.

The Duke of Devonshire's career as a politician extends over almost the same period as that of the Marquis of Salisbury, but, unlike the latter, the greater portion of his time has been spent in the House of Commons. He has been the leader of the more advanced section of the old Whigs, and was a member of every Liberal cabinet from that of Lord Palmerston, formed in June, 1859, to that of Mr. Gladstone, which came into office in April, 1880, and resigned in June, 1885. Lord Hartington, as he then was, viewing Mr. Gladstone's utterances regarding Ireland with distrust, did not join that statesman when he formed his third cabinet in 1886. The Duke of Devonshire has never been distinguished as an orator, but what he says is always forcible, well thought out, and logical, and probably the electorate of Great Britain regard him with greater confidence than they do any other politician of the day, not even excepting Lord Salisbury. He is absolutely sincere, entirely disinterested, and will not embark on any course of legislation that he is not persuaded will be for the ultimate benefit of the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The unity of the Empire, and the welfare of its people generally, are the ends he aims at, and the principles he is guided by.

The two most striking figures in the new Cabinet who have seats in the Commons are Mr. Arthur J. Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The former of these has sat in that House for about fifteen years, and from the first assumed an independent position, sitting below the gangway on the Conservative side of the House (this party then being in opposition), and forming one of the celebrated "Fourth Party," led by the brilliant, though at times erratic, Lord Randolph Churchill, whose recent untimely death every one deplored.

At first it was the fashion to laugh at Mr. Balfour, and not to regard him seriously as a politician; but this disposition soon died away, and he was generally regarded as a man who would have to be reckoned with when his party came again into power. Mr. Balfour's chance came when he assumed the office of Irish Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet of 1886.

At first the Irish Nationalist members tried to laugh and shout him down. That course of conduct he treated with ridicule. Then they attempted to bully him, to distort his meanings, to slander him generally, and to try and make it appear that he was brutal in his administration of the law, and unfeeling for all Irishmen, excepting those who gave the Conservative party their support. This line of conduct Mr. Balfour treated with quiet disdain. He never lost his temper; he met the most atrocious calumnies passed upon his conduct of Irish matters with plain statements of facts as they really were; and in a very brief period Irishmen of all parties, whether they were Orange or Nationalist, Home Rulers or anti-Home Rulers, learned that the law of the land had to be respected, and was a terror, in fact, only to evil-doers. In an office that had wrecked the career of a Forster, disheartened Trevelyan, and distressed beyond measure Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour earned by his resolute conduct and brilliant administrative capacity, the reputation of being in the very first rank among English public men.

RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

The second of the two statesmen, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has sat in Parliament exactly nineteen years, but had an excellent record as a Birmingham public man for some years previous to that date. His first appearance in a public character was in 1868, when he was elected to the city council of the great "toy-shop of Europe." In 1870 he was elected to the school-board of the same city, and in 1873, to the mayoralty. He was re-elected in 1874, and again in 1875, only resigning that office when elected to Parliament. It is not necessary to refer to Mr. Chamberlain's policy while a member of the school-board, of which he was made chairman in 1873; in one of its features it has since been reversed at the voice of the electors, who were responsible for its initiation.

But of his marvellous energy and great achievements while Mayor of Birmingham, no sketch of his career would be complete without a reference to them.

He initiated a scheme of rebuilding a portion of the city and laying out new streets, whereby acres of the vilest slums were swept away, while good houses and wide thoroughfares took their place. From being one of ugliest of provincial towns, Birmingham, under Mr. Chamberlain's policy, has become one of the handsomest of European cities, and from being one of the worst governed municipalities, it has developed into one of the best. It has the control and entire ownership of both its gas and water supply, and the taxes are, in proportion, no higher than those in Toronto. All this is due, primarily, to the policy begun by Mr. Chamberlain in 1873, and since then carried to successful completion by his successors. No wonder that Birmingham is proud of Joseph Chamberlain! It is equally easy to understand how cordially Mr. Chamberlain reciprocates the feeling,

It has been the fashion to decry Mr. Chamberlain as a sometime republican and to insinuate that he has "gone back on himself" in his political professions. The wish is father to the thought. Mr. Chamberlain did once, in a speech delivered a quarter of a century since, say that he considered pure Republicanism the most perfect form of Government. Theoretically he probably does so yet, but so do thousands of other people who have as little thought of changing our Monarchical institutions for Republican ones, as Mr. Chamberlain has of advocating Mr. Gladstone's defunct Home Rule Bill. "Free Church, Free Schools, Free Land," was Mr. Chamberlain's platform when he appealed to the Sheffield electors and was defeated in 1874. He holds to these views now as he did then. The first of these, "Free Church," Mr. Chamberlain has always stated he was willing to submit to the voice of the people directly interested, and as by unmistakeable signs from British constituencies in the last few months it has been shown that for the present, at any rate, they have no interest in "Free Church." Mr. Chamberlain is perfectly consistent in joining a ministry who certainly will not make it one of the planks in their platform.

"Free Schools," are the law of the land, and "Free Land" will be one of the very first subjects, in conjunction with that of better dwellings for the masses, that will engross the attention of the new ministry.

In a brief article, such as this must of necessity be, it is not possible to deal fully with all who form the Cabinet. Of these, Mr. Goschen and Sir Henry James probably attract almost as great a share of public attention as those who have been named. They have had lengthy careers and have exerted (and undoubtedly they will in the future), exert great influence in the councils of their party. They are both Unionists, and once were Liberals, and have held office under Mr. Gladstone.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. C. T. Ritchie are all men of the highest character, and of undoubted capacity. They have no sympathy, and never had, with reactionary legislation, or with old Toryism, and are probably far better Liberals and more advanced reformers than the Whigs themselves were forty years ago.

One word may be said in conclusion. The new Ministry is the first that has contained among its prominent members some of those who have from time to time expressed themselves strongly in favor of Imperial Federation. This latter scheme may at present be but a dream, but it is a dream that is possible of fulfilment. That consummation is far more likely to be brought about by statesmen who have no impossible schemes for the creation of equally impossible Houses of Legislature to bring before the country, but whose platform is "Reliance on the people and legislation for their needs." By "the people" is understood neither Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen particularly, but the united people (the three nations in one) of Great Britain and Ireland.

MAN MUST GO.

Spake in homely words, yet great,
One who ruled a ship of state;

When the great guns held their breath,
And the silence told of death;

Spake he then, full well and wise,
Ere the thunder rent the skies:

"Man the guns, boys, yet move slow,
For ye know, boys, man must go.

'It may be, boys, your last fight,
Ye may die, boys, ere 'tis light.

"Think of God, boys, think of right;
For our homes, boys, let us fight.

"Ready all, boys, yet move slow,
For ye know, boys, man must go."

Heed this lesson, faint of heart;
Thinkest God gave you a part?—

Part to act out here below?
Shrink not, then, and yet move slow,

And whate'er thou find'st to do,
Keep this ever still in view:

As the tides that ebb and flow,
Man is here, but man must go.

HORACE LESTER HALL.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

BY R. F. DIXON.

‘HE'S gone this time, sure enough, poor fellow,” I heard the clergyman say.

The doctor came forward, and leant over me. I could feel his tobacco-tainted breath on my face.

“Yes,” after a minutes pause, he said, “He's gone. Strangest case I ever knew. He has no symptoms of apoplexy; his heart went like clock-work, and there were no indications of paralysis. I examined him only two weeks ago for the Foresters. He must have been suffering from some obscure form of heart disease. And now, when I think of it, I did detect a peculiar murmur which I thought was due to functional causes. It must have been organic. It's a strange case anyway. I'll send a note of it to *Braithwaite*.”

A CONSULTATION.

“I suppose I'd better send word to his wife,” said the clergyman. “Do you happen to know her address.”

“Yes; it's Penrith. Mrs. C. F. Oglevie, Penrith, Ontario, will find her. It's a small place, of about a couple of thousand inhabitants, north of Toronto.”

“Would you mind calling in and sending Ricketts, the undertaker, upon your way down town?” asked the clergyman. “Tell him to come right away. I'll wait here till he comes. And send the landlord up, will you?”

The sound of the doctor's descending steps were soon succeeded by those of the landlord ascending the stairs. The door opened and softly closed. A minute later I was apprised, by a rich odor of old rye, that the landlord was subjecting me to a close scrutiny. Then with his fat, trembling fingers he began fumbling with my closed eyelids. As he partially raised one of them I caught a glimpse of his heavy, whiskey-sodden visage."

"Dead as a mackerel," he said, presently. "But he's a queer kind of a corpse; his eyes have closed of themselves. He won't need no coppers."

"Do you know anything about him?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, he's a travelling piano tuner; lives in a place called Penrith. This is the second or third time he's stopped here. Came the day before yesterday. And, by the same token, he owes me a matter of a couple of dollars."

"That'll be all right," said the clergyman. "For the matter of that, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll pay it myself."

"You've got too big a heart for a preacher, Mr. Forest," answered the landlord. "You'll run yourself into the poor house, if you undertake to pay every straggler's board bill. I'm better able to afford the loss than you are. And it's a small matter anyway. I don't know what made me mention it."

But it is time to explain how I came to be in my present and hitherto mysterious predicament.

Feeling somewhat unwell that afternoon, I had retired to my room to take a rest, and try to sleep off a strange giddiness and swimming in the head. After lying for, I suppose, a couple of hours on the bed, the disagreeable sensations had so markably increased that I became seriously alarmed. I had never experienced anything like it before. A deathly languor was also beginning to creep over me. I felt like a man who had been drugged, or had received a heavy stunning blow upon the head. All the machinery of my system seemed to be gradually running down. I hadn't any pain whatever, or bodily discomfort. On the contrary, my sensations were rather pleasurable than otherwise. I may further liken them to those of a man gently and easily slipping down a long, gradually sloping incline. By a sudden effort, however, I had half rolled off the bed, staggered to the door and opened it. Just at that moment, Mr. Forest, the young English Church clergyman, who boarded at the house, was passing down the long passage. I hailed him, and earnestly asked him to bring a doctor. He immediately came to my relief, and after assisting me back to bed hurried off for the doctor.

After his departure, the peculiar sensations recommenced with added intensity. My breathing ceased altogether. All sensible movement of the heart came to a full stop. I became conscious of a total inability to crook a finger. My eyes slowly and gradually closed, and then came an utter blank.

All at once I seemed to wake up. The cloud lifted from my brain. My thoughts came as naturally and easily and coherently as if I had waked from a long, dreamless, refreshing slumber. But I had no more power of motion than a stone effigy. I felt, if you can imagine such a thing, like a man who had been frozen alive. At first a great horror fell upon me. Was I dead or alive. My brain throbbed as if it would rend asunder its encompassing bounds. But this was soon exchanged for a feeling of stony resignation. I became absolutely indifferent to the future. Then, as I lay there, gradually dawned upon me the nature of my mysterions malady.

I was in a catalepsy, about which, curiously enough, I had been reading only the previous week in some medical work I had picked up in a doctor's office.

Scarcely had I fully realized my

condition when the door opened and the clergyman and the doctor hastily entered. The result of the latter's examination has been already given.

After the departure of the landlord there was an interval of absolute silence for what seemed to me at least a couple of hours. Incapable as I was of seeing anything, my sense of hearing seemed to be multiplied at least threefold. I could hear the soft breathing of the clergyman at the far end of the room as distinctly as the sound of a bucksaw under the window, and almost every word in the bar-room beneath my bedroom was distinguishable. Ordinarily it was impossible to distinguish anything but a dull, confused murmur. Hitherto I had never overheard the loudest and clearest voice. Even the occasional bellowings of a drunken man were only at intervals distinguishable. Now, as I lay in my waking trance I could follow the conversation down below as easily as if it had been carried on at the open door of my bedroom.

"The door opened and softly closed."

I remember distinctly hearing the landlord say, in what was an unmistakable undertone, to some customer: "We've got a dead man upstairs. Went off as easy as rolling off a log. The preacher's with him."

"When's the funeral to be," asked someone, in the same tone of voice.

"That depends on the undertaker. I guess they'll telegraph his friends. It's a chance if they'll take him home. I guess the poor fellow had all he could do to get along, and I don't think he's left enough to buy a decent coffin."

"What sort of a fellow was he?" I heard some one else enquire in rather a louder tone.

"O, well enough!" replied the landlord, with that tone of contemptuous toleration accorded by landlords to non-consumers of excisable articles, "He was a quiet, civil man, always paid his way—not much for company. Didn't smoke or drink."

During the silence which ensued, I could distinctly hear the ticking of the bar-room clock, and the bar-tender splashing tumblers behind the counter. Then the bar-room door opened, and I heard someone say in a sharp, business-like voice:—

"You've got a dead man upstairs, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ricketts," the landlord replied briskly. "First floor, number eight. You'll find Mr. Forest, the English preacher, with him. Take a horn?"

"I'll take it after I get through, if it's all the same. But before I lay a finger on him, I want to know where my pay's coming from. Will you guarantee it? Nobody seems to know anything about him."

There was a silence of several

minutes. I could hear someone strike a match. At last the landlord said:—

"Let 's go upstairs and talk things over with Mr. Forest."

I believe I heard every individual step of the two men as they left the bar-room, traversed the downstairs hall, ascended the stairs, and walked down the passage. I must say that I experienced a sensation of creepiness as the undertaker's steps became increasingly audible. It was like lying and awaiting the approach of one's executioner. And yet, incomprehensible as it may sound, I felt no fear yet. My mind seemed too intently concentrated upon what was going on around me to have any regard for the future. It seemed a horrid thing to have an undertaker clawing me over. Beyond that, however, I had no other sensation.

"We've got a dead man upstairs."

The door opened and the two men entered. After greeting Forest they approached the bed. Again I felt the undertaker's claw-like fingers pass over my face. Presently he lifted one of my eyelids, and I saw his cadaverous, vulture-like countenance, as he bent over me. He was a tall, thin, moody-looking man, always dressed in rusty black. I couldn't help thinking how infinitely I would have preferred being laid out by the rival undertaker, a fat, jolly-looking, ruddy man, with a husky, good-natured voice.

"Well," said the undertaker, letting my eyelid subside, "before I take this job, I want to know who'll go security. I've been bitten too often with these pauper funerals."

The only apparently living part of me rose in furious protest against the man's sordid brutality. Again my brain throbbed violently. I felt I would have given the universe to have been able to have leaped up and throttled him where he stood.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Forest," said the landlord.

The two men retired into the passage and closed the door behind them. I heard them whispering for a few minutes. Then they re-entered the room.

"Me and Mr. Forest 'll go security for the funeral," said the landlord.

"Let's see, then," said Ricketts.

"There'll be a coffin and shell, the laying out and hearse. He can be buried in the suit he has on him, and there'll be some extras. The coffin's the principal thing. What kind of a one would you like? Nothing expensive, I suppose."

"Let him be buried decently," said the clergyman. "Of course," he added, "there needn't be any unnecessary expense."

"Yes, I understand. Well, I've just laid in a stock of nice, cheap, pine coffins—stained—for my poorer customers. You won't want white metal handles. There'll be a breastplate. Well, I'll do the whole thing for thirty-five dollars."

The absurdity of these men deliberately making arrangements for my funeral struck me so forcibly that I could have rolled over in the bed and screamed with laughter. To the horrible and ghastly outcome of the business I had as yet never given a thought. The possibility of being buried alive had, strangely as it may sound, never faintly dawned upon me.

"Before we part we'd better examine his personal effects," said the clergyman. "It's as well to do it in the presence of witnesses"

I had a valise containing a change or two of linen and a few miscellaneous articles. And in the breast pocket of my coat was a wallet with a few dollars in it, a thousand-mile ticket, and half a dozen letters from my wife.

After these articles had been all duly overhauled, the clergyman said: "I'll wrap the money and letters up in a parcel, and Mr. Mayflower can put them in the safe until after the funeral."

With the words "after the funeral," suddenly came, like the stroke of a thunderbolt upon me, the horrible possibility of being buried alive. A perfect wave of horror swept over me. My brain spun round like a buzz saw. There was a humming in my ears, then a strange, dreamy feeling as if I were drifting out to sea, and then oblivion.

When I regained consciousness, I was still lying on the bed, and apparently in exactly the same position. But someone was moving about in the room.

There's no hot water to be had," said a strange voice. "We'll have to heat it ourselves."

"There's no need of that," replied Ricketts, in his well-known, harsh, creaking voice. "We'll use cold. Nobody'll be the wiser, and anyway what odds is it with a fellow like him. There's no money in the job. I only took it to keep Ruggles from gittin' it. If it wasn't for the name of the thing, I'd bury him just as he lays. But if the man had been hanged, he'd have to be washed in some shape. Lock the door, and let's get to work. We've lost too much time over him already, and there's old Willis has had another fit. I should be on the lookout. Ruggles has been chasing Dr. Bendigo these ten days. Willis would be worth five such fellows, and then there's the old lady. Whoever plants him 'll plant her. And she's bustin' with dropsy—can't last three months. There's a clear hundred dollars to be made out of the two. It would be a pity to lose such a job for sake of a pauper like this."

In my indignation at the man's brutality I forgot all my horror of being buried alive. I silently registered a vow that if ever the opportunity presented itself, I would call him to account. But infinitely worse was to follow.

They dragged me roughly off the bed and, placing me on the floor, proceeded to remove my clothes. As soon as they began to handle me I discovered that my sensitiveness, proportionately with my hearing, had been immensely intensified. Their hard, coarse hands seemed to bruise my flesh. And when they began to sponge my perfectly naked body, the agony was so intense that I could have yelled. It was as if they were applying undiluted carbolic acid to my skin. O, the agony of that washing. It makes me shudder when I think of it after the lapse of years. I'd almost as soon be roasted alive.

At last they got through the washing operation,—such a sacred function, evidently, with undertakers. My clothes were roughly replaced and I was heaved back again on the bed. My limbs were "composed," a wet cloth was placed over my face and I was again left alone.

During my manipulation by the undertakers, my mind had been too deeply engrossed with what was passing around me to give any thought to the future. But now, in the dead silence that succeeded the departure of the two human vultures, my mind swung back again into the groove out of which it had been temporarily lifted.

"They dragged me roughly off the bed."

Was I then to realize one of the most horrible presentiments of my presentiment-haunted life? I am one of those men who take a great comfort in presentiments. Without one or two good able-bodied presentiments I feel persuaded that life, to a man of my temperament, wouldn't be worth living. Since my earliest childhood I have never been without one, and I never expect to be. And on the whole, like one's ailments, one's presentiments are an unspeakable comfort. What a blank, empty, pointless, aimless affair innumerable lives would be without either ailments or presentiments!

And, strange to say, my last presentiment had been the good old crusted one of being buried alive. It had succeeded and completely ousted a fear of contracting hydrophobia or becoming a victim of paresis or something of the kind, and it had been suggested by reading the article on catalepsy, already referred to. Why isn't there a statute, by the way, forbidding, under penalty of penal servitude, the reading by laymen of medical works? O, those doctor's books, what ailments, and presentiments and haunted lives are they not responsible for! The science of medicine should be a secret as jealously guarded as the practice of Masonry.

Again my brain reeled and tottered, and again a merciful unconsciousness came to my succour.

The loud clanging of a bell seemed to suddenly awake me. I lay for several minutes listening to its short, sharp strokes, which stabbed my brain through and through. After thirty or forty strokes the whole town seemed suddenly to wake up. The streets became alive with trampling feet. Then came the furious galloping of horses and the affrighted jangle of bells. What could it mean?

Morbidly active as my brain was, it was not for several minutes that I divined the cause of the sudden uproar. There was a fire. I heard a window pushed up in the next room, and a call out to the passing crowd, "Where's the fire?" "It's down at Wilson's flour and feed store. If the wind rises it'll take the whole block. You're none too safe."

The window was hastily put down, and I heard the occupant of the room run out into the passage and begin hammering at the various bedroom doors. In a few minutes the whole house was in a wild uproar. Doors were violently slammed, furniture overturned; children woke up and wailed in all keys. Some one rushed in at the front door, and in a strong, hoarse voice shouted: "Mr. Mayflower, get the furniture out of your house; the wind's rising, and it's a chance if we can save the house."

The noise and uproar redoubled. I heard them dragging the heavy downstairs furniture about and emptying the two upstair sitting rooms at the end of the passage. I could distinctly distinguish the landlord's voice cautioning the men to be careful with the piano. The sound of crackling timbers and the dull roar of the fire became distinctly audible. It was apparently swiftly approaching.

The clearing of the house went on amain. They began on the bedrooms. Soon two men rushed into my room, and then, to my unspeakable horror, rushed out again at a cry from some comrades to come and assist them with the coal stove. A few minutes later I heard the landlord shout:—

"Never mind what's left in the bedrooms. I want all the help I can get in the cellar."

There was a general rush for the lower regions, and in an exceedingly short time the upper part of the house was deserted.

O! the indescribable horror of that ensuing half hour! Horror struck as I had been with the thought of being buried alive, how unspeakably more horrible was the prospect of being burned alive! I believe I actually prayed that I might be buried alive. I heard the fire engine approaching, and the water beginning to rattle against the walls and roof. The crackling of the burning buildings sounded louder and louder; the air became sensibly warmer. I could faintly hear the toilers far away down in the cellar.

Suddenly I seemed to be rapidly ascending like a man in a balloon. Upward I sped, thrilled through and through with a strangely exhilarating yet restful feeling. High, and higher and higher I soared. The sordid, care-cursed world was left far behind. An inexpressibly delicious feeling of perfect resignation possessed me. And again for the third or fourth time I became unconscious.

When I came to my senses I was still lying in my old position on the bed, and, so far as I could perceive, absolutely unharmed. I knew that

I had not changed my position by the peculiar "lay" of my head. Even through the lids of my closed eyes I was distinctly conscious of a strong light in the room. But in the absence of any undue heat and of the previous uproar I knew that all danger from fire was probably over. My brain, the only actively living thing about me, gave, as it were, a great bound. A feeling of indescribable relief and thankfulness took possession of me. For the space of a whole minute I was probably the happiest man in the whole Province of Ontario. What a world of happiness was concentrated within the space of those sixty seconds! Spread out reasonably thick it would have sweetened a twelvemonth. I could have leaped to the very ceiling for joy. But like the flash of a meteor it faded away, and the benumbing horror of the other alternative crept over me, and mingled with an unutterable disgust.

For what had I been saved? To miserably perish by a long, lingering, living death. To slowly yield my life in impotent agonizing writhings in the darkness of the tomb, with the pattering of human feet above me! To die like a poisoned rat in a hole! To be slowly strangled as it were, and so suffer the agony of ten thousand hangings!

And so I began actually to regret my escape. Would not burning alive even have been preferable to this long-drawn torture? A few moments of anguish and then it would have all been over. Yes, I was sorry I had escaped the fire. I had gone from bad to worse.

Just as I came to this conclusion I heard steps ascending the stairs, as of men carrying something heavy. In another minute the door was bumped open and I heard Ricketts say:—

"Hurry up, Marks; we've got to get him boxed up inside of half an hour."

"Hello, Mr. Ricketts," said the voice of the landlord from the door. "I declare, I teetotally forgot the man last night. If the fire had got into the house, he'd have gone sure, and you'd have lost your 'job.'" And he gave a vinous chuckle, that went far to obliterate any gratitude I felt towards him on the other score."

"A d—d lot I'd have cared," grumbled Ricketts, who for some reason seemed to be out of humor.

"Well, it would have been a nasty job," said the landlord, rather gravely. "It kinder gives one a turn to think of it. I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"I don't see that it makes any difference whether he is buried or burned. I know I'd have been five dollars into pocket if I'd lost the job. What do such trash as him want with coffins. I've lost one of the best jobs in the town over him. Old Willis went off last evening when I was here, and Ruggles watched the house till he saw the doctor come out, and walked up and met him and got the job.'

The landlord did not reply, and walked away. Then I felt myself seized at both extremities and lifted from the bed. My feet were first inserted in what I instinctively knew was my coffin, and my head and shoulders were lowered to follow suit.

O, the unspeakable horror of those few seconds! In a few short minutes I would have entered into the dark torture chamber, to be alone with my fate

But apparently there was some unforseen hitch in the proceedings. I felt the edge of the coffin against the back of my head. Evidently, I thought, with a thrill of relief, of the prospective respite: the coffin was too short for me.

"What'll we do, Mr. Ricketts?" asked Marks. "I guess we'll have to get another size larger. You must have forgot the measurements."

"I'm d———d if I get another coffin," said Ricketts. "They come two dollars higher. We'll have to make this one do."

"But we can't get him in," remonstrated the assistant.

"Well, force him in; he's not made of wood."

"But that 'ill break his neck," said Marks, who seemed moderately disgusted with this horrible proposal.

"What odds if it does?" replied Ricketts, with an oath. "Give him a whack with your fist. I've doubled up lots of better fellows than him. You'll never make an undertaker, Jim, if you're so chicken-hearted."

I saw, by a sort of second sight, Marks' fist poised to give me my *coup de grace.* I could almost feel its approach, when Ricketts suddenly exclaimed, with an oath:—

"Hold on; we've forgotten to shave him."

"No odds about that," said the assistant, half interrogatively.

"No odds about shaving a man?" exclaimed Ricketts, with much evident virtuous indignation. "Not shave a man! that's a funny way for a fellar to talk that's been over a year at the business. I'd just as soon miss washing him as shaving him. Get that razor off the bureau and make some lather on the sponge."

Shaving and washing would seem to be twin sacred rites with undertakers. It seems to me that I have heard (or dreamed) that they also obtained as such among the ancient Egyptians. I suppose the washing and scraping of a man typified his purgation from the stains contracted in this world. What an interesting book, I cannot help remarking in all seriousness, might be written on the history of funeral customs!

"I'll break your neck!"

My head was heaved up, my nose seized between a horny finger and thumb, my face was plentifully lathered, and the scraping operation commenced. The razor was in bad condition, and my face was covered with a heavy stubble of several days' growth. At best a painful operation, it was indescribably so under the present circumstances. A red hot iron applied to my face couldn't have given me greater pain.

Suddenly I felt the razor cut me in the chin. A few seconds afterwards Ricketts exclaimed, in an excited, horror-struck voice: "By ——, he's bleeding."

At the same moment a strange shiver ran through me. Every nerve in my body seemed to be suddenly twitched into rigidity. My heart fluttered feebly, then violently, and then, with a tremendous preliminary bound, began to beat like a steam hammer. It stopped, and recommenced with added force. I gave a long tremulous sigh, and, tingling in every fibre, slowly opened my eyes and sat up.

The sun was shining brightly through the open window, through which, like the most heavenly music, came the twittering of the sparrows and the roll of wheels in the street below. The two terror-stricken men, white-faced and visibly trembling, stood at the foot of the coffin.

I sat for about thirty seconds, spellbound with the overpowering delicious sense of restoration to life and deliverance from a most horrible death. But, like the rush of a mountain torrent came the remembrance of Rickett's brutality.

"You infernal scoundrel," I yelled, leaping out of the coffin and upon my feet, "I'll break your neck for you."

With a yell of terror the two men dashed out of the room. Marks made for the back regions, Ricketts down the passage toward the main staircase. I followed close behind him, caught up to him just as he gained the second or third step, and, planting my foot in the small of his back, sent him down about twenty times faster than he had come up.

MARA LAKE, SICAMOUS, B.C

THROUGH OKANAGAN AND KOOTENAY.

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY.

"OKANAGAN and Kootenay are fast becoming of importance to the outside world; the former as a farming and the latter as a mining district. Having made a tour of these places, I have endeavored to put on paper the impressions I received there of the country and its people."

SICAMOUS.

Sicamous station forms the junction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Okanagan Shushwap lines. It is situated on the great Shushwap lake. This lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water on the American continent. It lies somewhat in the shape of a star-fish, having five Arms; the Seymour Arm, the North-east Arm, the Sicamous Arm, the Salmon Arm, and the Oustes which joins the Shushwap waters to those of Kamloops lake. The C. P. R. crosses Salmon river and takes a north-easterly turn to Sicamous, on the Sicamous Narrows. These Narrows connect the Shushwap lake with Lake Mara. The shores of the Sicamous arm are high; there is little or no beach, the mountains rising in some places with a gentle slope, in others almost perpendicularly, from the water's edge. The hills about Sicamous are not so densely wooded as those on the coast. The soil has a strange reddish hue, due to the decomposed iron pyrites that it contains. The growth is mostly fir; but where there is a stream in any one of the gulches, or an ooze from an underground current, clumps of balm-of-Gilead, shimmering aspens and willows wave their gentle branches in the breeze. The bright green of their leaves and the brown and white of their trunks form a pleasant contrast to the sombre firs in the midst of which they stand.

The Great Shushwap is about 60 miles long, *i.e.*, from the northern extremity of Seymour Arm to the southern end of Salmon Arm. The attempt to sound it has been made, but the bottom could not be reached even at 4,000 feet. This plain description may give an idea of the lake. of the coloring of its shores, and of the kind of timber to be found on its hills; (there is no level land), but it cannot convey to one's mind the grand beauty—made terrible in places by sheer precipices of dark rock,—and calm and restful in other places by green, grassy slopes, dotted with groups of green bushes and leafy trees; with here and there an old log hut, or an Indian encampment, with the queerly-shaped Columbia river canoes, drawn up on the beach. One can describe this in a general way; but no pen, however skilful, can do justice to that beauty, which, surpassing imagination, defies description. To Sicamous I would advise both poet and painter to go.

There is nothing in the way of buildings, but the hotel, the post office and the laundry and one or two little cottages belonging to the hotel. These are all five or ten minutes walk from the station. The hotel, the "Lake View," is on the southern shore of the Sicamous Narrows, or, more correctly speaking, just where the waters of the lake close into the Narrows. It is at this point that the Canadian Pacific crosses the water and rushes into Eagle Pass. The "Lake View" is one of the cleanest, most comfortable, and most homelike hotels I have ever been in. It has nothing to do with the C P.R It is kept by a Colonel Forester, an eccentric, but kindly old man, possessed of an indomitable will, and the terror of all the "tramps" in the neighborhood. For two dollars a day one can get a bedroom, with perhaps a sitting-room (as in No. 2 there are one or two such rooms in the house), where one can be alone, to write or to read or to enjoy the view from the window; an upstairs as well as a downstairs verandah to sit out upon; three meals a day—not an extensive *menu* it must be confessed, but everything well-dressed and well-cooked;—the use of the hotel sitting-room and reading-room (the latter is chiefly for men), and also of the organ, which was good before some dear little children got at it and stood on it and tried to crawl into it, in a wild endeavor to find out where the pedals went to; the use of the Colonel's boat and canoe, if one would like a row or paddle on those glassy waters, or if one is inclined to fishing, for the lakes abound in the most delicious speckled trout. There is any amount of game to be found between Sicamous and Vernon, in fact, in all the Okanagan country, — grouse, prairie-chicken, deer, wolves, black, brown and grizzly bears.

The sun has been struggling all the morning to break through the clouds which last night's rain has left. It has now burst forth in all its beauty, and as I look at the hills, half-curtained by shadow, half-bathed in the golden light, and at the deep, dark water beneath them, reflecting them so faithfully, I begin to wonder what Heaven is like.

Sicamous is an earthly paradise, but the sight-seer is not content to stay there; so it is necessary for him to take the train at 7.30 a.m. for Vernon, a distance of forty-six miles. Leaving Sicamous, the train speeds along the southern shore of the Narrows, which curve gracefully into Mara Lake; this makes the traveller's course south-westerly instead of due south.

Mara Lake till quite recently was

considered a part of the Sicamous Arm, and naturally the scenery is very like that on the Great Shushwap. It is about ten miles long. The surrounding hills are more densely wooded than those on the large lake. There are very few leafy trees, and there is little or no grass.

The line does not follow the lake for any great distance; it leaves the shore and darts through the forest for a little way, then into more open country, through fields of yellow oats and waving grain, till it gets to the banks of the Spallumchené River, a narrow, sluggish stream, but very pretty, with marshes, fields, pasture-ranges and small woods along its banks.

The first station of any importance is Enderby, a small town possessing a flour mill. The next station, a small town also, is Armstrong; but I do not know at all what keeps it alive. After leaving Armstrong, the country changes entirely. There are no mountains except those in the far distance. We are now in a land of natural fields and soft rolling hills. There are few trees, but those few grow to perfection, for they have plenty of room to stretch their branches. The soil, where it is not cultivated, produces nothing but bunch grass, a bright yellow grass which is excellent fodder for cattle and horses. Here and there stands a stately red pine; its sombre green boughs and red trunk are well set off by the waste of yellow grass all around it. Then the hills! The soil might be of a purple-gray color, covered with a light yellow gauze One might be looking at the whole through rose-colored glass, so peculiar is the blending of the three colors. I suppose that the red hue which seems rather to hang over the hills than to be part of them, is in reality the tips of the grass, or perhaps the soil peeping through the blades.

Next, we are in a land of cultivation. Instead of bunch grass there are fields of golden grain, hay fields and patches of green clover. The rosy hills are there too. Gently they rise from the yellow fields, fenced out generally, so that the cattle may wander over them and eat the grass without straying into the fields and damaging the grain. Soon, a small lake comes into view. On the railway side of Swan Lake are wheat fields: on the opposite side are soft hills. In a few moments the train stops. Upon looking out, we see that we have arrived at the much talked-of town of Vernon

VERNON.

I look at my watch and see that it is 10 a.m. I have, therefore, plenty of time in which to look around. It is a hot summer day. There are no shade trees about, and there are three inches of dust on all the roads; there is even one inch on the grass, which is short, yellow, and dried up. Indeed everything looks dry. One side of the principal street, Barnard Avenue, is built up, or nearly so; and there are one or two buildings on the other side. This is the *town*. There are a number of residences scattered about the flat on which Vernon stands, and on the slope of the hill on the other side of the station. Vernon is yet very small. There are five hotels. The "Katemalka" is the only first-class house; and the "Coldstream" is the best second-class.

There are three other hotels, two boarding-houses and a restaurant.— Vernon also boasts of three churches, one of which is Roman Catholic.

There is absolutely nothing to do for amusement in Vernon City, therefore we take a horse and rig from one of the livery stables, and go for a drive. If I ask any one which is the best way to go I will be advised to visit Lord Aberdeen's fruit farm and hop gardens, which are about six miles away. The road takes me through a farming district, lying in the Coldstream Valley, and farther on, the White Valley. The aspect of this country is the same as that of the land between Armstrong and Vernon. About three miles from the town, we get a glimpse, across a large field, of the blue waters of Long Lake. nestling between two rosy peaks.

Lord Aberdeen's hops looked very beautiful on the day I saw them.—They were ripe and yellow, just ready for picking. A score or two of brave men and fair women of the forest—(who somehow or other did *not* remind us of J. Fenimore Cooper's conceptions), were encamped on the roadside, waiting to begin hop-picking. Following the road for fifteen miles, through Coldstream Valley, we find ourselves in White Valley. There is a modest inn here, the "Ram's Horn," where you may get a passable meal. However, the surroundings are hot and dusty; so, after giving the horse a rest, I take pity on him and on myself and go home. At the hotel I hear people talking of the trip "down the lake." What is there to be seen "down the lake?" I ask. Then I am told "a tale of two cities." Kelowna, or Okanagan Mission, about forty miles down, and Penticton, at the southern extremity of the lake. This lake is the great Okanagan. It is from sixty to seventy miles long, and over 1,000 feet deep. Is there any place to sleep at in these towns? I am told that there are hotels. So to Penticton therefore I resolve to go. I board the train at 10.10 a.m., and reach Okanagan, and land at 10.30 a.m. There I find the *Aberdeen* waiting to carry me down. A small stream runs from Swan Lake into Okanagan Lake, into the north-east arm; another small creek runs in from Long Lake. It is from this creek that the Government means to supply Vernon with water. The boat leaves the landing soon after the arrival of the train. There are beautiful little coves and beaches all the way down to Kelowna. The beauty of this lake is soft and gentle; there are very few cliffs or rocks; the banks are rather soft hills.

SHUSHWAP LAKE, BY MOONLIGHT.

Kelowna is built on a marshy flat

about forty miles down the lake. It is a very pretty little village. The boat does not wait there more than twenty minutes. The scenery is much the same all the way down. Shortly before reaching Penticton we pass the mouth of Trout Creek. At half-past four we reach Penticton town site. A more miserable place cannot be conceived of. It is high and dry, dusty and frightfully hot, the temperature rising sometimes to 110° in the shade. In occasional winters it sinks to 38° below zero. There is a long, low building called the "hotel," which is supposed to answer the purpose, until a large one is built. There are also a Dominion Express Company's office and a small cottage. The country from Penticton southwards swarms with rattlesnakes. While we were there we heard of a man being badly bitten at Fairview, a mining camp twenty miles south.

As the "hotel" did not look inviting we slept on board the boat that night. I think that the Penticton townsfolk also found the hotel uninviting, for, I noticed that they all, as well as the hotel-keeper, took up their quarters for the night on the boat. It must be a paying thing for the steamship company—that hotel! We came back next day, spent that night in Vernon, and then went on to Sicamous; from which place, after spending three days, we said "Farewell" to Okanagan and took the train for Revelstoke, with the intent to see something of Kootenay.

REVELSTOKE.

A very few words will dispose of Revelstoke. It is a much scattered railway side town, and, like most such places, is very rough and unpleasant. There are no walks that are pretty or exactly safe. No boating can be done on the Columbia just here—the river is full of sand bars that shift with the rise and fall of the water.

There are two towns, the old one of Farwell near the landing, and the new one of Revelstoke near the station. The "Victoria" hotel is fairly good. It is very clean and comfortable. The streets are dirty and untidy, and crowded with loungers—that class of men who never have anything to do and would not do it if they had. It is an abominable place altogether, and as soon as I was on the *Columbia*, steaming down the river, I was delighted. The Columbia River is not very pretty at Revelstoke. There are too many sand-bars. The flat, gray sand, lying in patches about the river, makes it both unpleasant to the eye and difficult to navigate. The scenery is composed of low hills with peaks behind them, and sandy banks, some parts covered with timber and some parts quite bare. About 10 a.m. (having started at 6 a.m.) we come to where the river widens, and becomes almost still. This part is known as the Upper Arrow Lake. The scenery here is beautiful. The hills rise high on both sides. On the right is the Gold Range; on the left the mighty snow-capped Selkirks, which are among the grandest we have. Nature has dealt liberally with British Columbia, and painted her pictures with a broad brush and a bold hand. Between the mountains and the shore are low foothills, with dancing cataracts playing down their slopes into the river. Along the immediate shore are belts of leafy trees and coloured shrubs. Among the latter is the "Devil's Club," which might almost be called the emblem of British Columbia, for there is scarcely a spot where it is not. It looks like a tropical plant. It's stalk is thick and covered with long sharp thorns; the leaves are the shape of a sugar maple, but larger, and it bears clusters of brilliant scarlet berries. The whole plant is exceedingly beautiful, but it contains a great deal of poison, which acts very quickly. A prick of one of its thorns will give anyone a very bad hand for weeks.

At the lower end of the Upper Arrow Lake is the town site of Nakusp. The C.P.R. are constructing a line from this town to Revelstoke; the road follows the left bank of the river.

There are very few houses of any sort in Nakusp. The railway men live in tents, and there are few inhabitants who are not railway men, or "road toughs" as they are more often called. Robbing and fighting are frequent occurrences. There is one policeman there, but he is a very wise man, and does not interfere where he is likely to get hurt. When the line is finished, Nakusp will dwindle into a station, and perhaps a point from which to ship ore. This last will be sharply contested between Kaslo and Nakusp. If a wagon-road is built from the mines to Nakusp, (and I believe that the Government is preparing to do this), it is probable that the latter will be the shipping point. But it can never be a town of any size.

South of Nakusp we get into the Columbia river again, which flows on through the Arrow lakes. The scenery from this down to the Lower Arrow lake is very soft and peaceful. This Lower lake is the second widening of the river. It is a little smaller than the Upper lake, but very much like it in character.

Passing through this, we get once more into the river, which here takes an easterly course for several miles. The Columbia below the Arrow lakes is deeper and narrower than it is above, near Revelstoke, and there are no sandbars.

About 6.30 p.m. the boat reaches Robson. A station, a waiting-room, and an hotel of doubtful cleanliness comprise the town. A few cars and an engine are run down from Robson to Nelson, to carry freight and passengers. The distance traversed is twenty-one miles, and for twenty of these the track runs along the left bank of the Kootenay river. This river is wide and very swift. It is not navigable, for from Robson to Nelson the Kootenay is a series of rapids and falls. About thirteen miles from Robson is the mouth of the Slocan river, flowing in from the north. After leaving the Slocan, we come to the falls proper. There are three falls, each thirty or forty feet in height; they are separated by short stretches of tolerably smooth water.

The view of this part of the river is magnificent beyond comparison; for looking up the stream, the other two falls are visible, one above the other; the white spray glancing from the dark rocks into the air; the volume of water roaring, as it is dashed and broken against the giant boulders of the river's bed. The awful grandeur of the scene takes away one's breath. It is indescribable—the beauty of it!

For eight miles above the triple fall are smaller falls and fierce rapids. About a mile from Nelson, the track crosses the river. The water here is smooth, so smooth, indeed, that we can hardly believe that we have just left a fierce, turbulent stream. A curve in the line, a few trestles, and the train rushes into Nelson station.

NELSON.

The town of Nelson is situated on the right or south bank of the Kootenay river. It lies nearly east and west. It is the terminus of two railways, the Nelson-Fort Sheppard and the Nelson and Robson. There are five or six boats leaving and arriving daily or every other day. With these advantages Nelson should rise to be something of a town in the days to come. The great "Silver King" mine is only six miles away, and the miners get their supplies in Nelson. Nelson has two wharves, one for loading freight in the west end of the town, and one for loading passengers in the east end. Nelson also possesses half a dozen or more hotels. The "Phair" is a good one. It is on Victoria-street, on high ground, and commands a splendid view of the town, the harbor, and the mountains. There are stores of all sorts, dry goods, groceries, drugs, etc., but there is not a great amount of business done.

There are two banks. Real estate and mines' offices abound. The Presbyterians seem to be the wealthiest people in this section of the country, for they alone have churches. The Roman Catholics are building a church and a priest's house, but the English Church has only a reading-room, where services are held every other Sunday.

In the summer there is much boating at Nelson. This part of the river is often called the lake. But, in reality, the lake does not begin until twenty miles further up—at Balfour. Balfour is a town-site; but why any one ever imagined there would be a town there has yet to be discovered. About five miles further up—at Pilot Bay—is a large smelter, which is soon to be at work. Three or four miles above this, again, is the very small town of Ainsworth, where there are mines and hot springs. The curative powers of these springs are said to be something wonderful, rivalled only, I believe, by those on the Upper Arrow Lake, which have only very recently been discovered. From Ainsworth to Kaslo, a distance of ten or eleven miles, the scenery is superb. The mountains on the east are high, and gleam white against the blue of the sky. These mountains are a branch of the Selkirks, and are known as the Purcell Range. Trout in abundance can be caught in the Kootenay lake and river. Red and white-tailed deer, grouse, wild swan, ducks, and geese abound. Black, brown, cinnamon, common grizzly, and large silver-tipped grizzly bears are plentiful all throughout the Kootenay country. Sportsmen, however, would rather shoot over the low hills and level waters of Okanagan, than wander over the rocks and climb the mountains of Kootenay. But we must not leave this district without a look at the great "boom-town" of Kaslo.

KASLO.

Kaslo is situated on the west shore of Kootenay lake, about forty miles from Nelson. The town is built on a low sandy flat. The Kaslo river separates the business portion of the town from the residential. This river, though gentle enough in autumn, becomes in summer a roaring, surging torrent. It tears down the hills, sweeping logs, uprooting trees, and dislodging rocks from their fastnesses in its headlong course, and carrying everything before it, it rushes along its bed through the town into the lake.

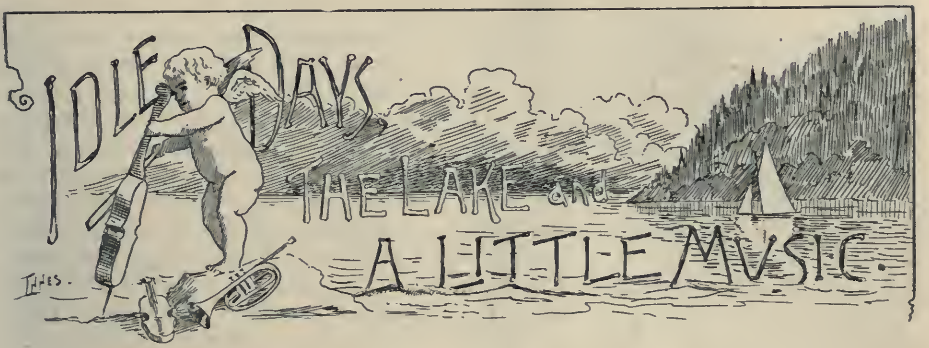
Kaslo is, at the time of writing my article, only about sixteen months old. In April, 1892, there was not a house, where a town now stands. During the fall and winter of the same year there were 2,000 or more people in and out of the "city." The majority of these was the flock of professional gamblers and speculators that one always finds in these small mining towns, directly after their birth, when everyone's head is turned with visions of wealth, either in mines or real estate. Kaslo was, for about six months, the roughest and worst place to be met with in all the Dominion. Then came the reaction. People no longer poured into the town. The gamblers fled in dismay. There was no more money to be spent; therefore there was no longer a market for vice. The papers cried, "Kaslo is dead." But Kaslo is not dead yet, and not likely to die for a year or two. In 1893 there were about 750 inhabitants in the "dead city," and these were, for the most part, steady working people. In one week 90 horses came down from the mines, laden with ore, and went back carrying miners' supplies. In the warehouse, on the wharf, were sacks of ore piled up on every side, waiting to be shipped to Swansea. Two thousand tons will leave Kaslo before the winter sets in. As for the town itself—there are two cottages—the jail and the parsonage, (the jail is painted and decidedly the nicest-looking building in Kaslo.) Most of the houses are shacks. There are twenty-two hotels: the Slocan and the

RAILWAY CROSSING OF THE KOOTENAY, NEAR NELSON.

Palace are the best, but there is not much choice; several boarding-houses, three or four shops, two churches—Roman Catholic and Presbyterian—but Methodist and Episcopal services are held in Kaslo. (The Episcopal clergyman takes one Sunday in Nelson and the next in Kaslo). The sidewalks in Kaslo are not good; it is as much as one's life is worth to take a walk on them at night, seeing that they are composed of holes and broken boards sticking up straight and crosswise and every wise. They are the result of local effort. Kaslo has just been incorporated, and the citizens hope that the civic government, now that it has taken them under its wing, will provide them with a few good plank walks.

The residences are very small, and huddled together; there are no gardens; of course the town is too new, and very few of the houses are fenced in. But looking at the town from the water, where we can see nearly the whole of it, as well as the river flowing through, it strikes one at once what a very pretty little town Kaslo really is. The Purcells stand high on the east side of the lake, their needle points almost hidden by clouds. The shores of the lake are soft and peaceful.

The silver mines begin about eight miles from Kaslo and continue for about thirty. There is no doubt about the wealth to come out of the Kootenay country as soon as men with money can be found to put wealth into it. But until the Silver question is settled, with a prospect of the rate remaining the same for a long time to come, the vast riches hidden in those hills must lie idle.



BY BERNARD McEVOY.

As I sit after supper, in the verandah of our great summer hotel, and see, across the peaceful expanse of water, the great steamer that connects us with the outer world, and that has just tied up at the wharf, I know that in a short time I shall hear the amateurs tuning their instruments, and the singers practising little "swallow-flights of song." Accordingly, I wait with interest for the first note. I make a mental bet that the 'celloist will begin first, and so he does. Presently he and the violinist are followed by the man with the cornet to the verandah. They looked pained to see me and the Critic sitting there. I know what they are going to do. In a few moments, if we retire, they will be playing the introductory bars that lead up to that immortal aria, "*Ah che le Morte*," and just as the tug, which is about leaving the big boat to bring a cargo of fresh visitors over to our hotel, comes within ear-shot "*Ah che le Morte*" will sound forth ravishingly over the waves, and the fresh-comers on board the tug will quote Byron's line about "music on the waters." It was so when I came, and I thought it delightful. The Critic didn't. He did not quote Byron's lines at all. On the contrary, he appeared to be quoting the curse from *Leah*, or something of the sort. But the Critic rarely enjoys music. He has to get his living by criticising it.

At that moment we heard the principal soprano of our company of guests airing her voice in her bedroom, the window of which was open. The Critic gave me a plaintive look, and we wandered off down the path that led to the pine plantation. We muttered something about liking to hear the music among the trees. Casting half a glance behind me, as I retired, I saw that the musicians looked pleased. The usual sounds of tuning were now heard. The tug had left the steamer, and was making its way industriously in our direction. By the time we had got into the pine plantation and taken our seats there on a fallen log, "*Ah che le Morte*" burst forth in all its splendor. We lit our pipes and were happy. I do not understand how it is that so many people cannot enjoy just sitting still and doing nothing. The people in the hotel, and these fresh visitors who are coming, and whose coming is being anticipated by those three summer girls we have just seen pass on their way to our little pier, are of course not of those who actually need holidays particularly. The people who need holidays most get fewest of them, and there are plenty of them, who, if they came here would be quite content to just sit down here among the pines, doing absolutely nothing. You have, perhaps, seen a horse come to his stable after a hard day's work in a delivery waggon or cab. The harness is loosed, the shafts turned up, but the creature needs absolute urging to go into his stable. He cannot even begin to take the corn that is put for him in his manger. He wants just to stand and enjoy the sensation of feeling that he has not got to go another half mile. There are people like that. I knew a lawyer once—a busy man—who purchased a small farm fifteen or sixteen miles from the scene of his daily work in order that he might secure absolute rest and change. He kept a farm-bailiff to look after the place for him, and to this agriculturist our lawyer was a constant mystification. He would leave his office, take a hasty lunch, get into the train, and after arraying himself in a complete suit of corduroys and putting on a pair of abnormally thick boots, he would go and look over a gate by the hour together. Once the bailiff ventured to approach him with some details about the crops or stock, but he got such a comprehensive up and down curse for his pains, that ever after he alluded to such particulars with diffidence. "Crops! What do I care about crops, or calves, or cows, or any of your confounded rubbish? What are you here for, you idiot, but to look after them?" I have seen this legal luminary, who generally had the cares of half a county on his mind, not to mention a case or two of murder, and the possibility of standing for Parliament at the next election, besides a multitude of social duties, positively grovelling for rest by walking about the not over-clean purlieus of his farm yard. Standing in the midst of mud puddles and manure, he felt for the time safe and sacred from interruption. I firmly believe that if any emissary of the law had come down with the intention of interviewing him on a business matter he would have been violently ejected, if not shot.

Three Summer Girls.

Of course these people in the hotel are not like that. When they are in the city they live in the best of houses and have the most recreative of amusements. Why, they would count it slow here if they were not doing something all the while. I'll warrant that those folk coming over in the tug are of the sort that prepares for a holiday. They begin to plan it about March, and in subsequent months they buy fishing tackle, guns, cameras, bicycles, tents, sketching apparatus, luncheon baskets, and what not. They will come from our little pier loaded, and a few minutes after their arrival some of them will be fishing down by the water, and others bowling on the green, while others still will be asking if it is too late to go for a drive. As for sitting still, they will have none of it. Looking over a gate, indeed? No looking over gates for them. They know nothing of the driving stress of life. That is why they are here for a holiday. It is a firm conviction of mine that those who want holidays the most get them but rarely. But, of course, they enjoy them more than the gad-abouts when they do get them.

Holiday-taking, is, of course, largely a matter of habit and custom. It used not to prevail as it does now. In the old-fashioned days a trader or a professional man who made a point every year of leaving his business and going for a month or so into retirement would have been regarded as a candidate for the lunatic asylum. Things like that were left for people of rank and fortune to do. They were supposed to be beyond the reach of ordinary people. I remember a German wholesale dealer telling me his experience under this head. In his youth he was apprenticed to a wholesale firm in Hamburg, for whom he worked with Teuton fortitude and industry. His hours—and let some people who think they are hard-worked take notice—were from seven in the morning until eight o'clock at night, and on Sundays from eight till two. When he had been five years at this sort of "slavery," as it would be called now, he thought he should like to go and see his father and mother, who lived a hundred miles off. He had not seen them since he started work. He asked his employer if he might take a vacation of a week to visit them. That worthy man regarded him with unfeigned astonishment. The following colloquy ensued:—

"Is your father or mother sick?"

"No sir."

"A death in the family?"

"No sir."

"A legacy you have to receive?"

"No sir—I just want to go and see my people for a few days."

"Are you sick?"

"Oh no, sir; I'm well enough."

"*Gott in Himmel!* then, what do you want to go for? Well, you may go, but you need not come back here. I will not have in my employ a loafer who wants to have a holiday for no purpose whatever. Do you ever see me take a holiday? No sir, not for twenty years have I been a day absent from my business."

In the old days, holidays, like travels, were for the grand folk and for princes. Demos had nothing to do with them. But Demos is a prince now. He may not always look like one, or talk like one. Manners being the one thing he has been unable to attain except to a degree, between which and the real thing there is as much difference as there is between the piano practising of a school girl and the playing of a virtuoso. But Demos can have his decorated houses, and his parlor cars, and his elaborately fitted and upholstered steamships, and above all his holidays. And doesn't he think himself, vulgarly speaking, "the cheese." Of course, the initiated who are familiar with the real old Cheshire, know that he isn't the cheese at all, but what does that matter so long as he thinks he is? Do not we all live in a fool's paradise or none? Elmira, one of the three girls who went down to the pier just now—the one in pink—has a rooted idea that she is beautiful. She is simply a loud, highly-colored, forward, accentuated young female, whose hunger for admiration breaks out at every pore, who has not a single perfect feature in her face, and the expression of whose features, taken collectively, is no more charming than her too-jerky movements. This is not intended to be personal—I just introduce Elmira as an instance. Elmira is confident she is beautiful. Can you wonder that her trilling voice—not beautiful either—is heard half the day, and that her laugh is always echoing through this sounding-board of an hotel? Why it would be the opposite of Paradise for poor Elmira if her eyes were opened to know good and evil.

FROM THE TUG.

The new comers have landed, and have now arrived at the hotel. I know

BY THE LAKE.

as well as if I were there that they have complimented the three amateurs on their playing, for the latter are now beginning *When other Lips and other Hearts.* The cornettist flatters himself that he knows how to put feeling into that beautiful air. I think he does, too. I tell the Critic so. The Critic looks pained. I tell him I like the *Bohemian Girl.* He looks as if he were acutely suffering. Then I break out and ask him whether he thinks it is any use having such a critical ear as he has; whether it does not take away a good deal of his joy in life; whether it does not to a great extent unfit him for this world, and whether he had better not try to go to heaven at once. He looks at me sorrowfully, and says that if I only had his ear for ten minutes I should understand the torture that cornettist was giving him at that very moment. We never can tell what burdens people have to bear. Here is the girl in blue coming along through the trees. She was one of the three who went down to the pier to meet the tug. I suppose it was her lover she went to meet, and that this is he with whom she is walking. But sakes alive! what a pickle she is in! She is a picture of tears and anger, and neither of the couple see us. I must cough and let them know there are spectators of her tragedy. Of course she pulls herself together immediately. She actually smiles. No, you never can tell what burdens women are bearing under their smiles. What are the afflictions of my friend the Critic? They are but those of the ear. Here is tribulation of the heart. It is so affecting that the Critic and I, when they have passed, instinctively move nearer the water, so as to give the pair the plantation to themselves. The sun has nearly gone below the horizon, and a divine afterglow spreads over the concave heaven—amber, turquoise, and heavenly rose-pink.

I suggest to the Critic that we should sometimes be more tolerant of each other if we only realized what each other's burdens were. He grunts, and says he is glad his particular burden is lightened by getting a little further away from that awfully flat cornet. I rally him on his grumpishness, ask him what he expects to happen to him when, sitting there on a log, with good tobacco, a pipe that draws well, and a not too talkative companion, he can still be discontented. Even he cannot reply to this, and I meander contentedly along the path of my own thoughts.

Yes, if we could occasionally heft the burden of others, we should know more about things. That lawyer I was talking of a little while ago, for instance. Suppose for half an hour we had his load upon us. The responsibilities of twenty or thirty critical matters, a big speech to make in court to-morrow, those arrears of work to fetch up, that duel of wits with the other big lawyer that is to come off next week!

Query as to the capacity of bearing great burdens may be taken as a true measure of dignity? It would be necessary that the handicapping should be done with absolutely unerring perfection. There are men who are overweighted with a fly's burden. Here is our friend the Critic, overweighted with the burden of his too-correct ear. There was the poor girl in blue who went by just now. Talk about Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders; the weight of her lover's quarrel was far more crushing. It was as if she were carrying ten worlds. Roughly speaking, I suppose the capacity to carry burdens of responsibility is already, in some sort, the measure of the greatness of men and women. Those we respect most are carrying the biggest loads.

Sweetly the opaline tints in the sky fade into a deep mysterious blue. Sweetly the moon rises and makes a path of radiance on the water. The girl in blue and her lover come back from the plantation. She leads him, purposely, quite close to us, in order that we may see how perfectly the little misunderstanding has been cleared up. Her face is all smiles and brightness now; her laugh delightful. It is quite appropriate that our amateur band should be playing that refrain of *I Dreamt that I Dwelt*, "that I loved thee—that I loved thee still the same; that I loved thee still the same."

I suggest to the Critic that we should go in. Even he will like to see the impromptu dance for which the stringed instruments will soon be tuned.

THE FIERCEST BEAST OF PREY.

Dawn in the forest, chasing night's dark sway,
  Spread its pure light o'er many a woodland bower,
Touching each giant tree with vivid ray,
  And many a dew-gemmed flower.

The shy, wild things that haunt the woods arose;
  Awoke each beast and bird to feed or play,
To pass in Nature's temple of repose
  The happy, harmless day.

Birds flew from tree to tree, like living flowers,
  The wild deer wander'd 'neath the bass-wood's shade,
And where the hemlock tall, and pine tree tower,
  The blackbird carol made,

When, crashing onward through the thickets dun,
  And strong with dreadful arts to maim and slay,
Took man, the hunter, with his dog and gun,
  His devastating way.

All living beings fled before his sight,
  And ceased the song of every happy bird;
All gentle creatures shook with panic fright
  Where that fell footstep stirred.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,
  And each one owned his fierce and ruthless sway;
All Nature's wild things fled the face of man—
  The fiercest beast of prey.

Reginald Gourlay.

A PIONEER MARRIAGE IN ALABAMA.

BY FRANCIS E. HERRING.

On a fine afternoon in the fall of the year 18—, my brother and I were riding along the settlement road in Alabama, on two spirited little ponies, which we called Puss and Mamie. At a cross road we were joined by Judge McKensy, who asked us if we were in a hurry. We were only out for exercise, and had all the afternoon before us; and, of course we told him so. He said he was on his way to marry a couple, and would be glad if we would go with him, as he wanted some reliable witnesses, for according to law, he couldn't marry any one under the age of eighteen, without the consent of parents or guardians.

In this case, the father came with the young man to get the license, and said he reckoned his son was 'nigh onto eighteen." The young lady's name was Parthena Ling, but neither of them had any idea of her age. The Judge knew Parthena Ling to be an orphan, and that some of her people, who lived in South Carolina, were wealthy. So he wished to find out who her guardian was, and to get his or her consent, lest these relatives should some day remember her existence, and call in question his authority for the marriage.

The Judge was riding a splendid horse, and Puss and Mamie were prancing along through the woods in fine style. We passed several plantations belonging to people in good circumstances, and the negroes looked at us through the fences, smiling almost from ear to ear, showing their long rows of ivories, and turning up their eyes till the whites were visible all round the ebon pupils; whilst they called out in their cheery way, "Howdy, Jedge McKensy! Howdy Massa Ralph! Howdy Miss Marget!" Then we came to a zigzag fence round a clearing. "This is the place, I guess," said the Judge. In the clearing stood a double log cabin connected by a covered piazza about eight feet wide. Its occupants were evidently of the poorest class. Some half dozen men were standing about in the yard, one of whom came forward and was introduced as Mr. Andrews, the father of the prospective groom.

"These are the English people you've heard tell of, Mr. Andrews," said the judge, "and they've come to witness your boy's wedding." He welcomed us heartily, was very polite in his way, and helped me to alight.

Taking us up into the piazza, he called out, "Oh Kezia! here's the English folk you've hearn tell on, come to Hiram's weddin'."

Mrs. Andrews gave me the same hearty welcome her husband had done, and invited me into one of the cabins, leaving the judge and Ralph on the piazza. Each cabin contained but one room, and in this were two beds and a bench or two, upon one of which latter sat four young people. There was not a chair in the room, but Mrs. Andrews went and fetched one from somewhere, and, after dusting and rubbing it all over, gave it me to sit down upon.

I was duly introduced to the young people, and after that I had a good look at them. A boy and a girl sat in the middle of a bench, with the bridesmaid on the side of the bride elect, and the groomsman (or boy) on the side of the groom.

Everything they had on was homespun, from the cotton which they themselves had grown; it was first sent to a cotton gin, where all the seeds were removed, and then spun, dyed and woven at home in checks or stripes, as it suited their taste. These dresses were of large checks; the skirts very narrow, with, apparently, no under-skirt, and clung to them uncomfortably, as such skirts would. The contrast was more noticeable, as I was wearing at that time starched and corded skirts to stand my dresses out well. The waists were straight pieces, with just a seam upon the shoulder, holes for the sleeves, and loose around the waist. They were fastened at the back by three buttons, one in the middle, and one at the top and at the bottom. Their hair was all drawn tightly from the face, and a piece of white cotton rag was tied round the head.

The bridegroom saw me looking at the feet of the bride, for she was barefooted. Taking off his own shoes, he pushed them towards her, saying in a stage whisper: "I don't want yer to stand up an' get married in bare feet, Par."

Just at this time I heard the judge talking to Mr. Andrews, and asking him if he was the "guardeen" of this young lady. "No, sir," he said, "she came here from Mrs. Smithey's."

"Well, Mrs. Smithey must be brought here before I can perform this ceremony," returned the judge, very decidedly.

A horse was sent for Mrs. Smithey, and after a while she arrived. She was an elderly lady, with an immense sunbonnet, very little hair, no teeth, and a sallow complexion. She shook hands with me, and then passed on towards the open fireplace, sat down on a low wooden bench close to it, got a piece of stick and scratched around in the ashes till she found a live coal. Then she took her pipe out of her pocket, put some tobacco into it, and, laying the coal on top, commenced smoking. She sat huddled nose and knees together with her head under the chimney, in order to allow the smoke to pass up it.

The judge came in and said solemnly: "Mrs. Smithey!" Taking the pipe from her mouth, she answered, "Sir!" He continued, "I understand that you are the guardeen of Parthena Ling, and I want your consent before I marry her to Hiram Andrews."

"Jedge, McKinsy, I reckon I got no say so, in this yere case," she returned.

"I understood she was left under your guardeenship?"

"Wa'al, if yer listen, I'll jest tell yer all about the young un. Par. Ling's mother died the same night as she wor born, an' her father, gev her to Zekel Larkin's wife, an' they kep her till she wor 'bout six years ole. Then Miss Larkins tuk an' died, an' Zekel he got diskerridged, traded his plantation, sold all his truck, an' cleared out to the Texas; an' he arst my ole man to tek Par. Ling, an' he brung her hum on his critter, an' she wor theer, an' we got 'long pretty well; Par. wor no better nor no wus then the most o' young uns. Then my ole man he died, an' thet's nigh on to two yeers gone, an' I hed to go an' live 'ith my son. My son's wife wor kind o' high-stomiched, an' she couldn't git along 'ith Par. So nigh on to a yeer gone, Par. cleared out an' come an' made her hum with these folk yere, an' she ben yere ever since."

"Then you and your husband were guardeens of this young lady. Do you know her age?"

"No, Jedge, I hain't got it writ down nowheres, but I reckon she wor born 'bout the time es Eph Adams got married, an' thet wor 'bout the same time as Mimy Johnson's cow hed the calf with two heads, an' ole Jedge Dixon tuk an' died, afore he'd settled Job Anson's case; an' it hed to be all heerd agin, an' I reckon thet wor nigh on twelve yeers gone."

"But you're not sure, Mrs. Smithy?"

"Not zackly."

"Well, I acknowledge you as her guardeen. Do you consent to her marriage to Hiram Andrews?"

The old woman, pipe in hand, looked steadily at the four young people sitting on the bench. Then she said: "Ef these youngsters git such notions inter theer head, maybe they'd better git married then do wus."

"Then you give your consent?"

"I reckon;" and she settled herself again to the enjoyment of her pipe.

The judge came forward, and told the young people to stand up, took a paper out of his pocket, and in a good voice, that every one could hear, said, "I am authorized by this license to unite in marriage, according to the laws of the State, Hiram Andrews, Memphis Settlement, Marion County, Alabama, to Parthena Ling, of Memphis Settlement, Marion County, Alabama. If the parents or guardeens know any cause why this man or woman should not be married according to the laws of the State, they will now speak."

There was a pause; then, as no one objected, the judge continued: "Join hands." The groomsman took hold of Hiram Andrews' right hand, and the bridesmaid of the bride's, and joined them together.

"Hiram Andrews! Do you take the one you hold by your hand, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your wife?" Hiram Andrews nodded his head.

"Parthena Ling! Do you take the man you hold by your hand to be your husband?" Parthena nodded her head.

"Now as you are both declared, before all these witnesses, to become man and wife, I pronounce you man and wife. Before taking your seats, you will bear with me while I make a few remarks. In the new life you are taking upon yourselves, it is necessary that you love one another, that you bear and forbear, remembering always that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and 'angry words stir up strife.' You can now take your seats."

He then shook hands with them, and we did the same, excusing ourselves from accepting their invitation to dinner, as we had far to ride.

A DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH.

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

It had been a severe Canadian winter, yet the spring was approaching, and the bright sunshine was honeycombing the great snow-heap, which all winter had beset farmer Frechette's farm house, and which, on this early March morning, was banked almost as high as the kitchen window.

Glinting through the old fashioned narrow panes, the generous rays fell upon the white-bowed head of farmer Frechette, who sat warming himself at the square box wood-stove, and gazing with furrowed brow at the roystering wood sparks, as at short intervals they shot aggressively from the partly open door.

Suddenly there floated through the raised window the joyous chimes of church bells; with an angry exclamation the old man sprang to his feet, hurried to the window and violently drew it down. His extreme weakness made the anger that convulsed his thin, wrinkled face painful to see. Straightening out his bent frame he shook his hand at the church, which he could see in the distance, and uttered anathemas against it. As he did so the door leading from the little bedroom at the back of the kitchen, was burst open and his wife, a woman many years younger than he, ran over to his side, dragged down his still uplifted hand, and led him over to his seat. She sat down beside him, and burying her face in her hands, began to cry.

Her distress moved him and he told her somewhat doggedly, but not unkindly, to cease. "Do you know what the bells are ringing for?" he asked cynically, after a short pause.

"Why worry about it? We must submit," she answered, trying to keep out of her voice the discontent that assailed her.

"It is ringing," he went on in a hard voice, for farmer Cadieux's daughter, who is to take her life vows to-day. Already he has one daughter a nun, and his honor among French Canadians will increase. I have lived in St. Jerome all my life, and have neither daughter nor son in the church; they pity me It was only yesterday we received the letter from Quebec telling us of the honor that had come to my brother through his daughter taking the veil. None of our neighbors were more passionately attached to their children than we; yet death passed by their doors, came to ours, and took them all. Continued disappointment has made me weary of life. The sound of the church bells, which I have heard so often sing honor for others, drives me to outbursts of shameful anger. At times I think I shall go mad; as for the church, I have nearly lost all faith in it."

As he ceased, his wife rose, kissed his cheek and said, with a little break in her voice: "We have suffered much Hormisdas, would to the Virgin we had not been so sorely afflicted."

"Such affliction is nothing but cruelty," he went on scornfully. "It was cruel when death took all our children in childhood. But it was still more cruel, when we had grown old and were striving to be content and kiss the rod, for the Virgin to give us another daughter; to let us keep her till she had grown into womanhood; till we had given her an education which would have fitted her to be the superioress of a convent, and then strike her with a fatal illness just as she was about to take the veil, and once more ruthlessly crush out all our hopes."

"So long as Adele lives there is

hope," said his wife, trying to be brave.

"Doctor Prenoveau says she will die," he answered fiercely.

"She was resting easier when I came down to you. I cannot get the idea out of my mind, that if we got Doctor Chalmers from Montreal he would cure her. They say, although he is young, he is very clever. As for Doctor Prenoveau, you know people say he is too old to practise now."

"When Doctor Prenoveau said the others would die, they died," he replied, looking at her as though he feared she would no longer argue with him.

With a hopeful ring in her voice she said: "That is true, but this time he may be mistaken; Dr. Chalmers would know."

"If we only dared hope," he said under his breath.

"Doctor Chalmers would know," she repeated eagerly.

"Send for him," he replied, turning his face away.

The sun had hardly sunk behind the Laurentian range of mountains which, for hundreds of miles towers above the great St. Lawrence river, and dictates its course to the gulf, when the wind from the north, bringing with it flurries of fine snow, began to blow cold and strong. Doctor Chalmers drew the buffalo robes tighter about him, and settled back in a corner of the sleigh; he had three miles yet to drive before he reached Farmer Frechette's house. "Had I known it was going to be this cold I would have arranged for some other doctor to have taken up the case," he muttered. Had he only did so how different his life would have been!

"We were afraid you would not come to-day," said Madame Frechette as she led him into the kitchen where the stove was throwing out a genial heat.

"Had the message been less urgent, I should not have done so," he replied, stooping and warming his numbed hands. Farmer Frechette sat facing the doctor, at the opposite side of the stove, furtively glancing at the young physician, dissatisfaction imprinted on every line of his face; he was bitterly disappointed. "He is little better than a boy," he repeated to himself, over and over again.

"This is the doctor from Montreal, Adele," said the mother, bending over her sick daughter. Doctor Chalmers drew near the bed, and as the light from the coal-oil lamp fell across Adele's face, he could not help but think how pretty she was, even in her illness.

For a long time nothing could be heard in the kitchen but the loud ticking of the yellow-faced clock, hung high above the kitchen table, and the occasional murmur of voices in the sick girl's room. Unable any longer to sit and endure the suspense, the old man rose and began, fretfully, to walk to and fro. Finally he stopped at the window, and his gaze travelled across the great expanse of white, which was being beautified by the early moon, to the tin-clad church tower in the distance, which glowed like burnished silver as the moon's rays fell upon it.

"If she dies, there is no Virgin and the priests have deceived us," he said, looking steadily at the tower; "but if she lives"—and he straightened out his bent figure—"I shall die happy in the faith. I will leave money toward building the new church which Father Sauvalle so long has wished to have built." Hearing a slight noise behind him, he turned quickly: his wife, followed by the doctor was entering the room.

"Well?" he queried, in a peculiar tone, looking at the doctor as though he knew he would tell him there was no hope.

"She certainly is very ill, but I cannot agree with Doctor Prenoveau, if he says there is no hope." The words were kindly spoken, for he had noticed how the old man trembled and how poorly assumed his air of defiance was.

"You really think she may not die doctor?" he asked, almost incredulously.

"I really think not."

He sank heavily on his chair. "I am beginning to feel old, very old, doctor," he said, weakly.

Never before had Doctor Chalmers taken so keen an interest in a case. Inch by inch he contested with death for the life of the young girl upon whose recovery was founded so many hopes.

It was a beautiful June day when, for the first time since her illness, she ventured out of the house, supported on the young doctor's arm, and walked as far as the little garden at the back of the house. Very lovely she looked in her light-colored, soft, clinging dress, large-brimmed straw hat, the health color struggling back to her cheeks, her sweet lips parted, and her heavily fringed dark eyes lighted up with hope and happiness.

Among his friends, Doctor Chalmers was known as a man not prone to many words; could they but have heard him this afternoon as he sat by her side on the quaint garden seat, they would simply have been astounded.

It had come so gradual, this love of his, that before he was quite aware, it had taken possession of his heart so that no reasoning could have forced it to withdraw. He saw no reason, indeed, why he should wish to banish it; besides being beautiful and winning she had received an excellent education, and was in every way fitted to be his wife. Of her dedication to the church from her birth, he knew nothing, so no misgivings assailed him. Little wonder then that his heart should be light, and that the primitive garden appeared to him the most beautiful spot he had ever seen.

After this little walk and chat in the garden, life seemed to come back to her with strides. By the end of August she was quite strong again. The change in her health made a new man of her father; from the day Doctor Prenoveau had said she would not recover, until the day Doctor Chalmers had pronounced her out of danger, he had not entered the doors of the church. Now, all was different; twice a week he went to confession, and almost every day knelt before the altar and asked forgiveness for the dreadful sins of the past. It had never struck him as being strange that Doctor Chalmers should continue to visit his house after she had recovered. He had a hazy idea that the doctor's triumph over his daughter's disease was the cause of the interest he took in her. The preposterous thought that any one should want to marry Adele no more entered his imagination than the idea would of anyone wanting to marry one of the dark-robed nuns at the convent.

Everyone in St. Jerome knew that she was to take the veil. If his wife at times had fears she never mentioned them to him.

And Adele! She was very happy. Like most French-Canadian women, she was passionately attached to the church. At times, her happiness was dimmed by the thought that she was not looking forward with that eagerness to taking the veil that she had done before her illness. She comforted herself with the thought that the change, somehow, was the result of her illness, and that by and by the old longings would surely return. Why her heart should beat so when Doctor Chalmers called, and what the meaning was of her looking so eagerly forward to his visiting days she never stopped to think.

The time of her awakening was at hand.

Had her thoughts been less engrossed one afternoon, as she sat on the porch, she would have noticed approaching the house, in the middle of the narrow, dusty road that ran to the church, Father Sauvalle, with his arm linked in that of her father's; they were talking eagerly. The priest's hand was on the latch of the gate before she raised her head; her face lighted up, and she ran to meet them. The aged priest had known her all her life, and patted her head with fatherly affection. As they walked toward the house, he told her impressively, that his visit this time was solely on her account.

"Yes, solely on your account, solely on your account, blessed be the Virgin," broke in her father with strange eagerness. She could not account for the unhappy feeling which swept over her.

They went into the little parlor, where hung the great carved wooden crucifix, which was said to be the most costly in the town with the exception of the one in the church.

Scarcely were they seated when her father began to tell her the great news. With eyes beaming with religious enthusiasm and pride, he told her how Father Sauvalle had received a letter from the bishop, stating that when the daughter of Hormisdas Frechette had taken the veil at the convent at St. Jerome, the honor should be bestowed upon her of being removed to the convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal. Father Sauvalle was to be thanked for this.

Very proudly and with much solemnity the priest took the letter from the folds of his robe, and, as he opened it, impressively told her the letter he held was the very one which had brought the great news. As he read it to her his face beamed with smiles. Little wonder they were pleased, for it was an honor indeed to the little town of St. Jerome to be able to say that one of its daughters had been admitted to this convent, noted as it was for its exclusiveness and the severity of its discipline.

"The convent!" she exclaimed, falteringly.

They noticed how pale her face had suddenly grown. They were not surprised; it was meet that the sudden news of the honor in store for her should cause some emotion.

"We have talked the matter over," continued the priest graciously, "and have decided that, as you already have served your novitiate, you may as well return to the convent in a few days. In a month or so later you will be ready to take your final vows. Your father is an old man now and has been sorely tried and has sinned deeply, yea, even uttered anathemas against the church. But the blessed Mother heard the prayers of the church for your recovery and so his soul was saved from—"

"He anathemised the church because of me?" she interrupted, fear gleaming in her eyes.

For a few moments no one spoke. The painful silence was broken by her father struggling to his feet. Beseechingly he looked at the great crucifix, made the sign of the cross on his bosom, and then turned his wavering gaze on his daughter, who had shrunk back in her chair and covered her eyes, as though she dared not look at him.

"I had not meant you to know this," he said, tightly clutching the arm of his chair for support. I think I must have been mad when I did it; I had set my heart so on having a daughter in the church and had been disappointed so often. When they said your illness was fatal, I said, in my misery, that there was no Virgin or she would not let such suffering fall upon me. Even now, wrong as I know it to be, I fear if anything should happen that you did not take the veil I should drift back again into unbelief."

"Cease, cease, Hormisdas," said the priest, raising his hand authoritatively.

The old man walked, weakly, over to his wife, and she comforted him as one would a child. The priest turned his attention to Adele, and said to her soothingly: "There is nothing to fear now; all will be well with him. It is a great honor to you that your life was spared in order that your father's soul might be saved. The bishop knows of this and is greatly pleased. Already many of the parish priests have been told of your miraculous recovery, and have repeated it to those whose faith was weak, and they have been blessed. You have been honored above most women. In time, I believe you will rise to be the superioress of a convent."

As he turned from her, she rose and left the room. As the door was closing behind her she turned and looked back. Before the crucifix, on their knees, was her aged father and mother, while towering above them, with hands outstretched towards the cross, was the white-haired priest, invoking blessings on those bowed at his feet. She knew it was her duty to be by their side. Stifling the choking tears, she was about to re-enter the room, when the haunting refrain of a song, that she had heárd Dr. Chalmers sing, rang in her ears:

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or be crushed in its ruins to die."

The words seemed sacrilegious to her, when compared with the supplicating tone of the priest's voice.

With all her might she strove to banish the words. Twice she stretched out her hand to turn the handle of the door, but the sound of the voice that had sang the words seemed to grow more distinct instead of vanishing, and she drew back her hand. At last, with a little cry of despair, she fled from the house into the little garden, shocked at the wickedness of her heart.

For a long time she sat with closed eyes, her little ivory prayer-beads in her hands; she prayed for pardon in not being able to fix her attention on holy things, and asked grace to cease thinking of him who had taken from her the love for the life of seclusion which she had been taught to look forward to.

At last she heard the clang of the garden gate, and knew the priest had gone. She did not return to the house, but continued battling with her sins. Suddenly her supplications ceased; she sprang to her feet and looked along the road; she had not been mistaken; away in the distance was a light buggy, rapidly approaching. Doctor Chalmers had said he might be down that day. Her heart seemed to stop beating; she would have run into the house had not her strength failed. Had the Evil One been approaching, she could not have begun to pray more earnestly for aid.

When the vehicle, covered with dust, reached Farmer Frechette's house, the rattle of wheels ceased.

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life."

She heard him whistling his favorite refrain as he swung up the gravel walk. He had seen her white dress, and was walking straight toward her. She heard him coming, and her treacherous heart began to beat joyously; with an exclamation of despair she sank to her knees by the side of the garden seat, feeling herself to be the very chief of sinners.

For a few moments he stood and looked down at her in utter amazement; then stooped quickly and raised her. When he saw how white her face was he was sure she was seriously ill, and held out his arm to support her to the house.

With averted face, she told him that she was only a little nervous and unstrung, but she would be herself again. Her pathetic face and helplessness appealed strongly to him, and his heart went out to her, as a man's will to the woman he loves, and whose sufferings are his. As he sat down by her side, he could scarcely refrain from gathering her in his arms and comforting her.

Her clamoring conscience caused her

involuntarily to draw away from him to the end of the seat. Her strange manner caused an uneasy feeling to sweep over him, yet accentuated the keen longing to win her. Almost before he was aware of it, he was by her side again, and was telling her the story that is ever new, though so very old. She would have given the world to have let her heart run riot, as the loving words came pouring from his lips. She learned how she had first grown dear to him, as he had fought with the great reaper for her life, and how the sight of returning health to her dear face had been sweeter to him than he could ever tell her. He told her, too, that he was positive that he would never have been called to play the important part in her life which he had, if it had not been ordained from the beginning that his life was to be knit with hers.

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than
life."

The haunting words were still ringing in her ears, and it made it ten-fold harder for her to tell him that he was not to prevail in the cause dearer than life, as it was to him.

As she sat, with her face buried in her cold hands, and listened and tried to fight down the singing of her heart, she knew that nothing he could say could make her deny the church, and imperil the soul of her father once more,

"Or be crushed in its ruins to die."

"Marie pity us, for that is the answer I have for him," she whispered. Ah! how she wished Dr. Prenoveau had been a true prophet and that she had died.

As he ceased, she took the little silver crucifix which hung around her neck, pressed it tightly to her bosom, and turning her woe-begone face to him said, as she rose: "You do not know, or you would not say such things to me."

He had expected something so different. "I—I do not understand," he said, wonderingly, rising and walking toward her.

She clutched the cross tighter and stepped back as he approached.

He was sorely perplexed and apprehensive, and she saw it, and her heart ached for him.

"I am going," she began weakly, "to be a nun. I have been in the convent before, and shall return in a few days. In less than two months I shall take the veil."

Dear heart! Fight as she may for conscience sake she could not keep out of her eyes the pity and love for him, as she saw the look of amazement and misery which flashed into his face, and noted how unsteadily his hand sought the back of the garden bench.

Suddenly their eyes met, and then he knew, and hope flew back, and with a glad ring in his voice he said; "You love me, Adele?" He started forward and imprisoned the hand with the crucifix in his own. His apprehension had all vanished now, and boldly he told her that if she loved him she had no right to sacrifice their happiness. Then his tone changed, and he pleaded with her; and as she looked into his eager eyes, listened, and saw how dear she was to him, her rejoicing heart deadened the lashings of her conscience; she forgot all about her promise to Father Sauvalle and to her parents; forgot all about the Convent of the Sacred Heart; yea, even forgot the anathemas uttered by her father against the church, in this, the first great happiness of her life.

He thought he had won her, and, raising her head, looked teasingly into her face and said softly, yet triumphantly:

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than
life,
Or—"

She wrenched her hand from him and started back. Her face was ghastly pale, while her eyes dilated and shone with terror. "If I do not enter the convent," she said fearfully, "I shall be responsible for the loss of my father's soul."

For a space he looked at her as though he thought her mind was affected. She read his look, and remembering that he did not understand, told him all her father's dread story, how he had told her not an hour ago that if anything should happen that she did not take the veil that it would be impossible for him to believe.

She told him, too, that even were her parents willing that she should marry him that she could never be perfectly happy. Her conscience would never cease to upbraid her; she had been taught to look forward to being a nun from her childhood. She kissed the cross passionately as she ceased.

As he noted the religious light in her eyes, something told him that it was useless to argue; that nothing he could say would break down her strong religious convictions. The sudden revulsion from great happiness to despair was bitter indeed, and sitting down he buried his face in his hands.

She walked rapidly away a few steps, then turned and looked back. His dejected attitude smote her sorely. Again she turned as though she would leave him, but again turned and looked at him pityingly. Well she knew that in the long quiet years that were to come, that lonely figure in the quaint garden would haunt her, and that the memory of his great sorrow would be the heavy cross she would have to bear as long as life lasted.

So quietly did she steal behind him that he was not aware that she had returned. Her lips moved as though she were about to speak to him, but no sound came from them. It was so hard not to lean forward and rest her hand on the thick dark hair, and tell him how much easier it would be for her to bear it if he would only say he forgave her and would try and think kindly of her. It came to her at last, how, perhaps, she might make his sorrow easier to bear. She unclasped the little silver crucifix from around her neck, kissed it, and then gently slipped it in the pocket of his coat which hung over the side of the bench. She then turned and fled along the grass to the house.

Once more the sound of church bells floated into the little cottage and fell upon the expectant ears of farmer Frechette and his wife, and a proud look lit up their faces.

"At last," said the old man, exultantly, going to the window and looking at the church and the convent nestling at its side. The bells no longer mocked him, and he had ceased to hate them. Once more he stretched his gaunt arm toward the glistening tower: "The church has not deceived us," he said humbly. Then he turned to his wife, who was waiting for him at the door.

Very slowly, arm in arm, with heads erect and graciously acknowledging the bows of the neighbors, Hormisdas Frechette and his wife walked down the narrow crooked road leading to the church.

The overcast sky looked burdened with snow and the leaves rustled complainingly as they were ground beneath the feet of those hurrying to witness the honor about to fall upon the house of Hormisdas Frechette. Sweet to the old man was the moaning of the wind, as it jostled the barren trees, while the ungarnished landscape seemed fairer to him this day than it had ever done, even in harvest time.

As the aged couple entered the church, with its many pictures of saints and gorgeous towering altar, the organ began to play softly. Presently the narrow door near the altar slowly opened and four nuns, in black array, with clasped hands and bowed heads, repeating a psalm of renunciation, entered the church. Following them, arrayed in a spotless white veil which fell to her feet, came she who had saved a soul from unbelief. Eagerly the congregation bent forward, anxious to catch a glimpse of her whom the bishop had promised to honor. To be a sister of the convent of the Sacred Heart! She knew not how many envied her.

With closed eyes and radiant face sat farmer Frechette, repeating prayers of thanksgiving. She who had given birth to such a daughter praised the Virgin that she had known the pangs of motherhood.

The sweet face had lost all its roses. Her eyes were downcast as she walked up to the altar; but that was as it should be with one who is about to renounce the pleasures of the world and whose eyes evermore must humbly seek the earth.

Just as she was repeating her final vows, one who had told himself a thousand times that he would not witness the ceremony drove rapidly down the road: he halted some little distance from the church, near the convent. Just as he reached the door of the church he saw Father Sauvalle solemnly raise both hands and bless her.

With set lips he went back to the buggy, and stood behind the horse in a position which he thought would prevent him from being seen. Eagerly he watched the door, and his heart beat furiously as he saw the four dark-robed nuns step from the church and wait for their new sister. At last she came, with hands clasped and head bowed so very, very low. The nuns divided, formed around her, and then began the walk to the convent, near where the silent figure still waited, screened by the horse.

Just as she was about to enter the convent yard her attention was attracted by the white feet of the horse; instantly she knew to whom it belonged. Wrong as she knew it to be, she could not help raising her head: their eyes met.

"Or be crush'd in its ruins to die."

The words came to them both at the same moment. One of the nuns put out her hand as she saw her falter; but she recovered herself and entered the yard. The rusty hinges of the door creaked weirdly as the door closed behind her. A moment later he heard the metallic click of the lock.

The snow began to fall in great flakes, and the boisterous wind drove them violently into the faces of the sightseers as they hurried from the church. None of them saw the horse on the far side of the road; the snow was blinding.

As he heard their voices die away in the distance, his head drooped till it rested on the animal's mane. Patiently the beast whisked away the snow and tried to hide its head from the vicious wind.

It was growing rapidly dark, but he did not notice it; he was thinking of the fight he had made for her life, and of the love that had come to him in the summer days when health came back to her to make amends.

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than
life."

The mocking refrain seemed to have been shouted into his ears; he started as though he had been struck, seized the reins and dashed into the gathering storm.

IN 1812.

An Incident Unrecorded in History.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON.

I.

"YOU saved my life, Lieutenant Maynard," said the Captain "I hope I may do as much for you at our next meeting."

I laughed. Such deeds as this pass

among men with slight thought; how little did I know what hopes of mine were soon to tremble upon his words!

It was night, and we were seated together upon the Canadian side of the Niagara River. The spy had taken the Captain unawares, and upon making him a prisoner, had endeavored to force a disclosure from him of the enemy's position. Upon his refusal, the spy had attempted to push him, bound as he was, over the edge of the precipice. It was in preventing this that I had received my wound. The spy had escaped.

"He gave you an ugly slash; let me fix it up for you."

I slipped off my coat, and he dressed the wound with great gentleness and considerable skill.

"You said your name was Maynard; are you related to the Maynards of Boston?"

"That's rather wide," I replied, smiling, "but Philip Maynard, of Boston, is my father."

"Well, that's odd! Do you know your father and mine were the oldest of friends. Why, I've heard of your people ever since I can remember."

He stretched out his hand, and shook mine warmly.

"It seems to me, Maynard," he continued, "if you don't mind my saying so, that if I had your wealth I wouldn't be wasting my time trying to capture a country that no nation in God's world could make anything but Canadian if they took it a thousand times over."

I laughed.

"We'll see about that," I said.

"Oh, you don't know the Canadian spirit. Why, I tell you over here we love every inch of this country. Fight for her! we'd die for her, before we'd see her taken, as readily as we lie down to sleep about the campfires."

He spoke very earnestly, and his face seemed to glow in the darkness with a fixed resolution.

"Yes," I said, "we have good reason to know that already."

He was silent for a few moments; then he said:

"I hope I fixed that wound all right; is it any easier?"

"Very much, thanks; in fact, the only thing I need to make me happy would be time enough to smoke a pipe."

"Ah, now I can supply you."

He drew out a pipe, filled it, and passing it over to me, remarked:

"You will have half an hour at least, without interruption."

"Oh, I must be gone long before that; I have much to do."

"You are on dangerous business."

"Business that I don't like."

"You Maynards are not the men to back at danger."

I made no reply, but lighting the pipe, smoked for some time in silence.

He had not told me his name, and as he was still my prisoner, I did not like to ask it, but his words about my people had strangely warmed my heart towards him.

"Captain," I said, "there is scarcely a chance in a hundred of my leaving your country alive. If you see my father, and I have not come home, will you tell him that although I disgraced the name, at least I wasn't a coward."

"Disgraced the name!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, disgraced the name! I have been a dishonor to my people ever since I entered the service; what with wine and gambling, God knows to what I might have come, but my course was cut short. I struck my superior officer; aye, and, By God! I'd strike him again if he called me the foul name he used," I exclaimed as my anger at the remembrance of it blazed up within me.

There was silence for a moment; then the passion passed from me.

"That is neither here nor there," I continued. "I was condemned to be shot at daybreak. This commission was given me in the alternative. I accepted eagerly, for here though death is just as certain, it will not, thank God, be at the hands of my own countrymen."

He grasped my hand.

"Maynard," he said, "God knows I love Canada too well to wish her ill, but I almost hope you may succeed."

"Well," I replied, "I must be pushing on;" then I remembered it was his duty to thwart me if he could, so I added, "before your parole expires I shall either have left your shore, or be dead upon it."

"Good bye," he said, "and if I can ever repay you, rely upon me."

Little did I know that he would so soon have the opportunity.

II.

I quickly crossed the open, but before entering the woods fixed upon a star that would guide me inland. I climbed the hill, and made my course direct from the river. I walked on very cautiously for some time, until my wound began to give me great pain. After resting for a while I pushed on again. The farther I went the more I was at a loss what to do. My only directions from the General had been that the much-coveted papers which I was commissioned to find were in a bundle marked with three crosses. I should find them, he had said, under the floor of a room in a large farmhouse well back from the road, in the midst of a grove of pines. I had relied upon the spy to locate the place, and now he was gone. I sat down at the side of the road.

While I was still turning the matter over in my mind I became aware that some one was approaching. I had been so intent upon my thoughts that he had come quite near before I noticed him. He was carrying a lantern, and before I had time to move aside I felt its light flash in my face; the next instant he had stopped, and covered me with his pistol.

"If you move I'll shoot," he said.

"I can't move," I replied, faintly, "I'm wounded."

"What is it James?" questioned a woman's voice.

"A spy!"

"A spy, James! Didn't he say he was wounded?"

"Yes, Miss," he replied, gruffly.

"Show me the light, James," she said, dropping fearlessly upon her knees beside me, "where are you hurt. Is it very bad?"

What tenderness in her voice! Oh, the infinite pity of a woman's heart!

"In my shoulder, Miss," I replied.

"Hold the light—so, James."

She gently turned back my coat until she saw the blood upon the bandage. As she did so the light was upon her face. How beautiful she was, with her great blue eyes full of wonder and sympathy.

"James," she said, "he is very badly hurt, as he says; I will go and bring help; we must take him home."

"No, no," I protested, "I can walk."

"Are you sure it won't hurt you too much?"

"I should rather walk."

"Give me your weapons," said the man.

I handed them to him, and then, with his pistol still drawn, he turned back along the path, keeping me in front of him; his mistress followed. We had not gone far before we branched off, and made our way through the woods, coming at length to the house which was our journey's end.

We entered together, and I was taken into the front room, where was an elderly lady seated knitting before the hearth, upon which smouldered a low fire.

"Auntie," said she who had brought me there, as she motioned me to be seated upon a lounge near by, "this poor man has been wounded, and I have brought him home to be nursed a little."

The old lady arose and, with much stateliness of manner, said:

"I am sure, sir, you are very welcome to our home. Is he much wounded, Margaret?"

"I fear he is," replied the other.

Her aunt came over to the lounge and carefully examined the wound. The while I was enlivened by watching James' fingers playing spasmodically with the butt of his pistol.

"I think it will not be serious," said the aunt; "bring me some water in a basin, my dear, and I will make it comfortable for the night."

Her niece did so, and when together they had dressed my shoulder with the utmost gentleness, they made the lounge into a bed, and, bidding me good night, went out, leaving me alone. I heard no bolt slide on the door, but every now and again a slight noise outside announced the fact that James was on guard there. I blew out the candle, and notwithstanding the pain of my wound, and the fact that I was a prisoner in the enemy's country, weariness overcame me, and I slept.

III.

To cut a long story short, I spent four days in that little room without being able to devise any kind of a reasonable plan of escape. A dozen little events each day showed me that James was continually on the watch. I had no arms of any sort, and no prospect of getting any; everything of the kind was kept carefully out of my reach. My prospects were certainly of the gloomiest. No doubt Sard, the spy, had long ago discovered the farmhouse (wherever it might be), and returned with the papers to the General. In that case (and it was the only probable one), my journey back to camp would be accompanied by all the exhilarating experiences of a funeral procession. I threw myself down in a chair facing the window, and began to whistle softly the Dead March. I heard a step behind, and turning saw it was Margaret. She had found the door open, and entered.

"I came to dress your shoulder," she said, adding with a smile; "that was rather mournful music, wasn't it?"

"I expect to hear it before long, and am trying to get used to it," I exclaimed somewhat bitterly.

"I suppose it would make any one feel blue to be shut up here all day," she replied. "I am sure I should die if I hadn't the wide blue sky and the air."

She threw her head back impulsively, as if the very thought of being kept in bounds stifled her. It was a queenly gesture. Then the incomparable charity of her heart asserted itself. She laid down the cloth which she held, and, looking me in the face, said resolutely, while her own was dyed crimson on the instant:

"You aren't really what James says you are; are you?"

I hesitated. If I told her my real name, what would be the result? I felt it was morally certain I should be shot either on this side or the other before the affair was at an end, and no doubt she, knowing my name, would hear of it. If she did, she would at the same time learn the reason why, and some way I secretly cherished the hope that she, at all events, might never know it.

"I am an American; Lieutenant Manning of the regulars."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, and I thought I saw a look of relief pass over her face. "I felt sure from the first that James was wrong."

I have thought since that it was as she stood there before me and said those words that I first loved her.

IV.

For the next three days I saw a good deal of Margaret, and next to nothing of James. It is perhaps needless to say I was not dissatisfied with the change. At first I occupied considerable time speculating upon what next possible turn my persistently erratic affairs could take. After a time, however, I gave over this pastime, and settled down to a miserable ghost of a hope that they wouldn't take any turn at all. It was on the afternoon of the third day that the turn came. I was seated with Margaret at the foot of the garden. The sun was still above the horizon, but a soft blue autumn haze that slowly crept over the fields told it would soon be at rest.

There had been silence between us for some moments. I seemed to feel some way that a change was coming. Well, I said mentally, let it come ; for now, short or long, all my life I would have a taste of heaven to look back upon.

"It must have been a very dangerous business that brought you over," said Margaret, wistfully.

"A business I didn't like to undertake," I replied.

"Why did you do it then ?"

She was utterly innocent of all intention ; I knew this. Indeed, it was the first time she had referred to my coming at all.

"I had to," I answered.

"You had to! they made you risk your life in this way !" she exclaimed incredulously.

Should I tell her all ? Could I tell her, and sit and watch the contempt and scorn for me coming into her face ? Could I dash our friendship—aye, and perhaps (God knows), our more than friendship, to earth at a single blow ? I loved her so well! Then if I loved her I should tell her.

"Miss Margaret," I said, "what would you think of a man who had a name honored and above reproach, if he wasted his time over the gambling table and the wine cup, bringing shame upon it ?"

I saw by her look she knew I spoke of myself.

"If he were brave enough to risk his life alone in the enemy's lines, and sorry for the life he had spent, might he not be forgiven ?" she asked, with pity in her face.

"Perhaps—perhaps he might," I cried impetuously, "but if he had sunk even lower than this, and when on duty, had disgraced his regiment by giving his superior officer a blow for an insult, aye, and was condemned by court martial to be shot for it, and only escaped with his life by entering the enemy's lines on a hopeless commission, what would you say to him then ?"

"I should say," she replied, and her eye brightened with something like fire in it, "that he would know best what the insult was, and how hard it was to bear. Ah !" she continued, as her expression softened again with pity, "women know so little of these things, and I could not judge him, but I think, still, it might be forgiven him."

My lips trembled, and I turned my face from hers.

Ah ! God, what words I might have spoken to her then, if I had not seen those pines !

"Pines ! pines !" I repeated to myself, mechanically ; "a large farmhouse well back from the path, in the midst of a grove of pines." My heart stopped beating for the instant ; I seemed to grow dizzy. Had I heard those words centuries ago, or was it only a week since the General uttered them ? "A farmhouse in a grove of pines." I could resist the truth no longer ; this was the very place where the papers were hidden.

Sard, then, had failed to get them, and nothing remained but for me to do it, and redeem my promise to the General. I turned to Margaret. I must have had a strange look upon my face, for she regarded me curiously.

"You look ill," she said. "I have noticed it all day, but more now. It is the feeling that you are a prisoner that is troubling you."

I tried to speak, but she would not let me.

"Yes, I know it is, but I have arranged all that. I told Auntie and James that, to-morrow I would give you back your parole, and to-morrow night, if your shoulder is well enough, or the night after, I will send James to guide you back to the river; they must have made some provision for carrying you across."

"Yes," I replied mechanically, "the boat will be there."

"I felt sure it would, so you will be back in your own camp again, and all will be well."

"Oh, Miss Margaret!"

"No, I won't hear a word of it," she said; "you are going to pay us one of those wickedly untruthful compliments, that you would sooner stay our prisoner than go back, and in truth you're just dying to leave us all, and return to your beloved stars and stripes.

She tried to laugh, but the laughter seemed to have forsaken her.

"If I am to go," I said, as she arose to leave me, "won't you give me some token as a keepsake?"

She drew out a sixpence with a hole in it, and handed it to me.

"I have had it ever since I was a child," she said.

Then she was gone.

V.

What strange fascination possessed me that night as I paced up and down the floor of my room. I made a dozen pretences to myself for doing so. I could think better; I was restless, and to walk would quiet me; I should sleep sounder for it. Ah, I did not deceive myself, for each time as I passed up and down, I knew that my foot was secretly feeling for the loose board that I felt sure was somewhere there, covering the hidden papers. Even if I had them I could not break my parole. No, and doubly so when it was to her I had given it,—that was more than even I could do. And then, besides, to take the papers; it would be as though I stole them from her. She was responsible in her brother's absence. She, herself, had said so. Still it could be no harm just to be sure they were there. It would be satisfaction, anyway, to know that Sard hadn't managed to get them. With this thought I picked up the candle which was burning on the the table. I was satisfied they were not in this room at all events. I would try the other. I hesitated a moment with my hand on the door latch. If I were found there, what could I say. I would say I was getting the book of old English songs Margaret had lent me yesterday to while away the time. I remember leaving it there.

I sheltered the candle with my coat so as to obscure the light, and hastily crossed the hall on tiptoe. It was done without a sound. I pushed the door softly shut after me. Without a moment's delay I set the candle upon the table and got down upon my hands and knees. I crept thus about the floor. Suddenly I stopped. What was that sound? I half arose, and listened intently. There was nothing but the wind among the pines. The interruption had only whetted my desire. I dropped cautiously upon my knees again, and pursued my search with redoubled eagerness. The papers were here, and I would find them. At this juncture I came upon the book of songs lying open upon the floor, where, no doubt, it had fallen from the table, I pushed it impatiently aside; as I did so a board rocked a little beneath my hand. My excitement became intense. It was the work of an instant to raise the board and disclose a bundle of papers marked with three crosses. What a tumultuous rush of feelings swept over me as I looked at them. My life hung upon those papers. I put down my hand to grasp them! As I did so, there was a swift gleam of silver and a slight rattle among the papers below. I scarce had time to think of this, for on the instant my blood seemed to stand still frozen in my veins. I heard a voice call with startling clearness:

"James! James! come quick!"

I arose at a bound, Standing in the open doorway was Margaret, and as I looked, James stood behind her with his pistol covering me.

Ah, what infinite scorn was in her face!

I forgot about the book as I looked at her, and shrank beneath the contempt of her eyes. I tried to say something.

"James," she said, "take that man to the back room, and you will answer for him."

She turned and went out as if she had forgotten my presence.

The man seized me roughly by the arm, and taking me upstairs shoved me in at an open door. As it slammed behind me I heard the bolts drop heavily into their sockets. I found, upon groping about the room, there was a bed in it, but I had no sleep that night.

I spent the long hours till dawn for the most part pacing up and down the floor. The more I turned the matter over in my mind, the more irretrievably lost I seemed to be, but it was not until the first grey light crept into the room through a hole in the wall near the roof that I finally gave up hope. It was only then that, worn out and exhausted with the anxieties of the night, I admitted that my life must pay the penalty. I threw myself down upon the bed and covered my face with my hands. My life! Yes, but my life was of little worth when I thought of all I had lost beside. I could see her eyes now looking into mine. Yes, and I remembered those womanly words that sprang from the tender pity of her heart: "I knew James was wrong from the first" And I believed she had thought well of me, —and the keepsake she had given me.

"My God!" I exclaimed, as I felt for it, and, finding it gone, was bewildered for the moment by the rush of ideas that surged upon me. The next instant I found myself upon my feet, pacing up and down the floor. The revulsion of feeling was so great I almost laughed. A plan! I had a plan! I whispered this over to myself like a child. I continued to walk about the room, and the more I thought of it, the surer I grew of success. My mind became relieved of the strain it had borne all night, and a great weariness overcame me. I threw myself down upon the bed and slept.

When I awoke it was afternoon. I dragged a stool over beneath the hole in the wall, and standing upon it obtained a good view outside. The sun was well down towards the west.

Margaret was seated upon the bench at the foot of the garden. Some pansies were lying at her side, and as I watched she picked one up, and began pulling it to pieces as if unconsciously. She was some distance away, but to me she seemed paler than was her wont. I must lose no time. I descended to the floor, and getting down on my hands and knees searched every part of it. If I could only find something with a sharp point. I tried the walls. At last I found a broken piece of steel lying upon a ledge. I took out a piece of paper which I had in my pocket, and climbing upon the stool, spread it out against the wall at the side of the hole. There was light enough for me to see, and patiently I scrawled with the steel point this note:

"To Miss Margaret.—I went into the room to get the song book; I stooped to pick it off the floor, and lost my sixpence down a crack; I took up the board to get it, for it was dear to me; that is all I know. C.M."

I had watched her now and again as I wrote, but she had scarcely moved, appearing to be lost in thought. If I threw it out would she see it? I had learned from her the call which she gave for her favorite pigeon, and now as I watched her I gave it.

She glanced up quickly; that instant I flung my precious paper out upon the air, and watched it flutter down till it was out of sight. Had she seen it? Yes, I felt sure she had, though she gave no sign of it.

Presently she arose, and gathering up the pansies, approached the house. I quickly lost my view of her. Perhaps she hadn't noticed it. Should I call to her? I listened; there were footsteps beneath me, then a moment's silence followed by a low cry.

I had hardly more than reached the floor from the stool when I heard her at my door. It swung open, and pushing James aside, she entered. Even that light, dim as it was, sparkled upon the tears in her eyes.

"Oh Lieutenant Manning!" she cried, "I am beyond forgiveness."

I attempted to speak, but she gave me no time.

"To think that I have treated you like a spy when you were only—"

Her words were lost in a flood of tears.

James stood behind her thoroughly nonplussed, glaring savagely at me.

I felt like the wretch I was.

"You couldn't help but think it," I said; "they must have been private papers."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed eagerly, as she checked her sobs, "they are plans of our defence. Come. Please come, and I will show you that they are. Oh, why didn't Henry take them with him! I can't show them to you; I can never explain it."

Her voice was utterly hopeless as she said this. I had such a feeling of shame in her presence I wished I were well out of it all. Yet each word she spoke so drew me to her, I think I would at that moment, if I might have lived the hour over again, have given up my plan of escape to save her those tears.

"I understand it all," I said, as we descended the stairs together; "let us forget about it; then it will be as though it had never happened."

She looked her thanks, but made no reply.

We spent much of the day together in the garden.

She was very quiet, almost coldly so, but more than once I found her with her eyes upon me, and at those times my love for her came upon me with such strength as almost forced from me the words which I knew in my disgrace it would be dishonorable to say.

When she left me that night she gave me my pistol and released me from my parole.

VI.

How dimly the candle burned, and how still was all the house. I had sat for a long time pondering upon my strange position.

What an experience I had had. If I remained here till the brother came (as he might do any day), I should be shot; if I returned without the papers I should be shot. I hummed the Dead March softly to myself, it seemed so appropriate. But why not take the papers? If I did, could I ever look her in the face again? What a question for a man to ask! Was I a child to fear the scorn of a woman when my life was at stake. And what would it amount to? If I returned with the papers I at least had my life before me, and could live it down. I could risk it again when to lose it would be honorable. Yes, and I would risk it, and risk it freely; it should be as nothing to me till she should learn that if I did this thing it was not because I was a coward.

I went and blew out the light. I knew where the papers were, and needed none. Opening the door I slipped noiselessly across the hall. All was still. I had my finger on the latch when I thought I saw a faint ray of light shining through the hole. I stooped and put my eye to it In the room, upon his knees on the floor, was a man. Who could it be? What was he doing? I watched him breathlessly. Then I caught the faint rustle of papers. So he was after them too!

On the instant I drew my pistol, and throwing open the door covered him.

"If you stir I shoot," I said.

He was motionless as stone.

I noted that his pistol was lying on the table. I moved over, all the time keeping mine well on him, and got it. Then I ordered him to get up. He did so. What was my amazement when I saw it was Sard! As he recognized me, he turned livid with fear and passion. His fingers clutched convulsively, and he looked as if about to spring.

"If you do, you die," I muttered, looking straight along the barrel of my pistol.

There was a low scream in the hallway, but I dared not look round. I heard a voice I knew to be Margaret's, calling for James. Then came the sound of heavy footsteps coming hurriedly down stairs, and James entered the room.

At sight of him the spy shrank back, and a shiver ran through him.

"Ah, Sard," said James, "at the old business once more, eh? Didn't think you'd come spying round here again after our last meeting."

"Do you know him, James?" questioned Margaret.

"Yes, Miss; he's a spy."

"If I am, he's a spy too," hoarsely cried Sard, pointing at me.

I cowered beneath his look.

"Take him away, James; take him out and let him go," said Margaret.

She turned and left the room. I heard her step on the stairs.

James caught the spy by the shoulder and hurried him out of the house.

Sick of the whole business, I returned across the hall to my room and flung myself down upon my couch. All had become quiet again. Suddenly I was startled by hearing faintly upon the wind, as if at a great distance, the sound of a pistol shot. Presently James came in softly, and went up stairs. I knew my account with Sard had been wiped out by other hands than mine.

At the same instant a new idea flashed upon me, and I knew that his death meant my deliverance. If I took the papers now Margaret would think Sard had returned and done it. I had heard her order James to let him go, and knew he would be afraid to confess he had shot him.

I sprang up, and pulling on my cap slipped again noiselessly across the hall. It was the work of a moment to have the coveted papers in my possession, and to be out of the house. As I stumbled on along the pathway, half running, half walking, every now and again the low hanging branches swept my face, scratching and cutting it. It was very dark. I fell over roots and stumps, and verging from the path, at times bruised myself against the tree trunks. Still I hurried on, impelled by a feverish haste. I was in the enemy's country and by this time nearing their pickets. I had no fear of them. All the way down through the night I was haunted by a face.—Ah, God! what scorn and loathing was there!

I crossed the open, and slid over the edge of the bank. I had passed the pickets unchallenged. I scrambled down the bank, but upon coming in view of the boat, I halted. There it was, drawn up under cover of the bushes, and the boatmen were sitting silently beside it. I felt mechanically for the papers. They were safe. Nothing remained now but to get into the boat, and crossing the river give up the papers to the General, and live. Live! Could I live and know that forever I was unworthy to look her in the face? Were it not better to die? There came but one answer to the question. I sat for a time and listened to the roar of the waters, but the answer was always the same. Then I arose and wearily climbed the steep again.

Long and toilsome (I had no dread of its dangers) was the return journey, but for all there was gladness in my heart.

It was dawn before I reached the farmhouse. As I approached it I found a small squad of militiamen scattered about the yard. They allowed me to pass unnoticed. I crossed the yard and entered the house. As I did so, a man's voice that seemed to me strangely familiar, caused me to hesitate. It proceeded from the room where the papers had been concealed.

"Was there no one here who could have stolen them, Margaret?" he asked.

"No one, Henry."

"Then some one must have entered in the night and taken them. It will ruin me, Margaret. By God!" he continued, passionately, "if I knew the wretch who did it, and could lay my hands upon him, I'd—"

I cut short his sentence by entering the room.

"I did it, Captain," I said.

"It isn't true, Henry; he never did it; oh! it isn't true," she cried.

I drew out the papers and threw them down on the table.

"There are your papers, Captain."

"Lieutenant Maynard!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Captain."

I had not dared to look at her, but now as they both stood there silent, scarce comprehending the matter, I cast a hurried glance at her face; there was such trouble in it I could bear it no longer.

"Captain," I cried, impetuously, "you remember I was to perform my commission or be shot—I was to get these papers. Last night I got them, and reached the river with them in safety. I saw the boatman below waiting for me, but as I crept down the bank I stopped. I could go no further. Ah God, it was the remembrance of a pure woman's face, and the thought of the scorn it would hold for me if I did this thing! I was between her face and death, but I loved her better than life."

"And what do you want now?" he asked, gravely.

"I am your prisoner, and I want to be shot."

As I said this there was a low cry that rings in my ears yet as I think of that moment.

Margaret sprang to her brother's side, and fastening her arms about his neck, clung to him.

"Oh Henry, you won't shoot him; say that you won't shoot him; he didn't mean to do it."

Her voice was choked with sobs.

He looked down at her very tenderly.

"I couldn't have shot him if I wished, little one," he said. "He is as free to go as I am, under the armistice proclaimed yesterday, but he is a brave man, and I wish him no harm."

How I thanked him in my heart for these words to her.

"Lieutenant Maynard," he continued, turning to me, "you gave me my life once, but I think, perhaps, you have taken more than you gave. You have a good name; I hope you will be worthy."

He turned, and went out without more, but I knew what he meant.

As we stood there alone together I scarcely dared to look at her, for I felt so abashed.

"Oh, Margaret;" I cried, "why have you done all this for me?"

She came over, and putting her hands upon my shoulders looked up shyly into my face.

"Because I love you, Clive," she said.

I stooped, and kissed her upon the lips. I could find no words to answer her, for God knows that ever since the world began the sweetest and best of women have given themselves to men as unworthy as I, and for no better reason than this.

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., G.C.B., ETC., ETC.

FROM A PHOTO. IN THE POSSESSION OF COL. G. T. DENISON.

THE
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LIVERPOOL TO-DAY.

Deus nobis haec otia fecit.—THE CITY'S MOTTO.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

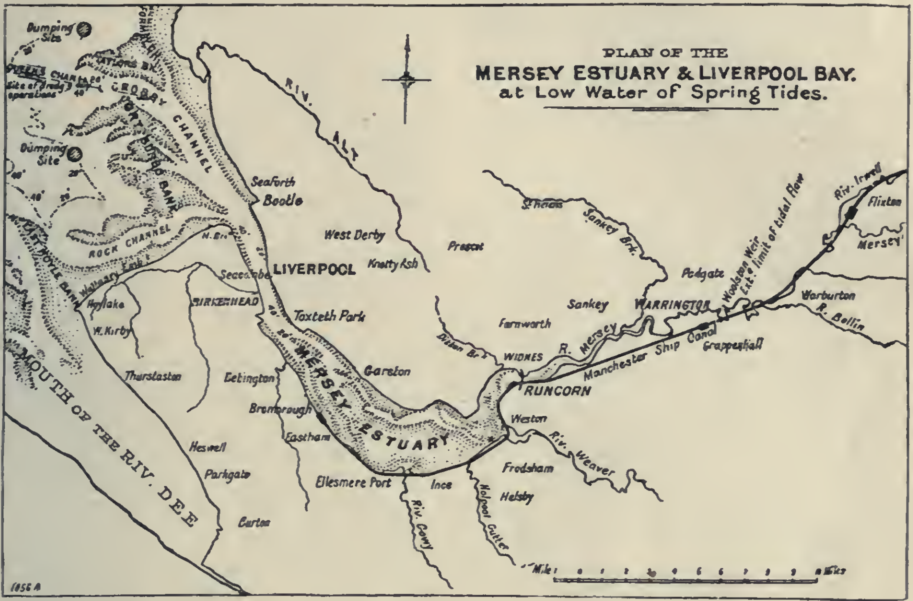
ALL over the globe the name of Liverpool has been identified for so many years with the vast shipping interests of the empire that it is not surprising to find in the history of the city an epitome of the whole record of the rise and growth of British commerce. But it has been more especially associated with American trade and travel, as from its situation and other advantages it has formed the natural "Gateway of the West," through which has passed those millions of people, going or coming, whom necessity or pleasure has caused to pay toll to the world's greatest port; those countless cargoes of cotton and corn, of tobacco and other products, which the prodigal New World has given to the Old. The following account of Liverpool and its famous docks is somewhat brief and imperfect from the exigencies of a magazine article, but will be of service, having in view the importance of the new transfer arrangements consummated in the last few months, by which the time taken in the passage from New York or Boston or Montreal to London is again shortened, and the comfort and convenience of the ocean traveller decidedly increased. Other improvements of various kinds, effected within the past two or three years—notably the deepening of the entrance across the bar in the channel of the estuary of the Mersey—have greatly added to the overwhelmingly superior position Liverpool occupies when compared as a seaport with any other, English or foreign, and the relation of the facts will be read with intelligent appreciation on the further side of the sea.

Liverpool, situated on the east bank of the Mersey, some three miles from the open sea, rises on a continuous slope from the six or seven miles of docks and quays which line the shore of the river in an irregular semi-circle; and the approach to it, which is not marked by any striking natural features, is now very familiar to many Americans. It is 201 miles from London, and the journey is performed by rail in about four hours; it is, therefore, easily possible to breakfast in the one city and lunch in the other in the same morning; while communication with other centres is almost equally expeditious. But the special significance which attaches to its position as a port will be best understood when it is considered that behind Liverpool stand, to a great extent, Lancashire and Yorkshire. Though the city may be regarded as a tolerably ancient one, as it received its first charter as a town from King John in 1209, it was not till the eighteenth century that it began to be of importance—not, indeed, until the introduction, at the end of that period, of raw cotton from the United States; "which," we are told, "created modern Liverpool, and it may be said, modern Lancashire." Of course, the invention of the steam-engine played a large part also. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the population of the town was about 6,000, and the vessels belonging to the port 100 of an average of 85 tons each and manned by 1,100 seamen; at the opening of the nineteenth the population numbered about 80,000, while over 5,000 ships, of half-a-million tonnage, were registered. The census of 1891 made the population 517,980. Steps are now being taken to include in the city suburban areas which really form a part of it, so that "Greater Liverpool" will have a population of not far short of the million. The claim is made that it then will be the second English city in the empire.

There is little or nothing of historical or antiquarian interest about the Liverpool of to-day. All its ancient landmarks have been swept away by modern improvements: even its first wet dock, itself on the site of the *pool* from which Liverpool takes its name, begun in 1709, has been filled up to form the site of the present custom-house. Many of the public buildings, however, possess high architectural merit, particularly St. George's Hall—an edifice well known from photographs or other illustrations all over the world. This imposing structure is said to be one of the finest specimens of the classic revival erected in modern times, and was designed by Harvey Lonsdale Elmes, an architect of brilliant promise who did not live to see its completion. Near St. George's Hall are three splendid buildings devoted to the purposes of a public library, natural history and antiquarian museum, and an art gallery—the last of which contains the originals of some celebrated pictures. The Town Hall, in Castle street, and the municipal offices, in Dale street, are also handsome edifices, while the Exchange, whose buildings along with the Town Hall form a quadrangle, is extremely interesting, especially to Trans-Atlantic visitors, as on the inclosed, uncovered space known as the "flag," are transacted the operations of the great English cotton market, which is to a large extent but a reflection of the American. Not far away is the wheat market—the "Corn" Exchange, wheat being universally talked of as "corn" in England—the American corn being spoken of as maize.

But the most interesting objects in Liverpool are its magnificent docks, which its good people consider, not without reason, the admiration of the world. The story of Liverpool is written in colossal characters in this splendid series of docks—a story, as has been said, in many respects typical of the development of the whole of Britain's commerce. Tributary to Liverpool and forming an integral portion of it are the docks at Birkenhead, on the opposite, or Cheshire side of the Mersey.

The docks on the Lancashire side are located on the margin of the river, abutting, for the most part, along the deep water of the channel, for a length of over six miles, and for a width varying from 700 to 2,200 feet, the foreshore having been enclosed from tidal influence by the construction of a continuous sea-wall, except where entrances were required into the range of docks behind it The dock, known as the Old Dock, first constructed, at the beginning of last century, was only four acres in extent, and was designed to accommodate a hundred vessels. With the exception of a wet-dock built a few years earlier on the Thames at Rotherhithe, originally called the Howland Great



wet-dock, this was the first of the kind in England. The Old Dock was opened in 1715; then followed a dry dock and three graving docks; and, later on, before the end of the century, several others were completed abreast of the original one; all of which, with the exception of the Old Dock, remain to this day, many of them, however, having been reconstructed and improved. The Victorian era has seen, as it is to be expected, an enormous development in all the shipping facilities afforded by the port; a large number of new docks, both north and south of those already in use, having been designed and carried out, the Langton and Alexandra Docks being completed in 1881, and the Hornby in 1883, all at the extreme northern end close to the open sea, while on the southern side higher up the river an extensive system of docks has only recently been completed. On the Cheshire side, opposite Liverpool, are the Birkenhead docks, acquired in 1858 by the corporation, known as the "Mersey Docks and Harbour Board," who administer the whole of the vast systems of works, which together practically form one port.

In looking more closely at these docks the figures involved as regards their area, capacity, cost and so forth are such as cannot but appeal powerfully to the imagination, and not only to the imagination, for here, for instance, in tangible, concrete—and there is a good deal of it literally concrete—form is an object lesson of the meaning of two hundred millions of dollars, which is in round numbers the cost. Large as the figures are in themselves, they are even more striking, as suggestive of the skill and judgment, the care and forethought necessarily exercised in designing, completing and maintaining efficiently these magnificent works. The advantages they offer to the traveller and the trade are sufficiently obvious to everyone, but only the more thoughtful will appreciate the genius which has produced them, and the scarcely less marvellous vigilance, sleepless and unceasing, which renders them always available. With the changes introduced during recent years in the size and build of ships, particularly the care as respects the great Atlantic liners, fresh problems have come up and are constantly arising as to the best way of dealing with these new conditions, and thus far the Dock Board have been highly successful in meeting them.

To begin with, the oldest system of docks is not suited for the numerous huge vessels which are familiar enough to us, but of which even the last generation never dreamed; the most is now, however, made of them by engineering ingenuity, while the newer docks can easily berth the largest ships afloat. Then the modern impatience of delay in any form, never more operative than in regard to the generally frantic desire to reach quickly one's ultimate destination,—and Liverpool to the vast majority is but the vestibule to London—has also had to be taken into account; and means have lately been provided which should amply satisfy even this age of hurry for the rapid transfer of the passenger from the ship to the train; it is nothing more now than a step across a platform.

Now for some of these figures. The total water area of the Liverpool systems of docks and basins is 381 acres, 528 yards, and the lineal quayage amounts to about 25¼ miles. Add to this the water area and quay space of the Birkenhead docks, amounting to 164 acres, 3,836 yards, and 9 miles, 729 yards respectively; and the grand totals are,—of water area, about 546 acres—of lineal quayage, over 35 miles. The whole area belonging to the Mersey Board is some 1,611 acres, and contains over a hundred wet and graving docks, basins and locks. In the construction only of these works over $105,000,000 have been spent: the money has been borrowed, under authority of various Acts of the Imperial Parliament, on bonds and annuities The rate of interest now being paid on new bonds is under 3 per cent. per annum, and on annuities 3 per cent. A sinking fund, which, at present, amounts to some twelve and a half millions of dollars, is steadily reducing the liabilities of the Board to the public, and its indebtedness stands at less than ninety million dollars. The income derived from all sources last year (financial year ending July 1st, 1894), came to some seven millions of dollars, one half of which went to defray interest charges, the other for the general expenses of management, sinking funds, etc. The number of vessels that paid dues for the same period to the Trust was 21,170, aggregating about ten million tons. To render statistics, which, at best, are apt to be rather dry reading even where wet docks are concerned, at all interesting is not easy, but some comparison of the port of Liverpool with that of London may help to make them so.

The contrast between these two great centres, while natural in a sense, has this important difference: Liverpool exists for its docks, whereas London exists for many other purposes; Liverpool from its situation close to the manufacturing districts, draws from them an export trade far larger than that of London, while the trade of London is in a great measure required for the supply of London itself, hence it has an enormous coasting and local trade of which Liverpool has comparatively little. The London docks, being situated in the bends of the Thames, do not present that imposing appearance which those of Liverpool do, stretching in unbroken line for miles along the Mersey. They are, however, considerably larger in area; the largest dock in Liverpool, the Alexandra, is 44 acres, and the Huskisson, which comes next, 30 acres, as compared with the Tilbury Dock, 57¼ acres, the Victoria, 74 acres, and the Albert, about 73 acres. However, the Birkenhead docks almost approach these in size, the West Float being 52 acres, and the East

Float nearly 60 acres in extent. The total water area of the London docks is 558 acres, that of the Mersey docks 546. In 1894, London possessed 2,710 steam and sailing vessels, with a tonnage of 1,588,588, as against Liverpool's 2,295 ships, with a tonnage of 2,100,694. It will thus be seen that the vessels of the Mersey are larger than those of the Thames. Of sailing vessels under 50 tons, London has 533 against Liverpool's 115; of these over 2,500 tons, London has none, Liverpool 38; of steamships under 50 tons, London has 390, Liverpool 112; while of those over 3,000 tons, London has only 15, Liverpool, 53. Of the total exports of the United Kingdom, amounting in 1893 to 1,385 millions of dollars, Liverpool contributed 476 millions, London, 383. Of the total imports for the same year, which reached the enormous sum of 2,020 millions, Liverpool received 488 millions, and London received 707 millions, owing to the more valuable commodities of commerce, raw and manufactured, entering the metropolis.

VIEW OF PRINCE'S DOCK, SHOWING SHIPPING.

The docks on the Lancashire side of the Mersey may be divided into two systems, known respectively as the northern and the southern. The central portion consists of the older and smaller docks; the others are much larger and deeper, and generally more in accordance with modern requirements. In giving some further description of the Liverpool docks, it will be convenient to begin at the southern end—that furthest from the sea. We will suppose we are a party of Americans or Canadians, and that, having "done"—a word of little or great meaning, according to circumstances—Europe, we are on our homeward journey, and just putting the last finishing touch to our wonderful and exasperatingly delightful tour by inspecting these docks—without seeing which no visit to the "Old Country" could be quite complete. So we begin inland, as it were, up the river, and work our way towards the ocean, on which haply we will be soon sailing westward. It may here be mentioned that an overhead electric railway, with carriages a little similar to American railway "cars," which was completed only a year or two ago, and is in itself another note of the progress of the Liverpool of to-day, runs along the whole length of the docks from north to south, enabling the visitor to get easily from point to point, and affording *en route* a splendid view of the river and its sights. The overhead railway has several special features of its own which suggest an examination of them as likely to be instructive; and, in any case, the New Yorker will compare it favorably with his own elevated "road." It deserves notice as being the first successful electric railway of any size in Europe. And, speaking of railways, it has been claimed "that it is only bare justice to keep in remembrance the fact that it is to the sagacity, enterprise and perseverance of Liverpool merchants that the world is indebted for the development of railways in their present form," the Liverpool and Manchester Railway being begun in 1826, and opened in September, 1830, with Geo. Stephenson as its presiding engineer.

The dock at the extreme end of the southern system is called the "Herculaneum," and was blasted out of the solid rock,—the only instance where this had to be done. The length is 810 feet, the width 430; it has besides a branch 800 feet long, 120 feet wide; its total area is about 10 acres. It would be tedious to mention all the docks, etc., and it is therefore proposed only to describe those of the most striking character. The Herculaneum dock is specially interesting, because close to it are placed the depots for petroleum, which comes either from America or Russia (Baku). In addition to five large reservoirs or tanks, constructed for the specific purpose. and each isolated from the other, for holding the oil in bulk, pumped up from the ships, and with a capacity of 12,000 tons in all, there are, at the base of the cliff, 60 "casemates," or chambers, excavated out of the rock for storing petroleum in barrels, each capable of holding 1,000 barrels.—These magazines are each about 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 19 feet high; and each is separated from its neighbor by a wall of solid rock five feet thick. They are faced in concrete, and have impervious sills, built to the level of four feet above the floor, so forming receptacles, each capable of containing the whole contents of the barrels, should these be damaged, or the oil leak out, as it always does, as is well known, to a greater or less degree. All danger of the liquid oil flowing on the adjacent quays, in case of accident, is thus avoided, and from the general construction the risk of fire spreading is small. One trembles, however, to think what would happen if a fire ever occurred, and the burning oil got into the docks, or what would be the result should an explosion take place in the tanks, say, from a bombardment of the port. Of course, these contingencies are nearly, if not absolutely, impossible. The port of Liverpool receives about one-fourth of all the petroleum which comes into the United Kingdom. There are three graving docks in connection with the Herculaneum. Extending from it is a chain of new docks, the first of which is the Harrington, which has a water area of over nine acres, and which is noteworthy because of an ingenious arrangement of cranes for transhipping goods from the ships to the transfer sheds, necessitated by the comparative narrowness of the quays flanking this portion of the docks, which led to a double-storied shed being built. These cranes are the invention of Mr. A. G. Lyster, assistant chief engineer, a son of Mr. G. F. Lyster, Chief Engineer of the Mersey estate for over thirty years, and who has designed and carried out all the great undertakings of the Trust during that period. Of the work these gentlemen and their associates have accomplished, *Si monumentum quaeris? Circumspice!* It will be best to describe these cranes in Mr. Lyster's own words as nearly as may be. "In order to overcome the difficulty and cost of working the upper floor, and to assimilate in convenience to a wide floor at the quay level, a special form of crane has been adopted, the frame of which rests upon and travels along the ridge of the roof and the outer wall of the shed, the jib having a long rake, and spanning sufficiently over the edge of the quay to command the hatchways of any ship. The craneman works the machine from a house pendent to the lower frame, so that he has a complete view of the work to be done. There are eight cranes on the shed, all of which are worked by hydraulic power. The crane is capable of lifting 30 cwt. (3,360 lbs.), and it can effect 60 lifts per hour to the upper floor. The cost of raising to the extra height is inconsiderable. As many as 520 lifts have been effected by one crane in nineteen working hours, and these could have been largely increased, were it not for the delay in breaking out the cargo from the hold of the vessel." These cranes can be concentrated at a given point, and worked together or singly as required. Similar cranes are in use in other portions of the docks. Next to the Harrington is the Toxteth Dock, the last of the newer docks of the southern system, and that most recently completed. It has a water area of over eleven acres, and has the widest and most extensive transfer-shed on the estate, with a ground area of nearly five acres. The Union Dock, which is next, serves as a lock between the southern and south-central docks.

The upper part of the system, styled

"GERMANIC" AT LANDING STAGE.

sometimes the Brunswick-George's group, is the oldest portion of the docks, as already stated; and consists of about a dozen small docks. Vessels of deep draught can now get into this system through the Union Dock, the comparative shallowness of these docks being compensated for by means of pumping. This operation raises the surface of the water of these docks six feet above the average level of the surface of the newer docks; and is effected by means of three centrifugal pumps, each having a diameter of 54 inches, which together can pump 1,200 tons per minute through a height of ten feet. On this portion of the Mersey, in front of Queen's Dock, are situated some shipbuilding yards, but Liverpool, which, at the beginning of the century, had a large ship-building industry, turning out many warships for the navy, does but little now in this way, this particular trade having drifted off to the Clyde, Belfast, and other places. The dockyards, engineers' offices, etc., are to be found near the Brunswick Dock, and a little further on, beside King's Dock, are large tobacco warehouses. In 1893, Liverpool imported over 45 million pounds of tobacco—rather more than half of all the tobacco brought into Britain that year. For the better accommodation of the tobacco trade, a large warehouse, specially adapted for it, is being constructed at Stanley Dock, in the northern end of the estate, which will have a capacity of 80,000 hogsheads, and will cost a million dollars. In one of the small docks near the yard there are being made two caissons, self-contained, and entirely composed of iron, which can be raised or lowered, as required, by means of pumps. In appearance, these caissons resemble small ironclads; they are 50 feet deep and 100 long, and are designed, on being sunk in position, to serve instead of gates at the entrances of docks or locks, should any accident render the gates, which, throughout the estate, are of wood, and enormously strong, unfit for use, or if repairs become necessary.

At the north end of this system, in front of George's Dock and of Prince's Dock immediately adjoining it, is a floating wharf, which is known as the "Landing Stage," at and from which the local ferries, the Isle of Man, Irish and Welsh boats, and now—a novel and notable feature—the ocean greyhounds arrive and depart. This stage is 2,063 feet long, by 80 feet wide, and is connected with the shore by seven small bridges, besides a floating bridge 550 feet in length, and 35 feet in width, by means of which an easy incline for carriage traffic is maintained at all times of the tide. The stage is to be lengthened 400 feet, to give more room for the large ships which now make use of it; it will have a jetty also at its northern end, 350 feet in length. It is only within the past few weeks that it has been possible to see such vessels as the *Campania*, *Lucania*, *Teutonic*, *Majestic*, *Labrador*, *Parisian*, and other well-known liners at this wharf, and until the experiment proved successful, some doubt was expressed if the stage could be used by them. But, notwithstanding their size and weight—just think what even the most moderate momentum of such a monster as the *Lucania* means—they are brought up to the stage, and depart from it, as easily and smoothly as the smaller craft. To see the *Campania*, or the *Teutonic*, swing out into the river, or come in, in such quiet and graceful fashion, is a memorable event; thousands of spectators recently crowded the stage and the overlooking pierheads, to witness the former leave for America, and vast concourses assembled to see the other large Atlantic steamships come in and go out. Up till a short time ago, no particular object was gained by these vessels leaving the stage, as there was no direct railway communication at it, and passengers were conveyed from the ships to the shore, and *vice versa*, by tenders. As this whole method involved considerable delay, and was felt to be unsatisfactory, it was determined a year or two ago by the Mersey Board, urged thereto by Mr. John Brancker, its chairman, and appreciating the fact that other ports, such, for instance, as Southampton, afforded certain advantages for speedier transfer than Liverpool gave, to have the landing stage directly connected with railway communication. A station, light, bright and commodious, has been built between the stage and Princess Dock, to be used as a Union Station by any or all of the railway lines, of which there are at least half-a-dozen running into Liverpool. At present, the London and North-Western Railway Company, a line which appears more closely identified with the city than any other, alone makes use of it, despatching special steamboat trains, making "close connections" with the liners of both the Cunard and White Star Companies at the landing stage. To this veritable gate of the ocean has been given the name of "Riverside Station." The first regular train entered the station on June 12th, its American-bound passengers finding themselves practically alongside of the steamer on which they were to embark—on this occasion, the *Germanic*. This very marked improvement, to which the writer begs to call particular attention, resulting, as it does, in a great saving both of time and temper, will be thoroughly appreciated by Atlantic passengers. The claim now appears to be made good that travellers coming from New York by the Liverpool route can reach London at least seven or eight hours sooner than by any other. Of course, something depends on the time occupied in passing baggage through the customs. But surely even this might be done away with. Why should there not be two or three officers of the British customs stationed at New York, whose duty it should be to examine and pass baggage going by steamer clear through to the United Kingdom? At present, customs officers of the United States are stationed at Toronto and other points in Canada, who examine and pass baggage going from Canada into the United States, so that the passenger has no delay on the frontier. Needless to say, this is a great convenience. Could not some similar interchange of international courtesies be arranged in regard to the steamboat lines. I think the Canadian railway companies make provision for these American customs' officials in the matter of offices, the American Government paying their salaries.

"CAMPANIA."

Georges Dock is the end of the series forming the southern chain; Princes Dock begins the northern, which comprises some forty wet docks, graving docks, etc. These docks vary very much in size, but the largest and deepest on the Liverpool side are to be found in this system. Of these, the most considerable is the Alexandra Dock, where several of the "biggest things afloat" can be seen any day of the year. The Alexandra Dock has been generally commended as an excellent type of dock. It was designed to accommodate the largest class of steamers, and has, therefore, special features to meet their requirements. Its length from the entrances to its northern extremity is 1,600 feet, the west wall being of that length without break; the width of the body of the dock is 500 feet. On the eastern side are arranged three large docks, 1,430 feet, 1,380 feet, and 1,200 feet in length, respectively, each 300 feet wide. Its walls are of red sandstone masonry, combined with concrete of massive character, coped with irregularly bedded granite; its total water area is 44 acres, with quayage amounting to 11,814 feet. Opening out of this dock is the Hornby, the most northerly dock on the Mersey, designed and constructed more particularly for the timber trade, and for which quays of special dimensions are provided. Most of the timber which reaches Liverpool, comes from Canada. The west quay is largely frequented by steamships with ordinary cargo, chiefly cotton. And here, it might be remarked, that of all the cargoes which arrive at Liverpool, cotton is, and has been long, the king. The imports of raw cotton in 1893, were 11,680,535 cwts. (112 lbs. = 1 cwt.); or eleven-twelfths of the entire imports of the United Kingdom. At the same time, it may be noted that of the total exports in 1893 of manufactured cotton goods, the value of those which left Liverpool was 187 millions of dollars, a hundred millions more than the value of cotton goods sent from all the rest of Great Britain. On the southern side of the Alexandra Dock is the Langton, which, with its branch, is some 20 acres in extent; and opening out from the east quay of this dock are large graving docks with chambers 950 feet in length, subdivided about midway by piers and gates, by which means the inner chambers may be used as "long time," and the outer as "short time" docks. The entrance into these three docks is called the Canada Basin; on the opposite side are the Canada Docks with extensive timber yards, and the Huskisson Dock, which, with its two branches, comes next in size to the Alexandra Dock, having an area of some 30 acres. Adjacent to it are the Sandon graving docks, and a new one of 810 feet in length is shortly to be added to them. At this point, a large dock is in course of construction. In the trade of the port, both wheat and corn (maize), play a very important part, and there are large granaries at the Waterloo and Birkenhead docks. A new granary—more on the plan of the American elevator—is to be constructed at the Alexandra Dock, which, when finished, will have a capacity of 120,000 tons. The total amount of grain of all kinds received by Liverpool in 1893, was about 200 million tons. The docks on the Cheshire side of the Mersey run some distance in a bent line inland, and therefore do not present the same imposing appearance as those on the Lancashire side. They were originally begun in opposition to the Liverpool docks, but as their promoters were not able to carry out their intentions, they eventually became part of the Liverpool system under the one management of the Mersey Dock Board. Some thirty millions of dollars have been spent on them, but it is understood that the returns barely pay working expenses. The large size of the two chief docks has already been commented on in contrasting them with the size of the London docks. On this—generally known as the Birkenhead—side of the river, all the cattle which come into the Mersey are landed and slaughtered. In 1893, nearly one-half of all the cattle imported into Britain, (340,000), entered the port of Liverpool. This enormous trade has been developed from small beginnings, the first consignment, which came from Canada in September, 1874, consisting

RIVER-SIDE STATION.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF "RIVER-SIDE STATION."

of 273 cattle, and the whole number for the first season being only 455. The animals are landed at the cattle stages at Woodside and Wallasey, and proceed to the "lairage" a few yards away. These lairages (a local word, presumably derived from *lair*) are large buildings consisting, in some cases, of several stories, where the cattle remain for a short time, when they are killed, the carcases being chilled either by the air expansion or the ammonia process. Considering the large numbers of animals handled, the two lairages kill on an average 6,600 head of cattle a week during the season—the most striking feature of these establishments is, the comparative sweetness and cleanness which obtain in all departments. The cattle come from the United States (Omaha is regarded as sending the best); from Canada, and from the River Plate. The "North Americans" are preferred to the "South Americans." These lairages cost nearly four million dollars.

Having now taken a rapid survey of these wonderful docks—necessarily leaving out a good many interesting points—something should be said, in conclusion, about their administration, and also, more particularly, about that which is now the chief object of concern to the Board, the deepening of the bar at the entrance to the river. The administration of these vast enterprises is in the hands of the "Mersey Docks and Harbor Board," and its staff of engineers, surveyors, traffic managers, dock and harbor masters, etc. This Board consists of twenty-eight members, four appointed by the Imperial Board of Trade, and the remainder by the dock rate payers—all of whom give their services gratuitously. They are elected by all parties who pay £10 per annum of dock rates, and the constituency from which they are drawn is not confined to Liverpool but extends to all persons paying such rates residing in the United Kingdom. Their term of office is four years, seven members retiring in rotation each year. Politics, whether Imperial or local, have absolutely no say in the management of the Estate. There is a general manager, who is also secretary, and everything is subject to his direction under the Board. The Board meets very frequently, and as its doings are regularly reported in the local newspapers it is in constant touch with the life of the place. Liverpool, however, as a city, does not receive "town dues" from the shipping, its rights in that matter having been extinguished by the payment of seven millions and a half of dollars from the Dock Trust in 1858. As for the success of the management, it may be said, briefly, that it pays; the bonds of the Trustees, familiarly known as "Dock Bonds," are an excellent investment; indeed, a few weeks ago, a material reduction, amounting to a quarter of a million dollars per annum, was made in the rates levied on certain classes of vessels and goods—a very sufficient proof of the soundness of its financial position. Of course, Liverpool has its own difficulties; it has to compete with other ports for the trade of the world, as, for instance, the new port of Manchester, which, however, is building up a trade for itself, without apparently affecting Liverpool; but its main difficulty, and a big one, was for many years the bar at the entrance of the channel of the Mersey.

There is a magnificent channel from the docks to the bar; but, as lately as 1890, before dredging operations were begun for lowering the bar, there was only ten feet of water at the times of low water of the lowest tides on the bar. To use an engineering term, the bar was practically the "sill" of the whole Mersey Estate; and for several hours, twice in each twenty-four, during low water, large vessels could not get across it. As was pointed out by Sir James Douglas, "Anything more deplorable for the interests of the port, and the shipping trading to it, could scarcely be conceived than the fact that several large steamers and sailing ships approaching the bar of Liverpool during stormy weather, might have to dodge about in the most dangerous way, in close proximity to each other for two or three hours for water to get over the bar." Another prominent engineer described the bar as "the sticking point of the port;" and, of course, on such an important subject, much was said, and various remedies were suggested—doctors differing as usual. However, the Board, considering that some success had attended dredging operations in New York, decided to try what this course would do in regard to the Mersey bar. And while finality cannot perhaps be claimed for what has been done, a great deal has been very successfully accomplished. The problem, simply stated, was this:—The range of the tide at the bar being very large, namely, as much as 31 feet in spring tides, and the minimum depth at low water of spring tides being 10 feet, to admit of vessels of a draught of say 30 feet (the *Campania* had a draught of 29½ feet when she went out of port the other day), leaving and entering under all conditions of the tide, how to lower the bar by at least 20 feet? Two dredges were fitted up and got to work, with the encouraging result that by June of 1893 the minimum depth along the line of dredging was 18 feet 3 inches, under the same condition of tide. It was then determined to construct a very powerful dredger, and to proceed with the lowering of the bar on a larger scale. This vessel, called the *Brancker* in compliment to the chairman of the Board, is almost as big as an Atlantic liner, and is technically described as a "hopper-dredger, designed with a view of lifting sand at the rate of 4,000 tons per hour. Its hoppers (tanks) have a capacity of 3,000 tons of wet sand, and it is fitted up with twin-screw engines, capable of propelling it at the speed of 10 knots per hour when loaded." Two powerful centrifugal pumps, having 36-inch suction, and delivery pipes, draw the sand and water through a main pipe 45 inches in diameter, and deliver it into eight tanks, arranged in fours along each side of the vessel; the tanks are filled in less than an hour; the ship then proceeds to the dumping ground some distance away, and discharges. This experiment, which may justly be described as a gigantic one, has been so far successful that at the time of this writing the depth of water along the most favorable line of dredging is about 24 feet. Another large dredger, similar to the *Brancker*, is now being built, so that complete success would seem to be only a matter of time. What has already been done, however, practically allows large-draught vessels to get to Liverpool at almost any time. As the two shore lines, which converge at the mouth of the Mersey, are almost at right angles, and the intervening space, known as Liverpool Bay, is pretty well filled up with shifting sands, it is impossible to say absolutely that the "sticking point" has been got over, but it certainly looks like it.

I scarcely think that what Liverpool can show in interest and instructiveness is properly appreciated. These long lines of docks, these forests of masts rising out of them, outlined against these streets of towering warehouses, with the buildings of the city climbing up the slopes, rising yet higher still—what an impressive, what an almost magical sight it is! At any rate I shall not easily forget it as I saw it from the opposite shore one lovely June evening lately. The *Lucania* had come up the river, her huge bulk dwarfing all lesser craft, and was lying at the landing stage, her red and black funnels showing distinctly against a hazily darkening background, while other vessels were grouped near her. The *Britannia*, here temporarily for the races, had moved up the stream, and seemed to hang in the dimming distance like some great white-winged bird; the smaller yachts being dotted here and there upon the water. The sun set in cloud and flame in the west, far across the waste of sand and sea touching

"VIEW OF DOCKS FROM "CANADA TOWER."

with unimaginable splendour masts and spars and all the shadowy tracery of the great city; while one star, solitary, serene, sailed into the silent air.

I desire to acknowledge very gratefully the assistance I have received in the preparation of this article from Mr. Miles Kirk Burton, the general manager and secretary, from the Messrs. Lyster, engineers-in-chief, and from other gentlemen connected with the "Mersey Docks and Harbor Estate."

CONTRAST.

To the west the Rockies shine
In a white majestic line,
And their peaks, by sunlight caught
Will not to-day reflect a thought
of change.

Countless centuries have gone by
Since earthquakes heaved those crests on high,
Their pathless forests, canyons deep,
Naught has disturbed them in their sleep
of ages.

Shadows now begin to creep
O'er rocky pinnacle and steep,
Far in the range, o'er fields of snow
And ice, that sparkles with the glow
of sunlight.

Now heavy clouds are seen to drift
And cover precipice and rift
Through darkness, spreading like a scroll,
Shine lightnings,—followed by the roll
of thunder.

Great whirlwinds toss the snow on high,
And rain and sleet obscure the sky,
Dense banks of cloud, roll down like smoke,
The scene is clouded by the cloak
of tempest.

But to the east how changed the scene,
The rolling plains are bright and green,
A gentle breeze just stirs the grass
Soft clouds are heralds, as they pass,
of sunshine.

What contrast! This on which we gaze.
Like youth, and manhood's sterner days,
The one all light, and love, and ease,
The other, tossed on stormy seas
of trouble.

C. E. DENNY.

Fort Macleod, Alberta.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

BY WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS.

"YES, Jack, it is a sad Christmas; but to me the saddest part has yet to come."

The speaker was Ida Graydon, and her words were addressed to Jack Dresden, the young man walking by her side, and upon whose arm she was leaning.

It was Christmas Eve. The scene was near the town of G——, on the shore of Lake Ontario. The night was clear and frosty. The young couple were walking down an avenue, flanked on either side by Canadian pines, which led to the lake whose waters, a few hundred yards distant, could be seen glistening in the moonlight. The house they had left behind was an old-fashioned brick structure. It possessed none of the characteristics peculiar to latter day style of architecture, but it was comfortable, and apparently destined to outlive many other buildings of later style and construction.

Ruskin says that "all good architecture is the expression of national life and character," and the Graydon dwelling expressed the life and character of its owner and builder. It was plain and honest, and devoid of all attempts to make it appear something it was not.

The clock in the neighboring town-hall had struck the hour of nine a few minutes before Ida Graydon and Jack Dresden stepped out into the moonlight, but the lights in the Graydon home were few and subdued in contrast to the bright and well-lit windows that could be seen in other dwellings. The fact was, Death had that morning entered the Graydon homestead, and carried away old Col. Graydon, Ida's father.

As Ida Graydon uttered the words contained in the opening paragraph, she withdrew her hand from her companion's arm, and burying her face in her hands, gasped:

"Oh, why was I born: God help me to do my duty."

Alarmed, Jack tenderly placing his arm around the girl's form, escorted her to a stump that stood near the entrance to the orchard, while her old companion in many a romp through the fields and woods, a powerful mastiff, trotted up and, laying its head in her lap, looked enquiringly into her face.

"My darling, what is the matter?" pleaded Jack, as he bent enquiringly over her. "Are you not well. The excitement has been too much for you. Come, let me escort you back to the house again."

"No, Jack, I am all right now," replied Ida, as she resolutely arose from her seat, quickly dashing a tear from her cheek as she did so. Then, as she bent her head forward and convulsively picked the corner of her handkerchief, added in subdued tones; "Before we return to the house I have something to say to you. It was for this reason I asked you to take me for a walk. Come Bruno," she added, as she caught the faithful mastiff by the collar and stepped forward towards the lake. Jack immediately followed, and clasping her disengaged hand placed it on his arm.

In a few minutes the high bank overlooking the lake was reached. Not a word had been spoken in the meantime. The moon was peeping over the edge of a bank of fleecy wintry clouds that floated lazily above the lake, while the snow glistened and sparkled as if vieing with the few remaining stars overhead, whose glory the brightness of the moon had not obscured. Touched lightly by the gentle breezes, the music of the few straggling pines was low and fitful. The waves surged lightly against the icebound shore in low, hollow, monotones, while ever and anon a piece of ice, becoming detached, would fall with a dull splash into the water. But none of these things were seen or heard by either Jack or Ida. In the mind of the one forebodings were being conjured up to the exclusion of everything else, while the sorrow that beclouded the mind of the other shut out the grandeur of the night's scene.

On reaching the edge of the bank, Ida led the way to a bower which stood at the head of a rustic flight of steps that led to the beach below.

The girl removed her hand from her companion's arm, released her hold upon the mastiff's collar, and entered the bower. Turning on the threshold towards her companion, she nervously clutched either side of the door frame. Sadness and determination were depicted upon her pale face as the light of the moon fell upon it.

For some moments she stood there motionless, while Jack gazed lovingly upon her, wondering what all this mystery meant, but not venturing to speak; and as she stood there in the moonlight, with her eyes diffused with tears, she looked well worthy of any man's love and admiration.

In height she was slightly above the medium. Her figure encased in a tight-fitting jacket, was well-rounded and comely. Her features were of the Grecian type; and although she was not what most people might call handsome, yet she posessed a face that it required no stretch of the imagination to call beautiful. Besides being blessed with moderately well-chiselled features, Ida's life was not wrapped up within herself. She was concerned in the well-being of others. She was rich in good deeds. And the beauty of her inner life shone through her dark blue eyes and moulded the expression of her countenance, making her face lovely, if not what critics would call handsome.

A half-suppressed sigh from Jack Dresden, caused Ida to turn her eyes upon him; and as she noticed his sad and bewildered face, she stretched out a hand and laid it lovingly on his shoulder, gasping out at the same time:

"Oh, to think I've got to give you up. But I must."

Then her head fell upon his shoulder, and she gave vent to a flood of tears.

Tenderly Jack pressed the weeping girl to his breast. For some moments neither spoke a word. Jack was the first to break the silence.

"Give you up, my darling," he said. "Never."

"But you—" sobbed Ida.

"But, nothing," interrupted Jack. "You love me. I know you do. Your very actions to-night tell me so, if nothing else ever did. Ida, it was three years ago that I first saw you. I was then a careless, rollicking medical student, cultivating habits that did not tend to benefit me either morally or physically. Your brother Henry knew it. We had rooms in the same house in Toronto, and he had ample opportunity for knowing. Although I was a medical student and he a divinity student, we had formed an attachment for each other; and learning I had no particular friends with whom I purposed spending my Christmas holidays, he persuaded me to spend them with him here. I accepted, as you know. Every day I saw you hopes and aspirations were raised in my breast that were new to me. When I went back to college I studied as I had never studied before, with the result that I passed my final at the head of my class. The following Christmas I again spent with your family. That was two years ago. With Dr. before my name, and a better ambition in my life, I determined to seek what I had dared not before—your hand.

You know with what result. Here in the shelter of this bower you promised to be my wife. When, a few weeks later, I left for Great Britain to walk the hospitals there, it was not merely for the purpose of perfecting myself as a medical man, but that in doing so I might be all the more worthy of being your husband. And now, after an absence of nearly two years, when I come back to claim my prize, you tell me I must give you up. Never! Never, as long as you love me!"

Now, more composed, Ida Grayson resolutely raised her head until her eyes met those of her lover. There was determination and emphasis in her words, as gently laying her hand upon his arm she said:

"All that you have said is true. I do love you. No one is there on earth that I love like you. When you wrote and told me you were coming home, I counted the weeks, the days, yes, and the hours that would elapse before I should see you. But Jack, I cannot be your wife. It is impossible. The circumstances of the last few hours have made it so."

"The circumstances of the last few hours have made it so?" repeated Jack. "What do you mean? Have I done anything? Have I said anything? Tell me quickly why you cannot marry me. I am sure that no real obstacle stands in the way of our union."

"It is a real obstacle," quietly interrupted Ida. "Jack, my father died a lu—. He was not in his right mind when he died," she sobbed, burying her face in her hands, stepping backward at the same time.

"I know how terribly you must feel your father's death," said Jack sympathetically, as he advanced and placed an arm tenderly around her waist. "When I stepped off the train an hour ago I was shocked to hear from the servant of your father's death. I shall never forget his kind-hearted, fatherly manner toward me on the two occasions I visited here. I asked the servant the cause of your father's death, but he was unable to inform me. Your brother is in the town making preparations for the funeral, and had not returned when we left the house. But supposing your father was not in his right mind when he died, that is no valid reason why you and I should not walk life's pathway together. So now, dear, say no more about it. I thought it was some foolish fancy. Come, let us return to the house."

And suiting the action to the words. Jack took Ida by the arm as if to lead her towards the dwelling, whose dimly-lighted windows could be discerned through the leafless trees.

"But Jack," ejaculated Ida, as she resolutely stood still, "It is no idle fancy. It is a reality. I cannot marry you. It would be an easier task to lay down my life than to tell you this, but the path of duty lies clear before me. I must follow it if I be true to my God, true to you, true to humanity."

As she concluded, Ida's frame shook with the struggle that was going on within her breast. As she motioned as if to retrace her steps to the house, Jack gently placed his hand on her shoulder and arrested her movements.

"Ida," he pleaded, "you mystify me all the more by what you have just said. I may be blinded by love. But, oh, Ida, I cannot for the life of me see why the path of duty should lead you away from me. After the promises you made me two years ago, it seems to me that your path of duty lies rather toward me than from me. And then, what has humanity to do with the matter? No, Ida," he added as he took her by the arm and led her towards the house. "I cannot, I will not release you from your promise; I would be a very foolish boy indeed, if I did. Why my darling," he added lightly, "you have not even, as the lawyers say, made out a *prima facie* case. I'm the judge and jury both in this case, and the charge of the judge and the finding of the jury is that you must stand by your original promise and take this man, Jack Dresden, unworthy though he be, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, till death us do part. Now, say no more, dear. But, if you must talk the matter out, leave it till to-morrow. You are tired and nervous now. After a good night's rest, you will be all right and will view the matter in a different light."

"Oh, Jack, I only wish there were such possibilities," interposed Ida, as she meditatively patted the faithful Bruno on the head, "but there are not. A solemn vow prevents it."

"A solemn vow!" repeated Jack, in a surprised tone.

"Yes, a solemn vow," replied Ida sorrowfully. As I have already intimated, my father was insane when he died. The malady was not of recent development. It began to make its appearance shortly after you left us two years ago. At first he only had momentary spells of insanity, but gradually they lengthened until about six months before his death, he did not seem to have a lucid moment. His younger brother died in the same way. So did his father before him. After my father had breathed his last, Henry requested all but me to leave the chamber of death. When we were left alone, he took my hand and led me to father's bedside. For some moments we stood silently gazing upon the lifeless features before us. Henry was the first to speak. He referred to the cause of father's death and its hereditary character. He said that it was our duty to see that the course of the disease was stopped. We were, he pointed out, the only members of the family left, and it lay within our power to do so.

"Ida," he said, as he looked at me with a face so sad and pained, "we must not marry. More than a year ago, and just before I became rector of our dear old church here, I saw plainly in what direction my duty lay, and decided to follow it, hard as it was for me to do so, for I had an object of love, upon the winning of which I had set my hopes. Will you, here with me, Ida, in the presence of our dear dead, vow never to marry? If the immortal of our dear father is in this room and could speak, I am sure it would approve of such a course."

"I pleaded that I could not, as already I was engaged to you; and that in any event, I ought first to consult you, particularly as in a few hours you would be with us."

"Without replying, Henry drew me toward a couch, upon which we sat. And Jack, while we talked, I began to see the matter in the light he did. Don't think unkindly of me, Jack," pleaded Ida, as she turned toward her companion, "but before we left the room, we had both taken a solemn vow never to marry. My conscience tells me I did right; and though my heart is nearly broken with the double grief that has fallen upon me to-day, the consciousness that I have done right gives me strength. It is not always easy to follow the path of duty, but, oh, Jack, he who walks in it will sooner or later be sure to get his reward. Will you try to remember this Jack?" added Ida, as she gently laid her hand upon his arm.

Poor Jack felt like a sailor with the vessel under his feet breaking up and no hope of rescue in sight, but still trying to make himself believe there was hope.

In the meantime, Ida and Jack had continued their walk toward the house and were standing in the doorway when the latter said:

"Ida, I want to do my duty; I want to do what is right. But in what direction my duty lies is not yet clear to me. With my little experience as a medical man, I know too well the evil that hereditary diseases have wrought upon humanity. But until I have had a talk with your brother, I am not going to give up hope of some day making you my wife. Oh, Ida, love may be blind, but if I were sole judge in the matter, I know what my ruling would be."

Dresden, on entering the house, immediately enquired for Henry Graydon and being informed he was in his study, repaired there. He found the door closed, but on knocking, was invited to enter. Henry with his hands thrust deep down into his trousers pockets, was slowly pacing the floor when his visitor entered. He was a man about 30 years of age, medium height, and rather sparely built. His features and complexion were of the Celtic rather than the Grecian type. His thin, firmly-set lips denoted decision; and his ample lower jaw, determination. His eyes, to-night dull and heavy with care, were ordinarily bright and kindly.

"Jack, old boy, I'm glad to see you," he said, as he held out a hand to his friend as he crossed the threshold, "but I'm afraid it will be anything but a merry Christmas for you here, just now. I did think of telegraphing to ask you to defer your visit for a few days, until, at least, after the funeral, but on second thought I deemed it best not to do so."

"It does indeed promise to be anything but a merry Christmas," interposed Jack, sadly, "for me especially."

This is just like the average man or woman. Without stopping to fathom the depths of their neighbor's sorrows or pains, each imagines his or her sorrows or pains to be the deeper.

"And why especially for you?" ventured Henry Graydon.

"Because while you have lost a father, who at the best could have but lived a few days longer, I have lost a wife," replied Jack with a slight tinge of irritation.

"A wife!" ejaculated his friend, "what do you—— O, I understand, old fellow," he said sadly. "You have seen Ida, and she has told you all. My dear old friend, God knows how sorry I am for you both. There is no man in the world I would as much like Ida to marry as you. I decided to remain single all my life, when I saw the terrible malady creeping upon him. To Ida, I thought I would say nothing; I did not want to interfere with her happiness. And when the qualms of conscious did smite me, I tried to console them with the argument that by allowing her to marry, a home and protector would be ensured in the event of my being called away before her. But the nearer my father got to his end, the firmer became I convinced that she as well as I, ought to remain single. When the end came, the path of duty lay plainly before me. You know the rest."

"I believe what you did was done conscientiously," said Dresden, as he leaned back in the chair, into which he had been motioned on entering the study, "but how can you qualify your action? It is not necessary for me to tell you that hereditary diseases do not always follow generation after generation in quick succession.'

"True," rejoined Henry, "but there is no certainty that my dear sister and I are to be exempt from my father's fate. His father was a victim to it. And then, granting that this generation might escape, what guarantee have I that the next would? None. You know, even better than I do, what untold pain and misery, yes, and sin too, there is in the world because men and women, concerned only in their own comfort and happiness, have refused to sacrifice themselves for the good of future generations. Do you know, sometimes I wonder whether the governments of civilized countries are not derelict in their duty in not enacting laws that would tend to put a stop to this indiscriminate union of persons tainted with hereditary diseases, mental and physical."

Although Dresden reluctantly acknowledged the logic of Graydon's arguments, the two friends talked far into the night. As a medical man, Dresden was particular to ascertain the symptoms and character of Col. Graydon's malady. From what he could learn, he came to the conclusion that this malady was what in medical science is termed "sympathetic insanity." Insanity caused, not by any disease of the brain itself, but by the influence of a diseased organism, which, seemingly at least, has no biological relation with the brain. His was no mere venture, for while in London he had given a good deal of attention to the study of insanity. Next day, after he had had an interview with the old physician who had attended Col. Graydon and his father before him, he had no doubt about the soundness of his conclusions.

The day following Christmas, all that was mortal of the late Col. Graydon was laid away in the family burial plot, situated beneath a group of pine trees in a remote corner of the estate.

Within a few hours afterwards, Dr. Dresden was on the train speeding away towards Toronto. He had not seen Ida since they had separated on the fatal night, two days before. The poor girl, exhausted by the trying ordeals through which she had passed, had kept her room ever since, except when, escorted by her brother, she had stepped into the room where her father's remains lay, to take a farewell look at his dead face. Jack had endeavored to see her again, but through her brother she had informed him that it was better for both that they should not meet, at present at any rate. When this final answer came it was shortly before the hour of his departure. However, he immediately sat down and wrote her a brief note in which he pleaded with her not to grieve on his account. In the study of his profession he would try in part to make up for the great loss he had sustained. And to this he signed himself, "yours, till death us do part." Now, as he sped along in the train, Dresden held between his fingers a note in reply, which had been handed to him as he stepped on board the train. He had just perused it, and was gazing thoughtfully out of the car window. In the note Ida briefly outlined the plans she and her brother had made for the future. They would sell the old homestead and remove to Toronto, where they would devote whatever of life was allotted them in trying to be of service to their fellow beings.

"Yes," murmured Dresden, as he slowly folded the note, "and the primary object of my life shall be the alleviation of the pain and misery of others."

Before the train had reached Toronto, Dr. Dresden had mapped out his plans for the future. He would return to Europe, and there in the different centres of population devote himself specially to the study of insanity. When, a few weeks later, he stood on the deck of the steamer that was to carry him across the Atlantic, Rev. Henry Graydon was on the dock in New York to wish him God speed.

* * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed since the events above recorded had taken place. A train was speeding along the St. Gotthard route towards Italy. As it climbed the hillsides and shot across gorges and streams the passengers could ever and anon catch glimpses of the distant snow-capped hills glistening in the sun, or drink in the pastoral scenes that ran parallel to the roadway. Seated in one of the railway carriages was a well-developed man, evidently bordering upon middle life. As far as could be judged from his sitting posture he was apparently slightly above the average run of men in height. His face bore a thoughtful, careworn expression, and time was beginning to plough light furrows near the corners of his eyes. His bearded chin was resting in the open palm of his hand, and, although he was gazing out of the window it was only when some piece of scenery evoked bursts of admiration from the passengers that he turned his eyes toward the object of interest, to, but a moment later, again lapse into that vacant stare denoting wandering thoughts.

The passenger was Dr. Dresden. Since we had seen him last he had applied himself with all his energies to the task which he had ten years before devoted himself, namely, to the study of insanity. The hospitals, the medical schools, and the insane asylums in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna were visited and searched in his quest for knowledge upon this subject. And now his reputation as a specialist in the treatment of mental diseases was continental. His headquarters were in Paris.

Dr. Dresden had not seen the Graydons since the day he bade his friend Henry good-bye at the steamship wharf ten years before. He, however, kept up a correspondence with Henry, and was thus apprised of the movements of the brother and sister from time to time. Only a few days before he had received a letter announcing that they were preparing to leave India where they had been laboring in the mission fields for more than five years, and contemplated spending a short time in Europe. "Dear old friend," wrote Henry, "I am sorry to say that Ida's health is failing, and I am afraid that the old malady that carried off my poor father has marked her. I live in hopes that by bringing her to Europe where she may have rest and good medical attendance, the worst may be averted."

It was this letter, and the information it brought which occupied Dr. Dresden's thoughts so fully at the moment. He was on his way to Rome, where he had been summoned to consult with local physicians over the mental condition of one of the members of the royal household.

The train which was carrying him thither had just crossed the bridge which overlooks the village nestling in the valley beneath, not far from the entrance to the famous St. Gotthard tunnel, when all at once a terrible jolting was experienced. Then there was a sudden stop; and all was commotion in a moment. Women screamed and prayed in the same breath. Weeping and affrighted children ran hither and thither in the small compartments into which the railway carriage was divided. Men devoted themselves to either effecting their own escape or attempting to pacify the frightened women and children.

Dr. Dresden, grasping his medical case, burst open the carriage door and jumped out. The sight that met his gaze was terrible. The engine and two of the railway carriages had rolled down the embankment, and were mixed up with the trees and rocks a score of feet below. Passengers, many of them wounded and bleeding, were struggling through the windows and doorways, or being assisted out by those who had preceded them.

As Dr. Dresden came upon the scene he noticed a man with one arm hanging helplessly by his side making heroic efforts to remove an unconscious woman from the wreck. In a moment Dresden was lending a helping hand. By removing a few timbers that were pinning the woman down, they were enabled to remove her. Picking her up in his arms, Dresden carried the listless form to a plot of grass shaded by an overhanging tree, where he gently laid her down. He was just in the act of feeling the woman's pulse, when, glancing towards her face,he suddenly let fall the wrist he held in his hand, looked closer into her features, and then jumping to his feet exclaimed: "My God, it's Ida. And—and—you are Henry," he added, as he turned to the man whom he had assisted in removing the woman from the wreck.

In the meantime the villagers were flocking around the scene of the accident. Dr. Dresden enlisted the services of a couple of sturdy men from among them, and in a few minutes the unconscious woman was lying on a bed in one of the dwellings in the valley below. An examination revealed a bad cut in her head and a broken arm, but the vital spark had not fled. Restoratives were applied; but to Dr. Dresden it seemed hours before they began to assert themselves. When Ida's eyes did open they wore an expression that sent a thrill of horror rather than of pleasure through Dr. Dresden's frame. With his long experience he knew too well what that expression denoted. Rev. Henry Graydon, in spite of his badly sprained arm and shock which he had received in the accident, had stood by refusing to have his own injuries attended to while the attempt was being made to restore his sister to consciousness, saw the expression which swept across his friend's face, and, divining its import, exclaimed in tones low and tremulous:

"Yes, Jack, it is only too true. A few days after I had posted my last letter to you I saw her health was failing so fast that I determined we should leave India immediately; and a week later we were on our journey. Her condition gradually grew worse, and by the time our steamer reached Southampton her mind was completely gone. I resolved, however, to carry out our original intention and go to one of the sanitariums in Italy. We accordingly crossed the channel to Calais, and took train for Paris, my desire being to see you before we continued our journey, to obtain your advice as to the advisability of doing so. On reaching your office in Paris, I was told you had left a few hours before for Rome, but was further informed you were stopping over for a short time at one of the towns on the route to see a patient. In continuing your journey, you, providentially for us, took our train."

In the meantime attendants had brought bandages, etc., and soon Ida's fractured limb was set and her wounds dressed, while the patient under an opiate was sleeping nicely.

The following day the two friends were seated in a window overlooking the narrow, shallow stream as it tumbled along on its way from the mountains. Dr. Dresden had just made a more minute examination of Ida's condition than it was possible for him to do the day before, and he was now making a report to her brother. He found that owing to the inroads which the disease had made upon her constitution, there was little possibility of her recovering from the effects of the accident. She might, however, live for several weeks. All this he confided to his friend.

"Poor girl," sighed Graydon. "But perhaps it is best after all that it should be so."

Although Ida's physical condition seemed likely to baffle his skill, Dr. Dresden's hope of restoring her mental faculties were not so dim.

"There is no disease of the brain," he argued with himself. By removing the cause the mind may be restored. And if the worst does happen, it will be a source of some satisfaction to know that she died a sane woman.

A little more than three weeks had passed since the accident, and Rev. Henry Graydon, with an arm still in a sling, was seated reading in his sister's room, when suddenly he was aroused from his book by Ida calling, although in tones little above a whisper:

"Henry, is that you? Where are we? What is the meaning of all this?"

Scarcely believing his ears, Graydon jumped to his feet, and turned towards the pale face of his sister. Although illness was still depicted there, to his great delight was also returned reason.

"Thank God!" he murmured. And in a few words he told all that had happened.

Dr. Dresden, coming in at the moment, also murmured thanks to Providence, while tears welled up in his eyes. Stepping to the bedside, he pressed his lips to the thin white hand that lay on the coverlet, quietly whispering, "My love," while a look of recognition and a flush of pleasure followed each other over Ida's face. Dr. Dresden forbade further conversation for the time being.

Graydon was delighted at the turn his sister's condition had taken, and spoke hopefully of her ultimate recovery. But Dr. Dresden was not so confident.

"I had better, perhaps, tell you," he said, sorrowfully, to him one day, "but I fear Ida cannot last much longer. Her mental condition has improved wonderfully well, but I am sorry I cannot say the same with regard to her bodily strength. In fact, during the last couple of days she has become weaker rather than stronger."

One evening, a week later, Dr. Dresden's fears were realized. The rays of the departing sun were just touching into crimson the snow-clad mountain tops, and the two friends were standing one on either side of Ida's bed. Suddenly she raised her hand towards either of them, while she whispered:

"Henry, I'm going home. Do not grieve for me. And you, my poor Jack, how you have suffered," she continued with an effort, and she turned her eyes towards her old lover, "But it was the path of duty. Good-bye. Kiss me, Jack. Kiss me, Henry."

As the two friends complied, her head gently fell over on the pillow, and Ida was sleeping her last sleep.

As Henry Graydon took his friend's arm to lead him from the chamber of death, Dresden stooped and pressed his lips to the forehead of the departed love, while he quietly murmured:

"Mine indeed till death."

All that was mortal of Ida Graydon was laid away in a quiet corner of a Lucerne churchyard. And then Dr. Dresden and Rev. Henry Graydon went back to Paris, the latter a few months later to return to his work in the mission fields of India, where not long after, in administering to cholera-stricken patients, he contracted the disease and died.

* * * *

Five years had passed since Ida Graydon's death. Around her grave one bright summer's day stood two figures—a man and a woman. They had just been decorating it with flowers.

"Yes," the man might have been heard to say, "there is the last resting-place of the noble woman to whom I owe my manhood, to whom I owe my success in my profession; and to whom I am even indebted for you," he added, as he placed his arm in that of of the woman by his side. "Her wish, expressed to her brother the day before she died, was that I should some day marry. And when, dear, two years ago, I met and won you, it was with the consciousness that I was complying with her expressed wish."

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.L.A.

J. Castell Hopkins' life of Sir John Thompson has attained the honor of a second edition within an unusually brief interval. The fact must be gratifying, not only to the author but to all who love to see a proper interest taken in the career of a worthy public man.

Admiration is not kind when it praises over much. The excellent judgment of Sir John Thompson would have been the last to claim for himself the distinction of greatness. But he is fully entitled to take his place in the rank of statesmen who have borne the responsibilities of a great office faithfully, ably and judiciously.

Sir John Thompson labored in a great cause. The vision he had before him was clear and bright, and followed with a constant and courageous purpose. But the vision was not of his creation, and the purpose was an inheritance from the really originative genius of his predecessor, Sir John Macdonald. He conserved a confederation which another had founded, and advanced the still larger union towards which another had directed his policy long in advance of his times. It is enough to say of any man, that he performed that part which fell to him worthily, with patience and constancy, with broad ability and with virtues which were all his own. Just as he was, Sir John Thompson came in happily as an intermediate link with the past, and his life is all the better suited to become a model for Canadian youth. Genius is rare and little of it is imitable except its faults. Genius itself will take no harm from observing and following the methods of Sir John Thompson. Even his change of religion, while it confessed to a want of insight either in the earlier or the latter state of his convictions, marked him as a man of conscience, having the courage to give logical effect to his conclusions.

There is the best reason to believe that Sir John Thompson entered public life unwillingly, simply obeying the same conscientious motives which impelled the chief acts of his career. Assured that his services were needed in the larger sphere of duty, it was no sufficient reason for refusing that it must be performed in a scene where the surroundings were uncongenial and the methods even repulsive.

To quote his biographer's enthusiastic words, "He was filled with a passionate patriotism, which was neither understood nor properly appreciated by the people during his lifetime, being as it was to a great extent concealed from view by his calm and cold exterior and by the even flow of his logical and unsympathetic oratory. But it was shown in his policy, and occasionally surprised the public in some unusually eloquent and striking phrase. While his death exhibits the man as he really was—unwilling to give up his post even under the physician's warning of a fatal termination, because it might lead to party disorganization and the consequent defeat of the principles he held so dear, and of the policy he considered so necessary to the progress and welfare of the Dominion."

It was the good fortune of Canada, if not of Sir John Thompson, that a lawyer in the large sense of that noble term, was called into Parliament on the very eve of an era of great legal questions. The thoroughly educated analysis such a mind directed to a great number of perplexing, and often passion-stirring, issues, searching out and setting forth the very right of each of them, had an invaluable effect, not only upon their determination in Parliament, but also—what was much more important—in setting them at rest in the minds of the electorate.

Mr. Castell Hopkins, in his somewhat hurriedly written but eloquent biography, falls into a curious mistake in the following passage :

"As a rule, and despite the number of lawyers who play at politics, and the politicians who meddle with law, the qualifications are not often combined in any great degree. A training in law is apt to limit the intellectual horizon and restrict the broad-minded interpretation of precedents, and that freedom of mental action so essential to a man who aspires to true statesmanship. The great English party leaders have never been lawyers, and men like Brougham, Eldon, or Campbell would perhaps have been greater in character and reputation had they adhered to law and not dabbled in politics."

The only great American statesman, Webster, was a lawyer. The chief of Canadian leaders have been lawyers. We have only to recall the list—Baldwin, Lafontaine, Sir John Macdonald, John Sandfield Macdonald and Edward Blake. Alexander Mackenzie, who was not a lawyer, is the truest instance of a really able mind whose intellectual horizon was limited. Had he perceived, as a lawyer like Sir John Macdonald did, that the difference between revenue and restrictive duties under the circumstances of 1878, was a difference of names merely, he would perhaps have acted differently. For the want of the training of a lawyer, he suffered the fate of a doctrinarian.

Another sentence contains a truth which offsets the error in what precedes:

"It is possible that Mr. Thompson's first essay in political life was not in the end successful from a party point of view, because he was inclined to look too much at legislation from a legal standpoint, and think too little of popular sentiment in connection with it."

We have, unfortunately, in this Province particularly, had too much of the advantage of a class of legislators who cannot be accused of looking at the work of law-making from the standpoint of lawyers, nor of thinking or taking too little account of popular sentiment in shaping their views of legislation.

The legal standpoint in reference to law is the standpoint of knowledge and principle. Mr. Castell Hopkins' remarks only explain the chief points in Sir John Thompson's career, that he endeavored to do his duty as a legislator capably, honestly, and well. The spectacle of an honest man is worth an endless procession of successful panderers to popular sentiment.

At the very moment of his accession, a great legal question of state presented itself for Mr. John Thompson's decision as a member of the ministry, and afterwards for his defence from his place in the House.

He accepted the office of Minister of Justice on the 24th of September, 1885, while the fate of Louis Riel was still in the balance. To quote Mr. Castell Hopkins, Sir John Macdonald invited him "to fill an exceedingly difficult post at the moment when a most complicated constitutional issue was darkening the whole national horizon with sectarian and sectional storm clouds." We may judge from his subsequent utterances in the House that his influence contributed to turn the scale in the direction which was supposed, at that time, to be most against his personal sympathies as a Catholic, and which was, most undoubtedly, against the passionate wishes and threatenings of the section hitherto most solid in support of the Government. The course he took was, on the other hand, the only course open to a man who considered nothing but the claims of justice, and the best interests of his country as a whole.

Louis Riel was executed in November, 1885. His blood became as dragon's blood. The peace and future of Canada were for a time in jeopardy. Men who had been deservedly in high esteem for patriotism and ability, stained their high reputations forever by condescending at that critical moment to put party before country and lead in the outcry that promised to overturn the Government of the day. That it did not overturn the Government may perhaps have been owing in no small measure to the clear and powerful judicial exposition of the merits of the question by the new Minister of Justice.

It was, perhaps, no small part of Sir John Thompson's good fortune that his first occasion of addressing the House was so serious and momentous, as to give opportunity for a display of his solid parts. He enjoyed the further advantage of laying his argument before an assembly of which a fair proportion were, themselves, trained lawyers; while even of the other members of that important body of representatives, a majority had been educated under those auspices into a reasonable comprehension of the serious business of making and applying the laws and constitution of their country.

To quote again from Mr. Castell Hopkins: "The stranger who had entered the arena of debate and overthrown the hitherto almost invincible Blake, found himself famous as a constitutional lawyer and powerful speaker."

Two more questions succeeded, each appealing to the same passions. The wave which French fanatics had set in motion upon the Prairies, recoiling broken from the Riel issue, was succeeded by a counter impulse from the West against French and Catholic institutions both in Quebec and in the West itself. Sir John Thompson turned the same impartial, impassive, judicial face towards the agitation raised in Ontario against an interference with the settlement impending in the proper source, of the Jesuits' Estates. Pursuant to his advice, the act confirming the agreement which had been arrived at by all parties in Quebec, was left to its operation, and thus an unending cause of bitterness and irritation was removed from the field of politics. This legal discernment was once more applied to the settlement of the questions raised by Mr. McCarthy for the abolition of the French language in the North-West Territories, (p. 160, 161.)

There was also a touch of Sir John Macdonald's happy foresight in the course suggested to the House by Sir John Thompson on that occasion. He urged "the importance of the laws being published in both languages, where it might be desired in the interest of a minority and the necessity of permissive legislation concerning the use of either language in the local law courts. But that the records, the journals, and the debates of the Assembly should be referred to the control of the next duly elected Territorial Assembly." His amendment carried by a majority vote of 117 to 63, composed, it will be remembered, of the most statesmanlike English as well as French members on both sides. The Hansard reads as follows: "That this House, having regard to the long-continued use of the French language in old Canada, and to the covenants on that subject embodied in the British North America Act, cannot agree in the declarations contained in the said Bill as a basis thereof, namely, that it is expedient in the interest of the national unity of the Dominion, that there should be unity of language amongst the people of Canada. That, on the contrary, this House declares its adhesion to the said covenant, and its determination to resist any attempt to impair the same. That at the same time, this House deems it expedient and proper, and not inconsistent with the covenants, that the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories should receive from the Parliament of Canada, power to regulate the proceedings of the Assembly, and the manner of recording and publishing such proceedings."

Sir John Thompson's essentially judicial mind proved its value. In this class of internal questions, constantly liable to arise in a country whose population is of dual origin, and is nearly balanced in numbers, with religious differences accentuating the line of demarcation, the natural or statutory rights of each section, in the sight of the constitution, are entitled to impartial and equal consideration.

Another part which Sir John Thompson was called to play as a lawyer in the interests of Canada was the care of her constitutional rights, acknowledged and to a great extent defined by the Confederation Act and amending acts. While Sir John, perhaps, veiled under courteous form of language the higher ground which a representative of Canada is entitled to take in regard to the legislative autonomy invested in the Dominion, he exhibited no want of either firmness or acumen in his argument for the Canadian position in the Copyright Act controversy, which he was on the point of concluding at the very moment when his career was so untimely ended. Opinions may differ as to the relative interests of Canadian publishers and Canadian authors, as to the balance of advantage to each under the Berne treaty and the proposed Canadian Copyright law, and finally as to the weight which ought to be given to the claims of the one or the other, when the balance of interest does not stand evenly. The responsibility of disposing of that question of policy had been undertaken by Parliament, and the duty placed on Sir John Thompson was that of supporting the constitutional rights of his parliament, and to determine the merit of their action. His report to Council and his communications with the Secretary of State for the Colonies are highly constitutional arguments, well maintaining the standard of such able predecessors as the Hon. Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald in former leading controversies, all tending in the same direction of the absolute legislative privilege and domain of the Parliament of Canada.

Part of the inheritance into which Sir John Thompson entered was the widening of international relations which have fallen to Canada as a sequence of her geographical extent and position, and of the increasing recognition of her political rights as a factor in the government of the Empire. Sir John Macdonald established the right of Canada to a voice in the settlement of the Washington Territory in matters so nearly touching the items of this portion of Her Majesty's subjects. It is not easy to conceive a higher honor more deservedly achieved or more worthily fulfilled than that which fell to our Canadian Minister of Justice, in sitting, as a member of the great International Court of Justice and Conciliation which disposed of the moral conflict of International law and momentous public interest between our Empire and the great Republic.

In a future edition it is to be hoped Mr. Castell Hopkins will not overlook, as the haste attending the original publication of this life has apparently caused him to do, the very interesting and pregnant intermedial step in that controversy which was due to Sir John Thompson's boldness and ability. I refer to the appeal to the United States Supreme Court in the Sayman case. It, no doubt, had an effect in forcing the hands of the United States Congress, and compelling it to abandon its pettifogging political policy for the nobler resort of a judicial method of settling a controversy of fact and law.

Sir John Thompson was more fortunate in death than in life. Call no man fortunate till he is dead, wrote an ancient sage. The maxim applies in a peculiar and unhappy sense to the career of a Canadian politician. The more pure-minded are his aims as a patriot, the nearer his plans approach to the foreseeing standard of statesmanship, the less are his merits likely to be perceived during his lifetime. A gross and bedimming medium is spread between his acts and intentions and the minds of the people he is endeavoring to serve. An honest man, even when walking in the middle of the road, is exposed to the species of critic that shoots from behind the hedge. However despicable its source, a shot in the back has power to wound. There is too much reason to fear that the detraction and misrepresentation to which Sir John Thompson was subjected had an effect in aggravating and expediting the course of the ailment which prematurely cut short an exceedingly valuable life.

Seldom in history has the palm of final justice been so fully and dramatically bestowed as in the closing scene of the life of Sir John Thompson. Circumstances combined to throw something of tragic glory about his end. To be permitted to spend the last throb of his strength in the conspicuous service of his country was itself a very noble privilege. He expired in the presence of his Sovereign, literally at the foot of the ancient throne, which, under our British Constitution, is the type and invisible ideal not of each nation but of a vast union of nations. The great matters of state which were engaging his attention at that last moment were of a nature uplifted above the accustomed wrangle of local politics. He was not serving a party but the nation. He was helping to set the seal of final success upon the large designs unfolded at the late Colonial Conference at Ottawa. Thus his memory will always be associated with the completion of a movement which promises to claim a place among the notable events in the history of the greatest race of the world. His name is lodged in the hollow of the corner-stone of a mighty and enduring edifice.

FALSE FRIENDS.

"To love and lose by death is not all loss,"
Sang the great bard, who died, and left no peer.
Our lost love may be found—when we shall cross,
One day, Death's threshold through the gates of Fear.

But to have proved the trusted friend untrue,
To see estranged, the one more loved than life;
This wrings a strong heart as naught else can do,
And gives its foes a vantage in the strife.

The noblest hearts must feel that pain of pains,
That pang, no solace ever has allayed;
The Book of Life no crueller tale contains
Than that condensed in the one word—"Betrayed."

—Reginald Gourlay.

SOME OF THE FRUITS OF EDUCATION.

BY DAVID OWEN LEWIS.

It has been stated that man in his primitive condition is a happier and more contented mortal than when surrounded by all the advantages of civilization. In one sense this may be true, but then he only enjoys life as an animal, and when the heyday of youth has passed away, this existence possesses few pleasures. As a proof, let us examine the faces of very old Indians, and where among our own race can we find such living pictures of misery?

Now, to poverty and want may be attributed much of the suffering and unhappiness prevailing in civilized communities, but the Pacific Coast Indians suffer from no lack of sustenance, and Nature supplies their every want. The choice of any fish that swims is theirs, and when the tide is out the table is spread, for shell-fish can be obtained in abundance. Deer are numerous in every part of the country, and berries of all descriptions may be gathered in season.—Therefore it would seem to me that the source of this wretchedness in old age is the want of education, or, more correctly speaking, the development of the moral faculties, for education does not consist in the mere mastery of facts. We are not necessarily good because we possess a knowledge of that which is good, and we may have committed to memory a great portion of the Scriptures and still be very deficient in moral qualities.

Among ourselves no doubt "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but with the Indians from small beginnings we may expect great results. It will probably be another generation before any permanent changes in character and habits may be expected, for now they are merely in what one might term a transition state. In spite of the knowledge that may be instilled into the mind of a child, there is always some inherent clinging to old customs and traditions, and he is tramelled by the superstition and ignorance of his parents.

Indeed there are instances when Indians, after receiving the advantages of education, and the benefits to be obtained by several years' travel among white people, were upon their return contented to relapse into the old mode of living, the wearing of the blanket, and the consumption of oolachan grease and dried salmon.

In order to counteract this home influence, which, as a general rule, has a tendency to retard progress, homes for boys and girls have been in existence in both Metlakahtla and Port Simpson, British Columbia, for several years, and the results must no doubt prove most satisfactory to those who are devoting their lives in that service. Although these girls and boys are taught to read and write English, and indeed succeed in so doing in such a manner as would in some instances put many of our countrymen to shame, still, from the fact that they speak and think in Indian, the results of their efforts at writing letters in English are sometimes most mirth-provoking, and as illustrations the following letters may prove of interest.

It will not be necessary for me to state how I came to be in possession of these letters, and the names are, of course, changed. These names were not, as might be supposed, Indian ones, for in writing and speaking English, a member of the Tsimpsean upper ten invariably assumes an English name; English to them is what French is to the Russians, a kind of *court* language, at least in the following instances it is used for *courting* purposes. John Wesleys, Martin Luthers, and John Bunyans are quite common in that northern country. There is also a Marquis of Lorne and a Duke of Wellington to be found in Port Simpson, and very proud they are of these high-sounding names—(the Indians, I mean.)

"Such living pictures of misery."

The first letter is quite a creditable production, in my opinion, and the writer has hit off the situation pretty correctly, although he became badly fogged over that word "speake," however, "constant endeavor of my life," "and ardor devotion of a first true love," sound like old friends, and would lead one to suspect that this particular individual was a reader of "the agony column," or at least an old hand. We may be wronging him, though.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C.
February 4th, 1893.

MISS ANNIE POTLACH,

DEAR FRIEND—I take this opportunity to give you information about me, and I want commenced to love you this winter, and I met I must love you with all my heart, and I hope you will trust her to me it will be constant endeavor of my life to make her happy so soon. I hoping that you favor with a speake and answer, I am dear friend and that I love you with all ardor devotion of a first true love, and must earnestly do I trust that God will ever bless you forever more,

Must loveing ever,
A. H. Mowich.

The next letter is, or was a species of cryptogram to me, and for a time I almost despaired of ever arriving at its true meaning. It is certainly a most ingeniously devised collection of sentences, so distorted as to form an almost unintelligible maze of words. However the reader can form his own opinion, and read my interpretation afterwards.

My dear tell Mary J. Clams
George White

sent words to me same this words to her George said she wants to know how his heart because his family wants George all them and she says his family wants George all them and she says his family to her she wants George all them and she says his family to her she wants Mary J. Clams send a letter to George White soon as her she can. George she stay to Port Essington with Mary family house and she wants to know what Mary's heart. Please tell her if she send a letter to George White and send it to me and I will send it to him she wants to know what his heart now soon tell true send an answer true heart this is all George sent ten thousand kisses to her from

George White,
Port Essington, Skeena River.

The most marvellous part of it is that with one exception all the words are spelled correctly. However, the following may save the reader some worry.

REVISED VERSION.

George White sends this same information that I am forwarding by this letter. He wishes to know whether you entertain any regard for him. His family wish for all his love, but he tells them you are in possession of his heart, therefore he would like to receive a letter from you on the subject. George is at present staying at the family house of your people in Port Essington, and is very anxious to know whether you love him. If you write send the letter to me, and I will forward it to him. Answer him truly regarding your feelings. That is all. George sends ten thousand kisses.

This was evidently written by a third person, although his name does not appear, who is making love by proxy with a vengeance.

In letter No. 3, this pleading of a loving heart will I am sure appeal to my tender-hearted hearers.

"My dear own true love."

Port Simpson, B.C.

Miss Jane Cockleshell.

My own Dear True * * * True—
Now my Dear

I am very glad because I see you again, because I am not died this summer, and I thank God for that. Now my dear one thing that I am going to tell you about myself, I am in danger now, and I will tell you true My Dear. I denten not so. My Dear Please answer to this letter soon as you can. My Dear you know how meny that I love you. I been love you five years and I could not love you because I know you are the only girl that so kind to me this is the resion I write you this notice about me. if you please, My Dear own true love, cence I love you last spring and I feel so sad every day and night because you are my own true heart My Dear. I want to go down to Tacoma for scool. You dount wants me to go down and I hope My Dear. I will not go down there. I might stay hear because I want to do it what you say to me now. I have new Picture if you want it and send me a notice. My Dear one thing more to ask you, I hearted that you slide backe to John Bunyan. Please My Dear tell me soon. I hearted what the teacher said about me. this is the resion I want to know it. Please My Dear tell me my heart is fu'l warm when I write this letter to you and now I will stay hear 3 or 4 weeke more, then I will go hunt for Bare and I mide stay this wintr so now I close writing with loving and Kingness regarded to you this is all I need asked you so good by or good day. I sent my Best kisses to you Dear.

I am your true love and Kingness,
HARRY CANIM.

What a truthful ring there is about those opening lines! The girl to whom the above letter was penned was engaged to John Bunyan, but decided he was too old, and transferred her affections to Harry Canim, which accounts for that mysterious sentence, "I hearted that you slide backe to John Bunyan." I am glad to be able to state that Harry Canim was successful in his suit, and that "they were married and lived happily ever afterwards." He is at present engaged in the manufacture of net corks for the canneries, table legs, and other useful articles of household furniture, and the following letter was received from him by a cannery manager on the Skeena River this spring:—

MR. GLADSTONE.

DEAR SIR—

We was came at your place, but you are not there, so we was came to asking you if you want net corks. We heard that you want some net corks. Please tell us that you want some any net corks. We all ready made now for you the net corks is it getting dry now, is it all ready for you to useding this year We heard that you a new cannary. We promised to you that we make many net corks, as many you want at M—— We will sell that net corks very low is price to you each net cork 3c. cents each. Please we want if you buy some of net corks from us, will be so kind to do that. Please answer for our letter as quick as you can. So we will make more than we have made now. We will load for your place in our boat. We hope you will answer for us very much. We closed with much love to you.

Your truley
friend
HARRY CANIM.

"They lived happy ever afterwards."

"A JEWEL BRIGHT IN A SETTING RUDE."

> O Sailor, tell me, tell me true
> Is my little boy—my Elihu—
> A'sailing in your ship?
> —Elihu—*Alice Carey.*

BY E. DOWSLEY.

I.

A SHIPPING town of any importance always possesses one point of interest—the harbor—which does not pertain to inland cities, or places too remote from the sea, to be touched by ocean steamers. Here is a haven of rest for the tempest-tossed mariner; here, heavily laden vessels discharge rich cargoes for distribution all over the land; and here, also, do we become acquainted with every country under the sun, and are ourselves made known throughout the world.

Indeed, the harbor, seems yet to lend an air of dignity to those towns which have long since lost their commercial repute.

The harbor of Montreal, is now recognized to be one of the most important upon the American continent; it is, too, a quaint and dignified old place, a characteristic entirely its own.

Beginning at the extreme eastern point of the city, it extends along the front to the foot of the wide thoroughfare, McGill street; and from this point westward, commences that great system of canals, the pride of Canada.

Looking west from the foot of McGill street, one sees the great locks with their high level basins, and farther on, numerous mills, factories, and elevators which line the canal. Parallel with the canal runs Common street, faced with second class hotels, saloons, shipping offices, etc. Extending back from Common are a number of smaller streets, where may be found huddled together, many of the city's most wretched poor, such as gather about the entrance of great manufacturing or shipping towns.

Eastward lies the harbor. The great wharves run along a low level, extending far out into the water, bounded on the city side by a massive solid stone buttress about twelve feet high, known as the Revetment wall.

Some years ago a huge, unsightly dyke was built along the top of the wall, to keep back the waters which rise high over the wharves every spring and fall, threatening to flood the city. The top of this dyke is furnished with a board walk and protected by a railing.

On a level with the top of the stone buttress, Common street continues to Custom House Square, where Commissioners street, intersecting at a slight angle, gives to the harbor a bow-like curve.

Extending along the whole line of these two streets, is an unbroken chain of solid plain stone fronts, occupied as offices, warehouses, etc., very old indeed, high, low, wide and narrow, with iron covered gables, and flat roofs. Away at the eastern end is the old-fashioned Bonsecours market with its huge dome; and close beside, now restored, the little Bonsecours church.

It is really this long massive front, which gives to the harbor its dignified appearance.

There are objects, too, which, to such a place, are of common interest—numerous lazy men lounging around, wretched women loitering beside the dyke, important personages presiding over ice-cream barrows, apple-women, rag-pickers, stick-gatherers, heavy drays, great train loads passing quickly over the wharves, clanking of chains, rolling of barrels, and above all the loud orders of stevedores and carters—all hurry, noise and bustle.

Amid such scenes it often happens, that a single object or figure from frequent appearance becomes familiar, and is interwoven in the history of the place; therefore, it causes no surprise, when, at a regular hour every morning, a little old woman is seen to turn into Common street, from one of those narrow thoroughfares which runs back from the canal, and proceed with slow and feeble steps in the direction of the wharves.

She advances as far as McGill street, crosses the road, and decends the little incline from the top of the wall to the great sheds erected on the wharves for the Allan Line.

Her dress consists of a shabby blue skirt faded and patched; a loose basque of some red material buttoned closely up to the neck; while thrown about her shoulders is a large shawl which at one time might have passed for a green plaid. Her feet are incased in a well worn pair of cloth overshoes; and upon her head rests a rusty old velvet bonnet, with little or no pretence to decoration, under which may be seen the loose grey hairs.

The poor old figure is stooped and bent; the face is worn and wrinkled with the furrows of time.

Altogether she bears the appearance of one who might gladly lay herself peacefully away in the grave, save, indeed, for the searching glance of the keen grey eyes, and the ray of hope which lights up her sad and mournful face.

Arriving at the door of the shed, she hesitates a moment and glances quickly around; then proceeds carefully among the great piles of boxes, bales, etc., avoiding always the trucks, and taking precaution not to come too close to articles which are being moved about.

Passing along, she scans the faces of the workmen and sailors, as if hoping to find among them some fresh arrival.

Occasionally, one familiar now with the bent form which appears so regularly, greets her with a cheery "Good morning, mother!" which calls forth the always faint reply "God bless you, my son!"

Often a new face crosses her path—a sailor from a distant country, or a new seaman aboard some vessel plying regularly to the port. Hastening forward she lays her hand timidly upon his arm, and looking beseechingly into his face, enquires: "O sir! is my boy, my darling boy, Loney, sailing in your ship?" Invariably the answer is the same, the face droops again with a shadow of disappointment, and she continues on her way.

And so this weary, patient creature picks her way on down the long line of wharves; through each successive shed in turn; always with the same question, receiving like greetings and replies.

Finally she reaches the wharf, which stretches out into the harbor just opposite the old Bonsecours Church, where, walking slowly out to the eastern extremity she turns her face down the river and, shading her eyes with the hand, gazes long and earnestly along the water. For hours at a time, her light shawl driven about by the wind, this feeble woman may be seen to stand, heedless of everything about her, all absorbed in her great searching task; every summer day for the past fifteen years or more, in rain or sunshine, she has been seen in that one spot; and, after hours of waiting, the last of that day's hope faded from her eyes, she turns slowly away with still a desire to linger, those who watch her retreating footsteps may hear the faint lisping words, "Not yet! Not yet!"

Dragging her now weary feet, she again ascends the wall, crosses Commissioner street, and climbing the little hill close beside Bonsecours market, enters the old church.

II.

One hot sultry evening in the month of August, 1894, there was gathered about a small table in one of the rooms behind the bar of the "Old Countryman's House," on St. Paul street, a little company of those hardy sons of toil who work about the vessels.

They had long been companions, and at some rendezvous spent many an evening together, over a pipe or bowl, in harmless jest and song.

Upon this particular evening, the host was Simon Slopehouse. He was not a laborer himself, but was a general favorite with them all, though much older than any of his guests.

Old Simon had been a sailor, and by careful saving had managed to lay by a modest sum for his old age, so that now he had but to pass the remainder of his days in quiet contentment.

He had lived his three score years and ten, but was hale and hearty, with full round face, and abundance of thick grey hair.

He could tell a story or spin a yarn with the best of them, and always managed to keep his company in good spirits with jokes and tales. He was generous to a fault; kind and considerate, especially to the weak and the helpless.

The party had spent the usual pleasant evening, and the hours were passing away, when one, turning to the host, exclaimed, "Simon! you promised to tell us some evening the story of the old woman, or 'Mother,' as we call her, who passes along the wharves so regularly every morning."

Immediately all cried out: "The story! the story!"

Old Simon's face assumed an earnest, thoughtful expression. Slowly, he removed his pipe, and laid it upon the table; then lifted from his head the small red cap he generally wore and placed it beside him. He hesitated a moment, buried apparently in sad reflection, then quietly said: "Call her mother, lads, 'tis a sacred name, and belongs truly to her."

"Well, boys," said he, "'tis a story which does not join with laughter and song, yet as our evening is nearly gone, I may tell it now, as you wish it; but first, it may surprise you to hear, that although I know old Mother well, she does not know me at all.

"You see, it happened about like this.

"Away back in the sixties, I was second mate aboard the good ship *Sea King*. We were ordered to sail for Cork Harbor, and lie there a couple of days to take on a cargo of immigrants—yes, cargo I say, lads—and if any of you don't want to see sad sights, I advise you to keep away from immigrant shipping ports.

"As the hour for sailing came round, there was gathered together as queer a looking crowd as ever I did see—old men, young men, boys, girls, and women, dressed in all kinds of costumes, penniless of everything except what was on their backs or in their hands, but all bent upon getting to the new world; and without knowing what they were to do when they got there—worn and decrepit men and women, who might better spend in the old land the few days remaining to them; others so sickly that it would be a wonder if they should stand the voyage out. Many had old relics to carry away—a bird cage, a rocking-chair, a sprig of a plant, and such things.

Mothers wailed with their arms about the necks of sturdy sons; wives clung to husbands; children whimpered; sweethearts shed tears and openly kissed their lovers; many just gazed with blank looks at the ship which was to carry their loved ones far away.

"At last all was ready, and we swung out into the harbor, but it only made the commotion among those poor people worse. Immediately there arose from the quay one great, dismal, heartrending wail, which rolled across the water, and was taken up by every one on board ship, so that it might have been heard for miles around. We had difficulty, too, in preventing some of them from jumping overboard and swimming ashore, or going to the bottom.

"Occasionally, above the clamor, there would reach us the cry of some poor heartbroken parent. 'Dinnis, Dinnis! niver forgit your ould mother, your ould mother, Dinnis.' 'Patrick, darlint, come back, come back, to your ould home, your ould home, me darlint,' and not until we were well out of sight of the Irish coast did our passengers cease to gaze with tearful eyes upon their fast-receding native land.

"Amid all these scenes, lads, I could not but notice two, apparently strangers, man and woman, standing somewhat apart from the crowd. They were of the quiet sort, a little, perhaps, past the prime of life, quite alone, but seemingly more cheerful than the rest of the company. The husband did not appear to be strong. I was told they were making for the new world to find some relatives, so I thought no more about them just then.

"One day our passengers were having a great time. They had regained their spirits, with that buoyancy that truly belongs to those Irish people. we were well out to sea, and progressing favorably. On deck we could hear their loud talk, laughter and songs, with occasionally the twang of some stringed instrument or clear full notes of a flute."

"Suddenly the babel of voices ceased, and an instant later there arose from below one long, piercing shriek, which rang from stem to stern of the vessel, echoing and re-echoing until it froze the very blood in my veins.

"Hastily leaving the deck, I passed down among the immigrants, whom I found with trembling limbs and pale faces, sitting or standing just were they were when that wild cry arose above the din.

"In the midst, stretched out upon the floor, with the cold sweat of death upon him, lay the body of a man, stricken right down where he stood without a word. By his side knelt a a little woman, her body bent forward, her hands clasped tightly above her head. The long, dark hair, streaked with grey, had broken loose, and hung down like a pall over the dead man's face. Motionless she remained, not another sound escaped her.

"Well, lads, perhaps the saddest funeral in the world is a funeral at sea; but, when it leaves behind just one lonely figure, it is doubly so; and I can tell you, when, after the few solemn words by our captain, we consigned the body to the deep, there was not a dry eye aboard that ship, and it was long before the company resumed an appearance of gaiety.

"As chance offered I tried what little I could with kindly words to cheer the heart of the poor woman, and occasionally we entered into conversation.

"One day after we had talked awhile the subject drifted more to her past life—so she told me her story."

"'We had lived, said she, together for many a day on an estate in the old land, with three good sons to bless us. But after a while trouble overtook us, famine and disease spread over the country, and our two eldest boys were taken from us. The youngest had gone to sea sometime before with our blessing. Then our good old landlord, who always had a kind heart for his poor tenants, fell sick, and died, and the estate passed into the hands of an "absentee," as they call them. My poor husband being driven about by bailiff and disease, we decided to seek our sailor boy in America. The voyage, instead of making Patrick better, as we had hoped, only made him worse, and now he lies, as you know, at the bottom of the sea.'

"With these last words a mournful wail broke from her lips, and she rocked herself to and fro.

"When she had recovered a little,

I asked—When did your boy sail?"

"'Ah yes,' said she, 'my boy, I must tell you about my boy; he was the dearest boy that ever blessed a mother's heart, but he was set upon going to sea, and how could we cross him, when it must be that one start out for himself, if not he, then another.

"'He wrote first from Liverpool. He had shipped for a long cruise to South America on the *Blue Swan*.'

"The *Blue Swan!*" cried I, in surprise.

"'Yes,' said she, not noticing my excitement—'many months afterwards we heard from him again, he had arrived in the new world.'

"Here, searching in her pocket, she drew forth an old leather case, opened it, and took out a folded piece of paper. "'Here is his letter,' said she, read it.'

"Boys! I can see every word on that paper yet, as if written in letters of fire on yonder wall!

"Finger-marked, soiled and stained with tears, it ran thus:—

'*My Darlint Muther—we had a grate sail and big adventures, but have come to this grate kontry America. There be lots of people, big cities, fine buildings, and there be lots of poor people, p'raps they be lazy, and many ships in the harber. Darlint muther, I think of you much, and some day I will come back, and keep you all the time from hunger and hard work, and I will take you to a house where you will have a fire, and the rain won't come thru the rufe to give you the ruematics. My love to Father, and Dinnis and Daney. I like all the crew, speshialy Simon Slopehouse, who is so good to me. I always keep your little Virgin Child in the old brass frame.—From your own boy, Loney.*'

"I just sat and stared at that paper; I trembled in every limb; I was hot and cold by turns; you could have knocked me down with a straw.

"The mother, gazing absently across the water, did not observe my agitation, and as soon as I recovered, I handed back the letter.

"Boys; I remembered the *Blue Swan* well, and a jolly lot of sailors we were; I remembered little Loney; I remembered his little Virgin Child in the old brass frame—a keepsake from his mother.

"The *Blue Swan* cruised down through the West Indies and along the coast of South America, but did not meet with much luck; so the captain proposed that we should refit, cut across to the coast of Africa, around Good Hope, and on to the East Indies. This would lengthen the cruise out about three years more. All joined except myself; I preferred the Atlantic; so we parted on the best terms. I came on to New York, and shipped aboard the *Sea King*.

"All night long, after hearing the poor woman's story, I paced the deck in anxious thought. How was I tell the nearly already heart-broken widow that she was on the worst track in the world if she ever hoped to see her boy again. Already his ship was overdue; he might arrive in Liverpool any day; perhaps he was there now, and would go to his old home only to find his mother gone. How could I tell her that to look for a man in America was like searching for a needle in a hay-stack.

"At last I resolved to say nothing at present! as soon as we could recargo we would sail again for Liverpool; there I would carefully enquire for the *Blue Swan*, perhaps she was not yet home.

"Well, after many stormy days, we reached the English port again, only to find it was just as I had feared, Loney had returned, and hurried to his home; the old shanty was no more; strangers were upon the land; not a soul could tell him what had become of his mother, and from that day to this he has never been heard from again.

"Ten years ago I quit the sea, and after wandering about took a fancy to this old harbor, and settled down in Montreal. One day while lounging about the wharves looking at the ships, I was suddenly accosted by a weak and pleading voice 'Oh, sir! is my boy, my darling boy Loney sailing in your ship?' My old frame shook, but I had sufficient strength to answer, 'no mother'—and she passed on.

"So, lads, you see I know her but she does not know me!

"I could not drive hope from that faithful heart by making myself known, or telling her what I know; yet without boasting myself, lads, I do what I can, and thank God, though she is not aware of it, I am able to keep her from want.

"And now—boys—that's all."

Every member of the party had long ago become an attentive listener. They had drawn closer and closer until their heads almost touched in a circle about the old man.

For a moment not a word was spoken.

Finally old Simon rose and filled his glass.

"Boys!" said he, "I have just one toast to propose. Each of you I hope remembers his mother; the man who doesn't, I pity from the bottom of my heart."

Raising aloft his glass, he said, "Boys—mother."

They all rose, raised high their glasses till they clicked together over the centre of the table,—where they rested for an instant—then quaffed them off, and without another word parted their several ways in silence.

III.

About a week had elapsed since the night of old Simon's party and all Montreal was now in a state of pleasurable excitement; five British men-of-war under Vice-Admiral Sir John Hopkins, were entering the harbor.

The advent of a single war-ship always meant a round of gaiety, but five brought the delight up to fever heat; and Montreal's generous hospitality being well known throughout the navy, it afforded pleasure also to officers and sailors alike.

The officers were met at the landing by a deputation of aldermen, and duly conducted to the City Hall, where the usual speech-making was indulged in.

A programme was arranged including a grand display of the fire brigade, exhibitions by the sailors, receptions, dinners, drives, etc. The citizens only regretted they could not, as on former occasions, tender a grand ball, Montreal's society ladies and reigning belles being now at the sea-side and other summer resorts.

For several days all was *en fete*; Notre Dame and St. James streets resounded to the tread of hardy blue jackets and marines, amid rousing cheers from thousands of spectators.

The sailors astonished the citizens with exhibitions of gun and cutlass drill on the Champ de Mars; and in turn were astonished by the magnificent display of the fire brigade. They were triumphantly conducted through the beautiful drives about Mount Royal Park, and treated to the exciting dash through Lachine Rapids.

There were pic-nics for the men at the exhibition grounds; and an assault at arms at the Victoria Rink. The officers were wined and dined; they in their turn gave select little receptions on board ship, and treated vast crowds of sight-seers to a display of search-lights in the evening.

The citizens fairly beseiged the ships daily, taking possession of the huge monsters, overrunning every corner like a storming party of Brownies. The sailors evinced much delight, showing all the minute workings and perfect mechanism of the great guns, torpedoes, and smaller rapid firing instruments; conducting their guests down into the labyrinth of powerful and intricate machinery, through the kitchens, even to the coal bunkers; everything that might be of interest to land lubbers was cheerfully shown.

But now the week is ended; it is Saturday night, the last but two they are to spend in Montreal; orders being given to sail on Tuesday morning.

On this evening the rank and file of the various city corps decided to tender a parting reception to the blue jackets. This was readily responded to, and until a late hour the armories which line the great drill hall fairly burst with sounds of merriment.

Among so large a body of men, there naturally would be found some of a more reserved and retiring disposition than others; so, it happened that about the hour of nine o'clock, there stood before the great church of Notre Dame a fine, manly, heavy-bearded blue jacket, of H.M.S. *Canada*, who had not felt inclined to join his comrades.

He stood for a moment, buried in deep and gloomy thought, undecided which way he should go.

Finally, turning eastward, he walked slowly along to the corner of St. Gabriel street, and entering this narrow thoroughfare, directed his steps down towards the harbor.

At the foot of this street, in a comparatively small room, all unknown to many of the good uptown people of Montreal, is one of those impromptu concert halls, where workers about the wharves sometimes pass an evening.

The room is provided with a raised platform at one end, a corner being curtained off where performers may dress themselves for character songs, etc.; about the floor are scattered a number of small tables with chairs drawn to each. About these tables the audience sit, each man enjoying his beer or pipe as he may choose. Volunteers are called to fill the programme, and the applause after each rendering is unstinted.

The sailor, passing down the street, arrived in front of this concert hall. He looked in at the window, hesitated a moment, lifted the latch and stood within. He paused again and looked around; observing a vacant table, he passed to the opposite side and turning about seated himself in full view of the window that looks upon the street. Resting his elbow upon the table, his chin upon his hand, he gazed absently out at the flickering lights.

Almost immediately another well known form entered. "How d'ye, Simon!" "Bon soir, Simon!" were the greetings he received from all sides. To all old Simon passed a friendly nod, and crossing over, sat down at a table among his friends, close to the sailor.

Upon this same evening there lies in a little single-roomed upper tenement, in a back-yard, off one of those dirty streets which run back from the canal, a feeble old woman, to whom the days were long and sad, and the night time brought no rest.

The lines had drawn deeper about the poor old face; the eye had lost some of its lustre; the hands folded across the breast were thin and worn —all that week she had not been able to go out to look for her boy.

She was now drawn down into a dreamy, unconscious state; she thought herself back again in the old Irish home, with all her loved ones about her; Loney was just starting for the sea; he was saying farewell; she turned to take from its place the miniature of the Virgin Child in the old brass frame, when, slowly, it seemed to move, and grow larger, and larger, until it assumed bodily shape, and now the Virgin Mother stood forth in a maze of transparent white, and looking lovingly upon her, raised the arm and beckoned with the finger.

Slowly, without resistance, the old woman raised herself from the bed and stood up; the white form beckoned to the door; she followed. Out into the calm night, on to Common street, past the harbor offices and warehouse, she followed, with bent frame and tottering footsteps. Now some drunken brawler brushed her against the wall; she heeded not. On she went past Jacques Cartier Square, and Bonsecours market, up the little hill, through the open door of the old church; on under the dim lights, until she reached the little chapel of the manger wherein rests the child form of the Blessed Saviour. Here her beautiful shadowy guide cast upon her one unutterable look of pitying love, and vanished.

The old woman knelt and bowed her head. The good Father, making his devotions beside the altar, glanced up for an instant, recognized her, and almost started from his prayers.

Long she knelt, unable to rise, her strength exhausted, utterly helpless, it seemed to her that she must die, when softly there stole into her ears those sweet and gentle words:—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Gaining strength in her trembling limbs, she arose and passed again into the night. She looked about for her heavenly guide; all was dark; but again in still sweeter sounds came the words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Groping her way along St. Paul street, one hand against the wall to prevent her falling, she came to the corner of St. Gabriel. Here she rested a moment, crossed to the other side and turned down.

She had proceeded but a few yards when her strength altogether failed. Staggering to a low grated window, from which proceeded a dim light, she sank upon the pavement, and gazed vacantly into the room.

Some noisy chorus had just been finished in the concert hall (for such it was), and the sailor from his position beside the little table, was still gazing thoughtfully out of the window. He observed the forlorn face, and, with that unbounded pity which moves the heart of every noble man, arose quickly from his seat.

Old Simon glanced up at the same instant, and with a scarcely suppressed cry of astonishment, passed hurriedly out into the street; the sailor was before him, and already stood at the old woman's side. Simon was just in time to hear her faltering words: "O, sir, is my boy, my darling boy——;" the name passed away in an unintelligible sob, and great tears rolled down the withered cheeks.

The sailor, deeply moved, raised the poor form in his arms, and without a word, half leading, half carrying, guided her tottering steps to a corner a few yards distant. Here he gazed about undecided which way to turn. The old woman, raising her eyes to his face, lifted her trembling hand and pointed away along Common street. Simon finding her in good care turned about and repaired to his quarters.

The sailor continued on with his charge encouraging her efforts to direct tne way until they arrived at the foot of the stairs in the back yard; here, raising her bodily in his arms, he carried her up the steps, and along the landing, into her own room, where he placed her upon the bed.

For several moments neither spoke. The sailor looked upon her intently, drawing his hand slowly across his forehead, as if some dim recollection of a long ago flitted across his memory; but it was gone again, swallowed up in the present. Resting his elbow against the wall he gave the poor old body time to recover.

"What took you out so far from home, and you so weak?" said he, in a kindly voice, after a pause.

She turned to him her hopeless face, down which the tears had started afresh.

"What took me out, lad!" said she, "what took me out all these years that I searched for my boy! and to-night I thought I was to find him, but now I will never see his face again.

"As I lie here upon my bed, I thought myself back again in the old home; I saw the little picture I gave my boy when he went away—The Virgin Child in the old brass frame."

The sailor, who was listening intently, now started visibly, clutched his hand to his breast, and waited for her to proceed.

"He went to Liverpool," said she, "and sailed away in the *Blue Swan*,—my own little curly-headed Loney."

The sailor's eyes seemed to start from his head; he pressed his hand to his side and gasped for breath.

The old woman, all unconscious of his distress, was about to proceed, when, regaining his power of speech, he threw out his arms and cried:

"Mother! mother! I am your boy, your Loney, I have searched the great world over for you all these years."

The old woman raised herself, and looked earnestly into his noble face; she came a step nearer, speaking inaudibly to herself; hesitating, and fearful, she faltered out: "But my Loney was a little boy with curly hair."

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "that was thirty years ago, and Loney is now a man. See! see!"—tearing open his shirt—the little picture in the old brass frame!"

The mother needed no more; with a great glad cry she sprang forward, and clasped him about the waist; she knelt upon the floor and hugged his knees; she kissed his feet; all the time giving vent to the most endearing expressions of joy and love.

At last the sailor was able to restrain her, and raising her gently in his arms, laid her upon the bed as he would a babe.

He knelt beside her and held her hands; her head lay back upon the pillow; her face bore a look of happy contentment and peace, while about the mouth was the faintest glimmer of a smile.

The son watched her closely and anxiously for a long time; he moved nervously; a great weight seemed to be crushing down upon his heart.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "speak to me. I will never leave you again. I will love you and care for you all my life."

The eyes slowly opened, and beamed forth all the love that shines in a mother's heart.

"Loney, darling, I am happy, very happy; we shall never part again, for I will be with you and watch over you always, my own boy; raise my hands and place them upon your head."

Reverently he obeyed; the lips moved inaudibly for a moment, then ceased; the hands fell helplessly by her side; there was a little sigh, and all was over.

Loney, with a ringing cry of anguish, threw himself across the worn-out frame, and buried his face in his arms.

The candle which stood upon the table flickered itself out, and left the room in darkness, save for the pale light of the moon, which shone through the little window, and fell full upon the face of the dead.

An hour later the good old priest, hurrying up the stair and along the landing, lifted the latch, and looked in upon the calm face and kneeling figure.

He hesitated, reverently crossed himself, closed the door softly, and walked away.

The Sabbath morning sun rose bright and clear, and driving the moon's pale shadows from it, flooded the room with light.

The sailor had not moved, and all that day the neighbors observed no stir in the upper tenement, but about six o'clock in the evening a blue-jacket was seen to pass quickly along the landing, descend the steps, and was soon lost in the angles of the street.

IV.

About eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, early passers to business stopped to look curiously upon a funeral procession passing up Beaver Hall Hill. It was not because of the hour that excited this curiosity, morning funerals being quite common in Montreal; but this procession was formed of simply the hearse, behind which walked a single blue-jacket of H.M.S. *Canada* and old Simon Slopehouse. It continued on up to Sherbrooke street, and out Cote des Neiges road to the cemetery.

And now the last sad rites were over; the two mourners stood beside a freshly raised mound in a modest corner of the great burying-ground. The sailor turned and grasped the hand of his friend.

"Simon," said he, "see that it is kept green until I return to claim the loved task."

Turning about they passed quickly to the Park gates, out upon the road, crossed over the mountain, and on down to the harbor.

Walking together, Old Simon imparted to the sailor everything he knew about his mother's life, how she had loved him, and anxiously watched for him so many years.

At last they reached the wharves. Again the sailor turned to his friend, removed his cap, and raised his hand to heaven.

"Simon! Simon!" said he, in a husky voice, "her sweet and blessed memory leads to a nobler life; she was 'a jewel bright in a setting rude.'"

It was ten o'clock when the *Canada* swung out to the stream, and passed down the river. Upon the stern of the vessel, apart and alone, stood a solitary sailor. He never moved a muscle. Long after the city tops were lost to view, he remained wrapped in his own sad thoughts.

Old Simon Slopehouse stood upon the wharf, and gazed after the ship until she rounded Longue Point, then turning about walked slowly away.

AD FONTEM BANDUSIUM.

BY J. R. N., PORT DOVER, ONT.

(From Horace.)

O! fount of Bandusin, than crystal more clear,
Embellished with flew'rets and worthy of wine,
To-morrow a kid thou'lt receive, that shall wear
Its fresh-sprouting horns, as it hastens to join
In love and in war—but in vain; for the blood
Of this offspring of wantons shall crimson thy flood.
The dog-star can reach not thy shade when he burns
Thou coolest the oxen fatigued at the plough,
And cheerest the flock as it hither returns,
O! fount that shall yet be more famous than now:
For I'll sing of the oak that throws shadows below
O'er the rock, whence thy streams prattle down in their flow.

THE VOCAL INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., Ph. D.

I TAKE it that the vocal interpretation of literature is a subject of vital interest not alone to public readers and teachers of elocution, but to all whose office it is to interpret literature in the schools and colleges of our land. It is gratifying to note the increased interest which is manifested in the study of literature in our educational institutions, and that with this increased interest there is also obtaining a clearer idea of the true aim and purpose of all literary study.

As evidence of this increased interest it may be mentioned that the Chicago *Dial* published during the past year a series of papers contributed by the heads of the departments of English in the universities of Leland, Stanford, Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Yale and Harvard in which were set forth the scope and methods employed in the teaching of English at each of these well known institutions of learning.

Nor has Canada been wanting in a share in this new and desirable enthusiasm for the study of English—this modern *renaissance* in the study of literature. Canadians noted with pride the share which Dr. MacLellan one of our ripest scholars and most advanced educators, took in the last meeting of the National Educational Association of America, which was held at Ashbury Park. Dr. MacLellan took for his subject "The Ethical Aim in Teaching Literature," and strongly emphasized the great value of the spiritual element in literature, and the need of pursuing its study along the higher plane.

But perhaps the most interesting symposium upon the study of literature which has yet appeared may be found in recent numbers of *Poet Lore* published in Boston. The articles which are worthy of being most carefully read are from the pens of Profs. Carpenter and Triggs of Chicago University, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley College, Prof. Sherman, University of Nebraska, and Prof. Corson of Cornell University. The writers are in every case distinguished scholars who have devoted their lives to the study of literature, and therefore the wisdom of their ripened experience and the fruitage of their toil in the special department which they have made their own, should be of some value to students and teachers who have but started out in the morning of literary life and study.

One thing all these writers unite in emphasizing—the importance of the moral and spiritual element in literature. Now right here the question arises, How can the teacher best lead the student to an appreciation of the spiritual element in literature? The spiritual element is indefinite, and cannot be formulated in terms of x and y, nor can any process of intellectual analysis touch even the hem of its sacred garment. Herein, then, comes the office of the voice and its importance as a factor in the great work of literary interpretation. The fault with much of the teaching of literature in many of our institutions, is that it not infrequently takes the form of mere bright talk about literature, or what is equally as bad, a brilliant performance of literary analytics. To those I would say that they are not studying literature. I am speaking particularly now of poetic literature. Not long ago I visited a well known collegiate institute in this province, where I heard an English Specialist—God save the mark!—

teach Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "To a Highland Girl." It was purely a performance of brilliant analytics —-a showy lesson of no value—which no doubt would have pleased an inspector very much, and been rewarded by a grading of A1, all of which becometh the esoteric few who dare wear the mantle of specialists. It is true the class was a junior one, but that is no reason why the spiritual import of the poem should not be placed before them. If analysis or a study of synonyms were the purpose or aim in studying the poem, there is no reason why a prose selection would not have answered equally well the end in view. But such is not the aim in studying poetry, if I understand it aright. The aim, it seems to me, should be everywhere, in primary as well as advanced classes, to lead the mind up to the height of appreciating what makes poetry distinct from prose —and TO HOLD the mind up to this summit till it sees the glories of the kingdoms of thought, and inhales something of the choral atmosphere of the spiritual life around.

Now, what share think you should the voice have in this great and good work? A share commensurate with the importance of the spiritual element as a co-efficient in literature. It is the office of the voice to interpret the indefinite and it should never be forgotten that the interpretation of the indefinite is the great and chief work in literary study. The world is full of scholars who can get at the intellectual thought which articulates a poem, but how few reach the *informing* life of a poem and respond to it. The study of literature is subjective as well as objective, yet the majority of our teachers make of it an *objective job.* This would not be the case if the voice was accorded its place in the great work of literary interpretation. Unfortunately, as yet, the vocal interpretation of literature does not receive the attention which it should in the schools of Ontario. I have, however, a confidence that the day is not far distant when the voice as a factor in literary study will receive due recognition in our schools and colleges.

In this age of stress and strain in educational work, when examinations and their results count for everything and the tenure of a teacher's engagement—which means his bread and butter—depends upon whether Mary or Johnnie passes the Entrance or Primary Examination, it is not to be wondered at that in the nervous anxiety to gain a livelihood, teachers should devote their energies to gristing out successful candidates, though the work be done at the expense of true scholarship and culture—especially in the domain of literary study.

Indeed, it was not until a few years ago that any attention worth mentioning was given to the subject of the vocal interpretation of literature in our high schools, and then only after an *ukase*—a mandement from the education department had made the subject of reading compulsory in the primary departments of our high schools; and from what I have learned of the work done in many schools, I fear the subject is as yet taught in a very perfunctory way. This is certainly not the fault of the inspectors who do everything within their power to encourage good reading; but the truth is, readers, like singers, are not formed in a day, and until the voicing of literary thought be made one of the tests of literary study, no improvement may be looked for along the line of the vocal interpretation of literature in our schools.

The high school teachers blame the public school teachers because the children read so badly when they pass the Entrance Examinations, forgetting however, that the public school teachers, with all their educational virtues and vices, are the product of their own work, and so the charge recoils upon the heads of the high school teachers themselves.

Not long ago, I attended a high

school entertainment at which one of the staff of teachers read an essay, and read it so badly that though I am not in favor of corporal punishment for school-boy direlections, I confess that were that high school teacher a student in my classes I would be disposed to break away from my convictions for the moment and administer to him a sound flogging for the way he marred and mangled and treated shabbily in his reading the very best thought in his essay. Never was the great and noble body of Cæsar rent by the dagger of the envious Casca as was the kingly thought in that essay marred and mangled by the slouchy lips and dull brain of that High School teacher. It was indeed made a thing of shreds and patches. And yet the strange thing about it is that this same High School teacher has charge of reading in the High School with which he is connected. The root of the evil lies just here:—The great body of the teachers of English literature in our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, many of whom bask under the favored sky of specialism, count the vocal interpretation of literature as worth little, because it does not tell at a departmental examination. They will readily give up hours to the stitching together or unravelling of sentences, the expansion of metaphors, philological "chasing of a panting syllable through time and space, starting it at home and hunting it in the dark to Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark," and all the while lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are teaching literature, and teaching it, too, with great thoroughness and method. Hamlet had method in his madness, but these interpreters of literature put madness in their method.

Perhaps you think my arraignment too severe. Not so. Nothing is so benumbing to educational progress as self-sufficiency. We have, on the whole, an able body of teachers in the Public, Separate and High Schools of Ontario, but we are very far yet from human perfection, especially in the teaching of literature. Let me, however, here remark, that when I make mention of the fact that so-called specialists in English, oftimes fail to teach literature, I am not attacking the system of giving specialists certificates. I do not believe in that critically destructive character—that kind of Byronic revolt against law and order and progress which would reduce everything to chaos and give you nothing in its stead. What I mean is that no College, University, Normal School or School of Pedagogy, can impart to a young man the gift or faculty of teaching literature, if that young man be not already possessed of the proper spirit for the work. The moment you cast around for a method in teaching literature, you fail. Soul is necessary to give response to soul, and no institution, no matter how capable its teaching staff, or how able its professoriate, can furnish its students with soul power, not even after the fashion of modern theosophy. It is the lack of soul power which is so benumbing—which is, in fact, death to the teaching of literature.

It is of this soul power Tennyson speaks in that beautiful lyric *The Bugle*, where he says,

> "Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever."

Now the gift of vocally interpreting a poem, depends upon the fulness with which one has assimilated the *informing* life of a poem—that is, its spiritual element. A full assimilation of a poem must take place 'ere an attempt be made to voice it otherwise, it will result in nothing but emptiness or, as Hamlet says to old Polonius, simply "words, words, words." It will therefore be seen that the *informing* life of a poem, and its correct vocal interpretation, may be let down as an equation with its terms co-radical. This is why good reading calls for a careful and sympathetic study of literature—a literature which, for an adequate response, calls to deep below deep in the soul of the reader. I have frequently noticed, too, that those who take solely an intellectual attitude towards a poem, care little for reading; in fact, make light of the voice as a means of literary interpretation. The reason is obvious. Such persons see in a piece of literature, nothing but intellectual conceptions, or if they entertain a lurking suspicion that any spiritual element is resident therein, they squeeze it out by paraphrasing or precipitating it from a concrete into a barren abstraction.

I think a good deal of this soul-killing, spirit-exorcising must have been done with the poetry of Wordsworth some two years ago. Perhaps no other poet has so much of the *divine immanence* in his poetry as Wordsworth, and that is the reason why the apparent simplicity of his poems was death to many a candidate trained and taught along purely intellectual lines. I remember yet some of the answers given to the questions set on "The Ode to Immortality." The good papers and bad papers struck you in cycles or batches of ten, twenty, or thirty, according to the number writing from each respective school. Where the papers were good they were not infrequently very good, but where they were bad they were intolerably bad, so that it might be said the bad papers struck you not only in the form of cycles but cyclones. From some of the answers given I should judge that not a few of the teachers paid no heed in their teaching to the moral import of the poem, or, if they did, they had in view the building up of a new system of philosophy—a kind of eclectic school, formed after the image of the teacher.

Now I venture to say that had the "Ode to Immortality" been properly read, its moral import fully voiced in the school, the students would never have strayed away from the spiritual unity which binds the poem together, and upon which it is keyed throughout. Anyone who can feel the spiritual import of "We are Seven," can reach to the height of the meaning and message in the "Ode to Immortality," for it is nothing more or less than the child's feeling in "We are Seven," carried into the years of philosophic thought.

Let the voice therefore have its place in the schoolroom as a God-given instrument, freighted with eternal thought, and revealing the poet's message of inspiration through the divine wisdom of the soul.

AUTUMN VOICES.

They beautify our pathways with their bloom,
Yet, ere we know them to be summer flow'rs,
They shed their petals, spend their sweet perfume,
And leave us list'ning in the lovely bow'rs
  To dreary autumn's dismal lay;
  That sadly sighs and sings "away!"

Those faces fair and angel forms that fling
Their beauty and their sweetness o'er our lives,
They, too, will leave us lone and sorrowing;
When unforeseen that messenger arrives.
  Whose muffled voice some unknown day,
  Steals round to all and moans "away!"

—Ernest E. Leigh.

DUCKS AND Duck-Shooting.

BY STUART JENKINS.

CANADA is pre-eminently the home of the wild duck, and duck shooting might almost be called our national sport. From the salt marshes of Nova Scotia to the Rocky Mountains, and as far north as a man may care to go, there is hardly a pond or creek, lake, "slew" or river, which has not got its complement of wild fowl. Even such an unpromising spot as Toronto Bay yields its quota to the list of slain, and must prove a source of considerable revenue to the gun shops, because the shots are many if the ducks are few. I met a man last fall coming from the mouth of the Humber with a very fair bag of buffle-heads, and some years ago Ashbridge's Bay, notwithstanding its nearness to Toronto, used to be alive with ducks in the early morning.

It is in the great North-West, however, that the wild fowl swarm in the greatest numbers, and with a variety that has so far escaped the keenest naturalist. I have myself shot twenty-seven distinct varieties, and there are many more that I failed to bring to bag. No one, who has not been out there, can form any conception of their great variety or their countless myriads.

On one occasion I was camped for three days on the Battleford trail, and during that time there was not a moment, day or night, that the air was not filled with the clangour of wild geese flying south. And with them, swift and silent, went ducks in numbers that defied calculation. I tried to estimate the number of geese that passed over during the three days, but the result was apparently so outrageous that I refrain from giving it. Some idea of the kind of shooting to be got there may be gathered from the fact that the Methodist missionary at Victoria on the North Saskatchewan shot eighty geese in one day.

There is good duck shooting very much nearer Toronto than that, however. Leaving out Long Point, which is not for the vulgar, Ontario possesses in the Georgian Bay an almost unlimited and hitherto unexploited shooting ground. In the first place it is one of the largest breeding grounds for black duck on the continent. But besides these, in the early spring and late fall, the bays and channels, as well as the small inland lakes, are crowded with ducks and geese, with here and there a swan to gladden the hunter's heart or the reverse, as he happens to hit or miss. So far as my experience goes, and it extends over fourteen years, sixteen varieties of ducks are to be found on the Georgian Bay; Black, Grey and Wood ducks, Pintail, Canvas-back, Red Head, Blue Bill, Whistler, Buffle-head, Fan-head, Butter-ball, two kinds of Teal, two kinds of Saw-bills, and the Squaw duck. Of these the most plentiful are Black, Canvas-back, Whistler, Buffle-head, and Fan-head. Geese are only met with in certain localities, but then in very large flocks.

One spring a flock came up the

channel and lit on the ice opposite Little Current, which, when on the wing, extended the whole length of an island known to be a mile and a half long. By a calculation, which was well within the mark, I came to the conclusion that there were not less than 90,000 geese in it. That, however, was exceptional, the average flocks run from eighty to three hundred.

In this northern climate the wild drakes are the most beautiful birds we have, and I do not know that, in this respect, they are not equal to anything that flies. The iridescent hues of the buffle-head's crest vie with the tints of the humming bird, and the green-winged teal need never hide his head before the grandest bird of paradise. The stately mallard, the wood drake, and the olive-tinted broad bill, when seen in their unsullied purity, are unexcelled in the richness and harmony of their coloring; and even the sober black duck has a beauty of his own, although most men value him for his qualities when turned off the spit. Take him all round he is the sportsman's noblest quarry, combining as he does these qualities, with an extreme wariness and a power of carrying off shot which is only equalled by the despised sawbill. I once fired at a black duck which sprang unexpectedly out of a bed of rushes not thirty yards from where I was standing. The bird never swerved, but went on strong and straight, and yet I feltsure that he was hit, and so stood and watched him. He flew a good three quarters of a mile, and then suddenly turned over and over, and fell dead upon the water. I went out in my canoe and picked him up, and when he was plucked I found that he had nine grains of No. 4 shot under the wing. On another occasion I fired at a black duck in much the same way, and it went on unmoved and lit on the other side of a small island three hundred yards away, and when I went round in my canoe I found it lying breast up, dead. In this case the bird was hit by just one grain of shot, and that passed through the heart. I give these two instances for the benefit of beginners who are apt to think that unless a bird drops at once it must have been missed. In nine cases out of ten, unless a wing is broken, the bird will go on, probably to die by inches under some bush or tuft of grass, a most miserable and unsatisfactory conclusion for the sportsman as well as the bird.

But apart from its inseparable cruelty, duck-shooting is a noble sport, and no man can devote himself to it without in the end being benefited, physically, mentally, and morally. This is a large claim, but I think it is justifiable. The duck-shooter will find that his patience, pluck and endurance will be taxed to the utmost, and that his success will be in exact proportion to his display of these qualities. The man who gets up two hours before daylight on a cold November morning, and faces a north-east storm, is not likely to be a milksop; and if he has the patience to sit it out until ten o'clock with only six ducks for a reward, he has learned a lesson in endurance which may stand him in good stead in other and more serious situations. Indeed he will find that the variety of the demands made upon the resourcefulness of his nature constitutes a mental discipline of the most valuable kind, and he will come in time to adopt and act up to Horace's maxim, "Never get in a pucker, when you are in a tight place."*

Then the scenes in which he moves permeate his being, and lift him from the sordid rut of life. He sees the day in the beauty of its dawning, and every mood of nature is a familiar friend. The language of the silent earth is to him no unintelligible dumb show, but rather the soft rythm of Æolian sounds flowing from the vibrant chords of life. The forced inactivity of the hide is productive of many thoughts not set forth in books or taught in schools, and he must be gross indeed who does not find his mental being purified by constant intercourse with uncontaminated nature.

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* Æqam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem."

It may be well, perhaps, in order to avoid misapprehension, to state distinctly, that the translation in the text is *not* Mr. Gladstone's.

I have shot, as man and boy, for close on twenty-five years, and I have found out this,—that the true sportsman is in every case a gentleman, whether he comes from the farm, the mill-yard, or the wealthier occupations of the city; but it is perhaps unnecessary to add that every man who shoots is not necessarily a sportsman.

"A QUICK SHOT."

The duck shooter's experiences do not, however, always involve stern endurance. There are times when nature and fortune alike smile upon him, and as he paddles back to camp with steady, silent stroke, both mind and body are conscious of such thorough well-being, that he feels that it is well to have lived. In the bow of the canoe, mixed up with decoys, lies the heap of slain, while at his knees crouches the faithful spaniel, his head resting on the gun'l, with ears erect, and sharp, enquiring nose pointed towards the passing shore. Ahead, each tree and bluff is sharply outlined against the fading glory of the west, while every rock and stone is blackly silhouetted on the fluid gold which laps so gently at its base. Every now and then the soft stillness is broken by the rush of wings beating the air in homeward flight, and a flock of belated black duck flashes overhead and is swallowed up in the gathering darkness; or, some crane, startled from monopodic meditation into awkward struggling flight, rises from the shore with harsh "K-r-raak, K-r-raak," and flaps lazily away.

November has its joys when the sharp, eager bark of the spaniel is followed by the whir of rising grouse and you shoot by instinct, rather than sight, at the brown forms which glance so swiftly through the leafless stems. But give me the soft September nights on the Georgian Bay. They have no equal in the world.

It was on just such an occasion that I made the sketch which I have called "A Quick Shot." It was an absolutely perfect day, late in September, and I started out about two o'clock in the afternoon and headed for a bay which is a favorite camping-ground for black duck. I had almost reached my hide, when the well-known whistle of wings over my right shoulder, caused me to glance quickly up. There were two black duck just above me and straining every nerve to get by. I managed to drop my paddle, grab my gun, cock it, and fire in time to catch the hindermost duck, the other escaping an ineffective second barrel. The dog sprang up at the report, and the next instant was in the water, jumping clean from the centre of the canoe, a trick which he had taught himself after one upset, in which, I regret to say, I participated. I set out my decoys, got into the hide, and passed an hour without seeing a feather. Then the beauty of the day and of the scene before me, gradually won its way to my attention.

The surface of the lake was like a mill-pond, with lazy puffs now and then stealing languidly over it. The trees were putting on their brilliant autumn dress, and the air was full of the pink haze of Indian summer. I took my sketching block and colors out of the game bag and commenced to put on paper the incident of the shot. I was so engrossed in my work that I allowed half-a-dozen ducks to go by me without sending anything more deadly than a malediction after them. As the sun touched the horizon I finished the sketch, and, putting it by, gripped my gun and prepared for business, for the next hour represented the cream of the afternoon. Another twenty minutes passed with nothing in sight, and it began to grow dusk. Suddenly there was the indescribable hustling rush of many wings, and a big flock swooped down and lit away out of range. Flock after flock followed until the bay must have been full, but not a brute of them came within reach. I was beginning to express myself freely in a vicious whisper, when two black duck lit to my decoys, and although it was so dark I could hardly see the sight on my gun, I got them both, one on the water and one on the wing. With a roar like a waterfall the bay gave up its ducks, and for ten minutes the air was full of glancing forms and whistling wings. It was easier sighting against the sky, and I got five more birds, and then the show was over. The darkness seemed to have fallen like the lid of a box, and picking up my decoys I paddled back to camp.

If a big bag is the object, decoy shooting is, of course, the most successful method of hunting ducks, but I must confess that I have a decided weakness for stalking or crawling. There is more variety about it, and it requires an infinite amount of patience and skill. It is hard work, too, in a rocky country like the Georgian Bay district, and it plays the dickens with one's gun; but then the compensations are great. To crawl over a hundred yards of honey-comb rock with nothing but a tuft of grass or weeds here and there for shelter, and then *get* your bird is an experience that counts many points in the sum total of your outing. If you happen to put him up or miss him through strained and shaking muscles, the sensation is different, but then most sportsmen have a safety valve.

Last fall I had an exceptional experience in stalking on a lake which rarely echoes to any gun but mine. It is a beautiful sheet of water a mile and a quarter long by half a mile wide, bush-girt, except in one corner, where the soil is too shallow to support anything but a wiry grass and the trailing vines of the pigeon berry. Close to this open spot is the outlet, a creek running through a black ash swale, and here the lake narrows into a long bay, the shores of which are fringed with willow, birch and cedar. There are few days in the fall when this bay is not covered with ducks. For some years I have had a canoe and half a dozen decoys "cached" on the lake, and although it lies inland two miles from my shanty, it yields me many scores of ducks every season.

Thither I walked one day last November, beating the bluffs of timber as I went for partridge, and bagging fine birds. Then calling my dog to heel, I crept down to where my canoe lay hid. I ducked to avoid a low branch, and bobbed up again within a foot of a partridge taking his noonday siesta. He lit out the quickest way he knew how, and with a noise that made me jump, for I did not see him till he flew. He grounded again about sixty yards further up the bay, and I unslung my game-bag, and threw it down to keep the dog quiet, and followed up. I cast one rapid glance over the water before I turned away, and saw nothing but a big flock of sawbills on the far side. But when I got opposite the spot where the partridge had gone down, I was startled by a tremendous splashing and quacking on the other side of the willows. I knew the sound well enough; it was a lot of ducks playing.

A MEGANZA.

Partridge ceased to be any further attraction, and I dropped on my knees and commenced to make for the water's edge. I only had about fifteen feet to go, and I think I was fifteen minutes doing it. It was a tanged willow brake, full of dead limbs, and the ground was covered with crisp dead leaves, about as nasty a place to creep through as a man could find. The day was deathly still, and a snapping twig would have sounded like a pistol shot. I passed within six feet of the partridge, and the brute seemed to know there was no danger, for it eyed me with great contempt, and then walked off with its head in the air. It made far more noise on the leaves than I did. At last I reached the fringe of long grass on the shore, and got a clear view of the water, and it was a sight worth coming far to see. About sixty ducks, principally fan-heads and buffle-heads, were playing at the head of the bay, seventy yards off, dashing, splashing, quacking; doing, in fact, everything that a duck can do, which is far more than most people suppose. A dozen or so of black duck floated in the centre, looking on with dignified complaisance at the antics of the smaller fry, and quacking grave approval. Sometimes a saucy fan-head would approach too near the sacred presence, and a lordly drake would reach out and grab him by his tufted poll, and shake right heartily. Then such a rush and splutter, and brave display of mimic fury on the part of the riotous mob. Such glancing flights and sudden plunges. Such lowering of broad-billed heads, and shaking of purple-barred brown pinions, and chorus upon chorus of bass and treble quackings. Then the combatants would part by mutual consent, with much flapping of wings and settling of ruffled feathers, and the play would commence again. I lay and watched them for half-an-hour. for they kept just out of range, and I had plenty of opportunity.

At length a buffle-head drake separated himself from the ruck and came towards me. He climbed out on a stone six feet in front of me, and set to work to preen and plume himself with scrupulous care, little dreaming that the deadly barrels lurked so near.

Such a dainty little fellow, a very paragon of ducks! To human eyes his beautiful dress seemed perfect, yet he found plenty to do, and combed, and smoothed, and patted away as if his life depended upon it. Two females of his kind came in off the lake and lit a few yards from him, and then swam up and poked his snowy breast and dibbled at his bill, while he threw back his head and shook the gleaming colors from his jewelled crest, and answered with soft cooings and quaint bows and posturings. Then they sailed away, casting coy glances backward and he for one brief instant made as if he would follow them, but the ruling passion of the male mind got the better of the softer feelings. Vanity conquered love, and he went on with his toilet. He must have been a most conceited dandy, for he took a good half hour to his dressing, and then slid off the stone and swam proudly away. I let him go, and if he had been the only duck in sight, I do not think I would have shot him.

Soon after he left me, I heard the big mill whistle, six miles away, boom for one o'clock. I had heard twelve o'clock blow as I got to the water's edge, so that I had been lying there an hour. It did not seem half the time. Presently the merry-makers at the head of the bay, gave up their frolicking and prepared to leave. This was what I had been waiting for. The black duck came first in a bunch. When they got opposite to me, I killed three on the water, and a fourth as they rose. Then I sprang to my feet and reloaded for the rush. Contrary to my expectation, they dribbled out in small batches instead of rising in a body. I fired eight shots before the flight was over, and dropped eight birds, dead without a flutter. I was nursing the smoking gun and counting the spoil, when a single duck sprank from the grass at the extreme end of the bay and came whizzing past me. I crammed in another cartridge and let go at him, but he went on unscathed.

When I came to examine my belt I found that in the agony of my feeling I had fired a charge of buck shot at him. The whole thing had passed inside of two minutes. I had fired eleven shots, and had twelve ducks to show for them. It was the best and quickest work I ever did, and it is altogether likely that I shall never do as well again, for such chances do not come often in a lifetime, and when they do one is not always able to take advantage of them. It is not every day that a man is in good shooting form. Most moderate sports know the helpless and irritating feeling that comes over one when bird after bird gets away for no assignable reason. There are some immaculate gentlemen who boast that they "never miss." They are to be envied, but as a rule they are not good company.

I have said that every man who shoots is not necessarily a sportsman. There are some men—luckily their number is not large—who think that a day's duck shooting consists of two ducks and a gallon of whiskey. They are to be rigorously avoided. I was once taken in most woefully by a man of this sort. He belonged to the "jolly good fellow" class, and played tennis better than most. He had a spick and span hammerless gun that he paid three prices for, and I felt almost ashamed of my battered, service worn old shooting iron when the two were side by side. I will call this gentleman Hopkins-Smyth, or Hop, for short.

Hop was a most enthusiastic man, and could talk more sport in half an hour than anyone I ever met. Some of the bags he had made were tremendous. When you went to his rooms he would bring out his immaculate gun, polish it tenderly with a silk handkerchief, and then sit and nurse it and reel out story after story of past outings until his hearers turned green with envy. Of course I dis-counted his statements. I was too old a hand to swallow them whole and the condition of his gun made me suspicious. It did not look like hard work. Nevertheless I was so far deceived as to ask him to put in a week with me on the Georgian Bay.

I went on ahead and had a very good week by myself, and then Hop arrived. He got a guide to run him over from the village where the steamboat had landed him, and when I first caught sight of him he was staggering up to the shanty with a five gallon jug of whiskey.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, as he dropped the jug on the "stoop," "that's hard work. How are you, old man? Have you got any water round? Let's have a wet."

That expression, "Let's have a wet," became painfully familiar before the week was out. Hop never got drunk, or anything approaching it, as far as I could see, but he soaked up whiskey as dry sand will absorb water, and when I declined to drink with him, he drank alone; it made no difference.

THE BLACK DUCK.

I explained to him that night when we turned in that I had set the alarm clock for four o'clock, and that I could get breakfast in fifteen minutes. The decoys were set out about a hundred and fifty yards from camp, and there was no need to get up any earlier. Then I went to sleep. I had been off about half an hour, when I was brought bolt upright by a tremendous crash, followed by a groan, a grunt, and then some of the most emphatic cursing I ever listened to.

"What in blazes are you trying to do?" I called out.

"It's all right, old man," answered Hop's voice out of the darkness. "I fell over the water-pail, that's all. I set it handy before I went to bed, in case I might be thirsty, but when I got out just now I lost my bearings somehow. Suffering Moses! I've got a bark on my shin a foot long."

I got out of bed and landed in a puddle of ice-cold water. I am afraid I swore. I slopped about and got the lamp lit, hunted out some sticking plaster, and patched up his shin, which was pretty badly skinned. Then I got him into his bunk, swept the water out of the door, and prepared to turn in once more.

"It's really too bad, old man," Hop said, with an expression of great contrition, "Let's have a wet."

I declined and blew out the light. It was then half-past twelve. After some tossing about I fell asleep, and every nerve in my body was clinging to the drowsy, god-like burr, when I was roused by the rattling of the sheet-iron camp stove, and became conscious that the lamp was lit, and that Hop was busy kindling the fire.

"What's the matter now?" I asked,

rubbing my eyes. "Did the alarm go off?"

"Oh, no! It's only two o'clock. I thought I would get up and get breakfast without waking you. Feel thirsty this morning? Let's have a wet."

I groaned in spirit and turned out. It was the only thing to do. After breakfast was over, we sat and smoked for two hours, while Hop spun some of his elaborate hunting yarns, and then I took him down to his hide, pointed out where I was going myself, and left him to his own devices. We were parted on either side of a narrow inlet, which was really a continuation of a creek emptying out of one of the lakes on the island where my shanty is built. This inlet is about eighty yards wide by four hundred long, and is a favorite feeding ground for all kinds of ducks, but more especially black duck. My hide was a hundred yards nearer the mouth, and I paddled across, laid the canoe back in the bushes and effaced myself.

Five minutes,—ten minutes. The light poured slowly and imperceptibly over the eastern rim of the horizon. One by one the decoys emerged from the gloom until I could see those farthest out.

"Swish-sh—plop-plop."

Two black duck have lit below me, and are regarding the wooden effigies with staring eye and rigid neck. Gradually they unbend; the heads are lowered, and they come sailing straight towards me. They are within a scant forty yards, and I cautiously cover them.

"Say old man, didn't you hear something in the water just now?" This with a regular telephone bellow.

Up sprang the ducks, and bang-bang went my two barrels, winging the first and killing the second bird. I looked up and finished the wounded duck, to an accompaniment of excited shouts.

"Where are they? How many did you get? Have you killed him?—Where the devil are they? Give a man a chance, can't you?"

I explained matters briefly, and once more we settled down, and silence reigned for a while. Presently I heard a portentous yawn. I looked across, and could see Hop's glistening barrels jerking uneasily about above his hide. Then his hat appeared, and finally his face, shining ruddy in the gathering eastern light. Half a dozen whistlers came down the creek and plumped right in the middle of his decoys. I saw him take a hasty aim and one report followed. The six rose as one bird and sped away down the creek, while Hop sprang to his feet.

"I nailed him," he shouted. "I've blown the head clean off him." And so he had, but it was the head of one of my decoys.

"You've spoiled a good decoy," I answered rather roughly. "Sit down and mind what you're doing next time."

There was a pause. Then across the water came "A Life On the Ocean Wave," hummed sonorously. Then silence. I sighted a flock of black duck coming up the creek, and my grip tightened nervously on my gun. On they came with swift, even flight, and had actually set their wings for lighting, when:

"Say old man! The Governor of North Carolina made a remark did'nt he? · Let's have wet."

The ducks swerved like lightning to the south, and the chance was gone. I sprang to my feet.

"I'm going up the creek," I shouted savagely, and marched off.

I followed the creek up to the lake, made a scientific stalk on three ducks, and by patiently waiting got the lot for two barrels, and then crossing over, walked back on the other side. I crept silently up to Hop's hide and looked in. He was leaning back against a stout cedar, fast asleep with his mouth wide open. I glanced over the outer edge of the hide, and there were two ducks quietly feeding just

MALLARDS.

outside his decoys. Then I fired both barrels right over his head, and I believe he thought the day of judgment had come, for he sprang to his feet with a yell like a Comanche, and if I had not caught him by the arm would have come an awful cropper on the back of his head. I don't know how many "wets" it took to steady his nerves again, but I know he did not try any more decoy shooting that day. He said "he guessed he'd go up to the shanty and have a snooze; that he wasn't used to getting up so early in the morning; and would I have a wet just to show there was no hard feeling?" I was so glad to get rid of him that I complied.

Next morning I tried a different arrangement. I bunched the decoys, and we both got into the same hide. I thought I could keep him quiet, and I would at least get a chance at the birds he missed. The arrangement worked better than I had hoped.

SAW-BILLS.

We got a dozen ducks in the first half hour; that is Hop got two, and I accounted for the others. But I made a discovery. He invariably shut his eyes when he pulled the trigger. When I gently suggested that it might be a good idea to keep his eye open he got quite huffed and assured me I was completely mistaken, and that the reason he did not kill more ducks was that his cartridges were bad. Then he had a "wet." Presently a duck came straight towards us, and flew right over our heads. It is a shot I hate, and very often miss. I swung round and let go at him, and he went on his way rejoicing, while Hop looked very wise, and I said something not worth repeating. The report of my gun started up seven ducks a hundred yards above us, and they came down like the wind.

"Now's your chance." I whispered, fully expecting that he would miss them, and feel properly humbled. But little I knew the possibilities of a man like Hop. He sighted them just as they got opposite the hide, and clapping his gun to his shoulder, fired anyhow. Wonder of wonders! Down came three of them with a resounding splash, dead. He gazed at them a moment in petrified astonishment, and then sprang to his feet.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Three of them! My Great Scott! *What* a shot! Say, old man, I rather wiped your eye that time, eh?"

He had, and I humbly acknowledged it. I had to lay violent hands on him to prevent his wading in after the ducks, and he spent the day looking at them, and talking about the "magnificent shot;" and the number of wets he found it necessary to take in order to christen the ducks must have run the demijohn down at least three inches

Hopkins-Smyth and I put in a week of discomfort, and parted with a mutual feeling of relief. He was a poor sportsman, an execrable shot, and an unmitigated nuisance round the camp, with his eternal whiskey. I saw him depart with pleasure. He, on his part, told his particular friends that I was the slowest poke he ever met; that I could not even take my whiskey like a man, and that I actually refused to smoke before breakfast for fear of spoiling my shooting. And on all three counts I believe I must stand convicted.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Silv'ry streams of recollection,
Glimm'ring down the golden years,
Break their sparkling sprays of music
All about life's stony cares.

And from yonder past comes stealing
Starry stores of treasur'd light;
Scatt'ring wide with rifts of glory
Sorrow's broken clouds of night.

—Ernest E. Leigh.

THE FINANCIAL INCIDENTS OF WAR.

BY A. C. GALT.

It is not to be expected that opponents of Imperial Federation would intentionally furnish an argument in its favor; but occasionally, in the energy of their attack, they stumble into important admissions.

In some recently-published "Essays On Questions of the Day," an admission of this nature is made by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, writing upon the subject of "The Empire," says (page 162):

> "This question of the relation of the Colonies cannot be set aside as impractical. It may at any moment present itself in the most practical form: *for a maritime war would at once reveal the inability of England to protect her distant dependencies, and the inability of the dependencies to defend their own trade.*"

I doubt whether the case for Imperial Federation has ever been summed up by any of its ablest advocates more clearly or concisely than it is in the above short extract.

Taking for my text the portion of the extract which I have italicized, I desire to point out and illustrate, by reference to history, the financial losses which would necessarily accompany war, but which it is a leading object of Imperial Federation to mitigate or prevent.

The position and interests of Great Britain are not identical with those of her Colonies, and therefore it is necessary to deal with these interests separately.

Firstly, then, let us regard the matter

FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

The losses which England would certainly sustain, in the event of war, may be divided roughly under two headings:

(1). Damage to commerce; (2). Loss of capital invested in the Colonies.

I. DAMAGE TO COMMERCE.

Since the accession of Queen Victoria the annual trade of Great Britain has increased from £155,000,000, in 1837, to £682,700,000, in 1894, and this, notwithstanding several years of great depression. The latter sum, enormous as it is, does not include the value of the shipping, but only of the goods imported and exported. The instance of a destruction of a nation's commerce, to which I shall presently allude, may not at first sight seem applicable to England to-day, inasmuch as she possesses the finest navy in the world, whereas the United States. at the date of the war of 1812, probably had a very poor navy. But a squadron cruising in the English Channel cannot at the same time protect the harbor of Quebec, or the shipping in the River St. Lawrence.

Sir Charles Dilke (*Problems of Greater Britain*, page 653), puts it this way:

> "I do not for a moment question the statement that the British navy is fully able to defend the United Kingdom if it is concentrated in home waters. Nothing, however, in war is more certain to be ultimately fatal than to relinquish the power of the initiative and of attack. If our fleets are to be concentrated for home defence, they must abandon the remainder of the Empire, of which only some portions are able to defend themselves, and we must sooner or later be ruined or partially starved in the British Isles. The abandonment of Greater Britain would involve the destruction of our commerce, and would be as severe a blow to the Empire as the invasion of England and capture of London itself. When, therefore, the naval school which I have mentioned points to supposed facts in proof of the contention that a superior naval force in home waters could defend the country against invasion, I have only to ask what is the practical application of this platitude to a scheme of defence of the British Empire? If we were to concentrate at the Nore and in the Channel a fleet superior in strength to

> those of two European powers, they would not be mad enough to attack our huge armada, but would sweep our cruisers from the ocean, capture our merchant ships, direct expeditions against our coaling stations and our colonies, and destroy the whole edifice of that commerce by which the population of the United Kingdom is supported."

For the purpose, then, of Colonial or merchant shipping defence, an absent navy may be regarded practically as a non-existent navy, and this enables us to apply the lesson which the war of 1812 teaches us. In those days we may well believe that, in the absence of telegraphs, cables and steam, wars lasted much longer than they would at present. It by no means follows that the destruction and expense of a war is at all reduced by being accomplished in a shorter time. The so-called war of 1812 was not terminated until 1841, and its effect upon the commerce of the United States is thus described by Allison (*Hist. of Europe*, American Ed., 1859, Vol. IV., page 482):

> "Perhaps no nation ever suffered so severely as the Americans did from this war, in their external and commercial relations. Their foreign trade, anterior to the estrangement from Great Britain, so flourishing as to amount to £22,000,000 of exports and £28,000 000 of imports, carried on in 1,300 000 tons of shipping, was, literally speaking, and by no figure of speech, *annihilated;* for the official returns show that the former had sunk, in 1814, to £1,400,000, or a little more than an eighteenth part of their former amount; the latter to less than three millions. The capture of no less than fourteen hundred American vessels of war and merchandise appeared in the London *Gazette* during the two years and a half of its continuance, besides probably an equal number, which were too inconsiderable to enter that register; and, although, no doubt, they retaliated actively and effectively by their ships of war and privateers on British commerce, yet their number was too small to produce any considerable set-off to such immense losses; and the rapid growth of British commerce, when placed in juxtaposition to the almost total extinction of that of the United States, demonstrates decisively that that while the contest lasted, the sinews of war were increasing in one country as fast as they were drying up in the other. In truth, the ordinary American revenue, almost entirely derived from Custom House duties, nearly vanished during the continuance of the war, and the deficit required to be made up by excise and direct taxes levied in the interior, and loans, which in the year 1814 amounted to no less than $20,500,000, or above £4,000 000 sterling; an immense sum for a state, the annual income of which in ordinary times was only $23,000,000, or £4,600,000. Two-thirds of the mercantile and trading classes in all the States of the Union became insolvent during these disastrous years."

The substantial accuracy of this account is shewn by the circumstance that the Editor of the American edition takes occasion to correct inaccuracies respecting the American War, but the above extract is allowed to go unchallenged.

The vast extent of England's merchant shipping increases, rather than diminishes, the risk of loss by war.

(2) LOSS OF CAPITAL INVESTED IN THE COLONIES.

The wealth of Great Britain is not all retained within her shores. Untold millions, roughly estimated by those who have studied the subject at upwards of £1,000,000,000, are outstanding upon Colonial securities, the income of which flows back continuously to British investors. Self-interest alone would seem to demand an earnest effort on the part of Great Britain in her character of mortgagee of these Colonial estates and securities, to adopt such measures in conjunction with the Governments of the Colonies as may prevent the vast and irreparable waste which a war might occasion. A disconnected Empire cannot accomplish this. A confederated Empire could.

Let us see how the question looks

FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

All that has been said above respecting the commerce of Great Britain applies with even greater force to the Colonies. Some of them have large shipping interests of their own. Canada, for example, ranks high among the ship-owning countries of the world. But our ports are few in number, and, in the absence of British warships, might be easily blockaded by a small detachment from the enemy's fleet, and our shipping is thus exposed to the fate which overtook America's shipping in the war of 1812.

There are, however, other considerations, specially applicable to the Colonies, which teach the same lesson, and point to Imperial Federation as an urgent necessity: (1) The present insecurity of the Colonies, and their liability to capture in case of war. (2) The enormous losses they would sustain even in successfully repelling an enemy.

In connection with the first of these reasons, we must bear in mind that in the event of a coalition of two or more European powers against England, the greater portion of the navy would necessarily have to be withdrawn from outlying Colonies to protect the United Kingdom. Nor could we fairly complain. The navy alone costs about £14,000,000 a year to maintain, nearly all of which amount is contributed by the British tax-payers, while we pay no part of it. The only colony which has had the wisdom to secure some naval protection is Australia, which, for the moderate annual sum sum of £126,000 has secured a squadron of seven warships for her own waters.

But leaving Australia, for the moment, out of consideration, which of the Colonies could, in the absence of England's warships, successfully resist a sudden attack?

The history of England's naval prowess, and of the mode in which many of her colonies were acquired, reveals what might take place in case of war. One hundred years ago England was at war with France, and we read in Alison (Hist. Europe, Vol. I., p. 324):

> "Meanwhile the ascendancy of the English navy soon produced its wonted effects on the colonial possessions of their enemies. Soon after the commencement of hostilities Tobago was taken by a British squadron, and in the beginning of March, 1794, an expedition was fitted out against Martinique, which after a vigorous resistance, fell on the 23rd. Shortly after, the principal forts in St Domingo were wrested from the Republicans by the English forces, while the wretched planters, a prey to the flames lighted by Brissot and the friends of negro emancipation at the commencement of the Revolution, were totally ruined. No sooner was this success achieved than the indefatigable English commanders, Sir John Jarvis, and Sir Charles Grey, turned their arms against St. Lucia, which was subjected to the British dominions on the 4th of April. Guadaloupe was next attacked, and on the 25th that fine island, with all its rich dependencies, was added to the list of the conquered colonies. Thus in little more than a month the French were entirely dispossessed of their West India possessions, with hardly any loss to the victorious nation."

What was done in a month then could be done in a fortnight now, and it is for those most concerned—the planters, tradesmen and property owners of the smaller colonies—to say what their condition would be.

But suppose the case of an unsuccessful attack upon a colony. This supposition, with its financial incidents, seems to have escaped the attention of those who object to any contribution by the Colonies towards improving the Defences of the Empire. From a business standpoint the objection is untenable. It is the objection of a man to insure his warehouse or his dwelling, and *that* during a very sultry season, when the outbreak of a fire is at least possible, and if it comes, it is almost certain to be widespread.

And on what grounds is the objection urged? So far as Canada is concerned, it is said that in connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific by rail, and in subsidizing certain fast passenger steamships on the Pacific, so that they may be transformed into cruisers, we have made our contribution. Valuable as these two measures are to Canada, and to the Empire in many possible events, they do not meet the point now under consideration. *They do not give us the right to any por-*

tion of Great Britain's army or navy in case of war. They involve payments, not to the party who alone can give us security (Great Britain), but to somebody else, and as a substitute for insurance they are obviously ineffectual.

No Torontonian is likely to soon forget the conflagration of January last, when within a single week several lives were lost and some two million dollars worth of property was destroyed. For years past, those most competent to judge had warned us that our system of fire protection was inadequate. Nobody would believe them. The loss of life and property would be serious enough if the matter ended there. But the Insurance Companies, in order to protect themselves in future, levied a general tax on the community by advancing their rates, *and we had to provide ourselves with the necessary appliances after all.*

The moral taught us by this lesson is applicable to the position of the Empire to-day, and decreases the attention of all who are willing to face unpleasant facts in the hope of removing them.

In an article on the Proposed Increase of the U.S. Army, by Adjutant-General Ruggles in the "North American Review" of December, 1894, some interesting particulars are given respecting modern fortifications, and the cost of firing. He states that a single round of maximum cost, wasted, is equivalent to the pay of one soldier for five years, and that a single round of minimum cost, wasted, is equivalent to the pay of a soldier for about nine months; and he gives us the following table of items:

A battery composed of the five guns here mentioned would probably be insufficient for the protection of any but a very small harbor, and yet a single round from such a battery—just to try the range—would cost $1,725.65. But each of the 27 seaports referred to in the article would, on the average, require about ten such batteries, a single round from which would cost about $17,256. If the enemy were repulsed by half a dozen rounds, still the victor would be out of pocket more than $100,000 by the engagement. But this estimate does not include the damage done by the enemy to the buildings within the harbor, many of which would be destroyed. Some of the colonies, Tasmania and New Zealand for example, have several harbors, all of which might be attacked simultaneously by a fleet of no great size; and even assuming a complete repulse of the enemy, the cost of victory could not fall short of many millions of pounds.

Whether the question be regarded from an English or from a Colonial standpoint, the advisability of a Federation by means of which the defences of the Empire can be taken in hand and strengthened is abundantly clear. The case of an out-and-out war is a matter in which both England and her Colonies would have a joint liability. No one can foretell where the theatre of such a war would be. It might be in a Colony or a group of Colonies.

But let people who grumble at any suggested expenditure throughout the Empire for reasonable national defence, consider next the historian's comment on the whole French war, of

Gun.	Projectile.			Powder.		Total.
	Weight.	Material.	Cost.	Weight.	Cost.	Cost.
16-inch rifle	2,370 lbs.	Steel.	$711 00	1,060 lbs.	$116 00	$827 00
12-inch rifle	1,000 lbs.	Steel.	300 00	435 lbs.	117 45	417 45
10-inch rifle	575 lbs.	Steel.	172 50	250 lbs.	67 50	240 00
8 inch rifle	300 lbs.	Steel.	90 00	130 lbs.	35 10	125 10
12-inch mortar	630 lbs.	Steel.	94 50	80 lbs.	21 60	116 10

which the capture of Colonies was only an incident, bearing in mind that England and her allies came out victorious:—

> "The great error of the allies, and, above all, of England at this period, was that they did not make sufficiently vigorous efforts at the commencement, and thought it enough, in a struggle with the desperate energy of a revolutionary state, to exert the moderate strength of an ordinary contest. Nothing is so ill-judged, in such a situation, as the niggardly conduct which prolongs a war, by spending £50,000,000 more at its commencement. Great Britain might have saved £500,000,000."—Alison, (*Hist. Europe*, Vol. I., p. 373.)

Figures by themselves often fail to convey their full meaning, especially when they represent such vast amounts as millions. The following paragraph taken from a Toronto newspaper is much better calculated to appeal to the average Canadian tax-payer:—

> "The sum so far appropriated for the present war by Japan just about equals the net debt of Canada. In other words the Japanese have blown in on gunpowder, in a few months, as much money as Canada has spent in fifty years in providing the best canal system in the world, and carrying out public works which no other country of like population has anywhere near equalled. War is a costly business."

If the cost of successful war be so enormous what must be said of an unsuccessful one. In 1815 the French had to pay not only all their own expenses, but £61,500,000 to England and her allies by way of indemnities. Is it not worth while to join hands in an effort to avert such disaster. A nation well equipped for war does not invite attack, but it is in the best position to enforce peace.

The objects aimed at by Imperial Federation are to unite the scattered members of the Empire, to strengthen its defences, and to arouse the interest of each part in the welfare of the whole, in order that we may make the most of our resources in peace and may present an unbroken front in case of war. Surely these are worthy and substantial objects, the attainment of which would increase immeasureably the power and prestige of the nation.

"But," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the essay above referred to, "in approaching the question of Empire from a rational point of view, and essaying to test the value of its several elements, we are met at once by the cry of 'prestige.' Give up anything, we are told, and you ruin the prestige of that Empire on which the sun never sets. What is prestige? Etymologically, a conjuring trick. Actually, a sham force."

Scientists justly pride themselves upon the fact that their enquiries are conducted with instruments of presicion. This, however, does not remove the possibility of error, on any given occasion, arising from the use of the wrong instrument. The planets may appear to be only tiny specks, but they cannot be satisfactorily examined under a microscope. Nor do we form our ideas respecting a friend across the table by directing a telescope at him.

Nobody finds any difficulty in seeing the meaning of "prestige" with his naked eyes, but the learned essayist by examining it with his microscope, obtains a meaningless product; for it is no more possible to sham force than it is to paint the report of a cannon. Similarly, the late Professor Freeman (whose method is approved and followed by the learned essayist in the paper above mentioned), in *Britannic Confederation* pp. 45 to 50, discovered that Imperial Federation is a misnomer, for what is imperial cannot be federal, and what is federal cannot be imperial.

The Unity of the Empire is too important an object to be thus brushed aside by purely verbal criticism, and already there are indications of its speedy removal from the literary to the political arena.

NOTE—I must acknowledge the obligation I am under to Dr. Parkin, the new Principal of Upper Canada College, for the valuable information contained in his most interesting work on Imperial Federation.

WHITE PEONIES.

(An Old-Time Reverie.)

A garden old, where various odours lingered,
  Where walks, box-bordered, led the willing feet
Past parterres fill'd with flowers, quaint, old-timey,
  Close by many a well-worn garden seat.

Here peonies, red, and white, and pink, grew wanton,
  Bold pioneers of June's be-flowered reign,
I see them now in mem'ries store engraven,
  I nevermore will see their like again.

She loved them all, but she best loved those masses
  Of virgin hue, great snowy balls of white,
Like roses made of sheeny ravelled satin,
  That distil sweetness thro' the day and night.

I see her now ; in mem'ry's sacred casket,
  Forever will she live while life shall last ;
Tho' old and grey I wait the Master's summons,
  Bright is her image in the mirrowed past.

Ah ! those were halcyon days, when we two wandered
  Adown the garden paths, among the flowers :
Days when Love ruled, when, all the world unheeding,
  We counted not the swiftly fleeting hours.

She slept so sound. Alas ! when last I saw her
  She answered not my voice ; I called in vain.
Closed were her eyes, her lips forever silent,
She'd never hear my words of love again.

I envied them, those great white glorious peonies,
  As round her, o'er her head and on her breast
They clustered ; shedding tears in sweetest perfume,
  The flowers she loved on earth the very best.

—Fidele H. Holland.

ST. SKEA—A SKETCH.

BY K. BRADSHAW.

A SPARKLING sea, a sapphire sky, and a radiant sun shining on a narrow zigzag path that winds along a rocky hill; below, the huge gray boulders, and then the sea. There's not a sound to break the mid-day silence save the lapping of the long curling waves. This is St. Skea, only a fishing station, the home of a handful of fishermen.

Up the hill is a small sea-beaten cottage, dreary and desolate; a few, very few, flowers are beside the door, and large white shells ornament the stone path. Outside, mending his net, is Jake, a sturdy bronzed fisherman. His face is strong and grim, like the many storms he has faced. Ever and anon he scans the sea to see if the herring boats are coming in.

"Hey, Liz.," he calls, "they are comin', lass," and he runs down the path to where the men are guiding in the white, dancing boats.

Liz. comes to the door, waves her apron to the men, and turns to finish her house duties with a smile upon her lips. She waits till the boats are landed and their glittering burden laid on the wooden quay, then giving her hair a pat she walks along the path to join the fisher-folk, all gossiping and working on the shore.

The girls clean the fish, and with many a rough jest, but hearty goodwill, these daughters of old ocean make their creels ready for the town. The old men lean on the boats, puffing their pipes, and telling the adventures of the catch, while the younger ones help the girls. Liz. has for a helper Jim, the biggest, bravest fisher-lad on the coast. He hands the girl the fish, and one by one they slip through her deft fingers.

"Ye'll be at the beach the night, Liz.?" he queries.

"What for should I be there?" and Liz. gives a turn to her head.

"Will ye no see the bonnie salmon, lass?" and he gravely looks at the sturdy form beside him.

"Aye, mon, I hae seen mony a salmon before the night."

"Aye, but ye'll no see a bonnie mon like me ilka night," and Jim waggishly bobs his head at her.

"Ye'll be sure to be at the gray stane, Liz.," and Jim's voice is quiet now.

"Did you think I would fail ye, lad?" asks Liz. "I'll be at the gray stane when the boats come in. I couldna bear to walk up the hill-side wi'out ye, laddie."

A few hours later and the sun has passed from the sky, leaving a flood of gold and purple glory behind it. Then the sombre-hued twilight robed the earth, and the birds, with many twitterings, seek their nests, and the seagull's lonely cry grows fainter, as he skims with outstretched pinions the bosom of the restless ocean.

Liz. with eager feet runs down from her home, crosses the sand, and reaches the gray stane, which stands gaunt and grim on the shore. Its rough proportions resemble a tombstone, and it can be seen far out at sea. Here she waits her fisher-lad. The spray of the waves falls on her face, and with impatient hand she pushes away the strands of hair which fall over her eyes. What a fresh, honest face it is! Brown, from the loving smiles of sea and sun. What a steady light in those clear grey eyes.

Away far out she sees a white sail, and shading her eyes she bends as she watches it "curtseying o'er the billows." Slowly the bonnie boat approaches the shore, and gathering night shrouds it in mysterious draperies.

How quiet the men are. No boisterous song or jest, no rough oath from some old tar. They do not see the girl's figure, and she hears the words: "Who will tell Liz.?"

"What is it?" she asks, "What is it ye'll no' tell me?"

None spoke, but an old sailor came towards her. "Liz.," he said solemnly, "He's no here" Liz. did not ask who *he* was. She stood like a stone.

"He went beyond his depth at the salmon net," went on the old man, "and none of us noticed; he must have struck a rock. Aye, he was a fine lad, no his like in the hale country," and the old fellow wiped his eye with the back of his hand.

Liz. turned to the gray stone, and leaning against its cold form, let her tears fall on it. She spoke no word, only sob after sob told the anguish of her heart.

Surely some angel of mercy saw those tears and heard those sobs, or was that lonely child of nature forgotten in the myriad of mourners from stifled towns and cities. The men tried to speak comfort, but in a life like theirs they were used to lose, and each home was bereft of fathers and sons and brothers. Perhaps that was why the grave-yard was so small, the vast sea gave so many of her sons a resting-place.

One more woman led a lonely life upon the sea-shore, and the townspeople wondered why the fisher girl's face seemed so sad.

THE COURTIER.

My ladye's face is proud and fair,
My ladye's eyes are grey,
She goeth out to take the air
On every sunny day.
My ladye wears a gown of blue
Which falleth to her feet,
All broidered o'er with pearls like dew
And daisies shy and sweet.

My ladye wears a hat of silk,
Which fairy hands did spin,
And strings it hath, as white as milk,
To tie beneath her chin.
My ladye wears upon her breast
A knot of ribbon gay,
But who her heart doth love the best
My ladye will not say.

My ladye wears upon her face
A little touch of scorn,
No fuller store of perfect grace
Hath any woman born.
And Ah! the costly jewels rare
Do make the eye grow dim,
That flash among her powdered hair
And on her fingers slim.

My ladye wears a satin shoe
With silken buckle wide,
A tiny thing from heel to toe
That is my joy and pride.
My ladye's face is proud and fair,
My ladye's eyes are grey,
She goeth out to take the air
On every sunny day.

THE RUSTIC.

My lassie's face is fair to see,
My lassie's eyes are blue,
And always do they tell to me
Her heart is fond and true.
My lassie wears a gown of white,
Which needs no pearls to deck,
With lace like cobweb, soft and light,
Full-gathered at her neck.

There's silk, too, on my lassie's head
As yellow as the gold,
And woven is each shining thread
Into a braided fold.
But never fairy hands did spin
Silk like my lassie's hair.
As for the strings beneath her chin
I would not have them there,

Lest one soft dimple growing shy,
That everyone might see,
Within these silken strings should try
To hide itself from me.
My lassie wears upon her breast
No knot of ribbon gay,
Forget-me-nots she loveth best
Plucked at the dawn of day.

My lassie's feet, like two white mice,
Go slipping through the grass,
The very dew drops think them nice
And kiss them as they pass.
The satin shoe with buckle drest
Is richer, it may be;
But, if the truth must be confest,
Not half so good to see.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

OUR CASH RESERVES.

BY JAMES B. PEAT, M.A., LL.B.

THE prolonged and universal depression in business, which characterized the last half decade, has compelled many nations to examine more carefully their entire industrial and financial organizations. Prices have fallen continuously, production has been limited, and consumption has declined. In some countries, notably the United States and Australia, the general contraction was not so gradual. In these, the shock was severe and the contraction sudden. Unwise legislation in the one case, and a general undue inflation of values in the other, brought about a crisis. Other nations, while they have avoided these extreme visitations, have not escaped intact; so that we find this critical spirit developing contemporaneously with returning confidence and extending business.

In the U.S this discontent with existing institutions is manifested in an endeavor to reconstruct their entire monetary system, more especially the currency. Under these circumstances then, it might not be amiss to review, even in a cursory manner, our Canadian financial organization. Canada stood the strain remarkably well. No doubt, profits have been curtailed in every direction, and the utmost vigilance was necessary on the part of the directors of our leading financial institutions to prevent actual loss of capital. The general result is, that a spirit of timidity has been engendered, and the investment of capital in profitable enterprises is checked. Hence we have an anomalous condition of affairs. The deposits in the banks, in the Government savings banks, in trust and loan companies, etc., have increased rapidly, and still the popular cry is that we need more capital to develop our national resources.

Under these circumstances, something must be wrong, for surely it cannot be said that Canada's natural resources have been developed to their fullest extent. Something should be done to remove, if possible, this timidity on the part of capitalists. Very true, a new country should not be opened up too quickly, but population must follow the building of railways at once, if the capital invested in them is to prove a source of income to the shareholders. Our mineral, agricultural, and manufactured productions command a ready sale in all parts of the world. Our infant industries have been protected by a high tariff for nearly twenty years. The progress of the country since Confederation has been uniform if not rapid. The rude shocks which temporarily checked the industrial expansion of the U.S. and Australia have, as we have said, been avoided. Stability has all along been the watchword of our leading financiers and monetary reformers. But still the question remains: How is it that capital accumulates in the banks, loan companies, etc., and does not flow more freely into channels where it would be more productive and thus increase the prosperity of the nation? If capital is scarce, how is it the British capitalist, who is constantly on the alert for ways to invest his surplus means, does not venture here? It has been suggested that a certain weakness exists in our financial system which may be a partial solution of the problem. We refer to the inadequacy of our Cash Reserves, *i.e.*, the comparative absence of gold with which the national currency, the bank currency and all debts may be liquidated on demand of the creditors. It is alleged that the relative scarcity of metallic money in Canada, when compared with other countries, is such that it prevents, in a very appreciable degree, the free investment of capital. Such is the indictment. We will examine, then, some of the leading facts, to determine, if possible, the truth or falsehood of this allegation.

In discussing this question, we will first consider, briefly, our present foreign indebtedness. This indebtedness, contracted abroad, has been roughly estimated by different authorities at about $1,000,000,000, *i.e.*, about $200 per capita. This sum is payable, and and will be paid, gradually; but the annual interest at 3 per cent. would be $30,000,000, and it is this annual interest charge that concerns us in this inquiry. Charges payable abroad annually have recently been estimated as follows:

On Dominion debt	$10,000,000
On Provincial do.	2,000,000
On Municipal do.	2,000,000
On Trust & Loan Societies debt	2,000,000
On railway debt	9,000,000
Totals	$25,000,000

This heavy annual charge can practically be paid in one way only, by international legal tender, *i.e.*, gold. No doubt a very favorable balance of trade would discharge it. But such a balance would be an unique experience in our national trade returns, as it has occurred but once in 28 years. The average annual excess of imports over exports, since 1867, has been approximately $20,795,000. So that, the time when our exports shall exceed our imports by any such sum as $25,000,000 is apparently very remote.

If we cannot pay this annual charge by an excess of exports over imports, we must have other means to liquidate these maturing claims. Therefore the amount of quick assets we hold as a nation becomes a matter of primary importance. Moreover, it is conceded by all financiers that a reserve stock of money is an essential part of the equipment of every nation.

What then is the proper function of such a Cash Reserve?

"It is to enable all debtors, in liquidating their debts, to do so, if their creditors desire it, in the coin in which they are expressed. That is to say, it maintains prices at the level at which they would be maintained, if every separate transaction were settled in coin, or possibly at the higher level. which may arise, through the value of gold being lowered by economy in its use." (Gairdner's 'Gold Reserves,' p. 13).

The Cash Reserves of Canada are kept virtually by the Dominion Government, and by the various banks. The local governments, the large municipal corporations, the trust and loan companies, and private parties, may all have plenty of promises to pay metallic money on demand, but they keep no large stock of specie on hand. The very convertibility of our bank notes, the high degree in which they conform to all the requirements of an ideal local currency, has a strong tendency to keep metallic money out of circulation, except for making change. The people habitually take Dominion notes and bank notes without questioning their security. But this local currency has no international value. It cannot be used to settle adverse foreign balances. Therefore, in these days when the Government is striving to extend the facilities for foreign trade, to open up new avenues hitherto unavailable, it is necessary to inquire closely into the condition of our Cash Reserves, and estimate, if possible, their capacity to maintain a further extension of credit.

THE DOMINION NOTE AND ITS BASIS.

The notes issued by the Dominion Government are regulated by statute as follows:

R. S. C. c. 31, s. 2.—"The Governor in-Council may authorize the issue of Dominion notes to an amount not exceeding that herein specified......such notes shall be redeemable IN SPECIE on presentation at branch offices established, or at banks.......at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Charlottetown and Victoria."

Sec. 3.—"The amount of Dominion notes issued and outstanding at any one time.... shall not exceed twenty millions of dollars. They may be issued by sums not exceeding one million dollars at one time, and not exceeding four millions in one year, provided that the Minister of Finance shall always hold for securing the redemption of such notes, issued and outstanding, an amount in gold, or in gold and Canada securities guaranteed by the Government of the United Kingdom, equal to not less than 25 per cent. of the amount of such notes; at least 15 per cent of the total amount of such notes being so held in gold; and provided also that the said Minister of Finance shall always hold for the redemption of such notes an amount equal to the remaining 75 per cent. of the total amount thereof in Dominion debentures issued by the authority of Parliament"

57 and 58 Vict. c. 16, sec. 2.—"Notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained in the said chapter 31 of R.S.C., Dominion notes may be issued to any amount in excess of the sum of twenty-million dollars authorized by sec. 3, of c. 31. provided the Minister of Finance, etc., in addition to any amount required to be held by him in gold under the provisions of the said sec. 3, holds an amount in gold equal to the amount of Dominion notes issued and outstanding in excess of the said sum of twenty-million dollars."

These are the statutes governing the issue and the means of redeeming the Dominion notes. Some points contained therein need more than a passing notice. Sec. 2, declares that "such notes shall be redeemable in specie," not necessarily in gold. The Government can legally redeem some of their notes in silver. Thus we see that these notes, as far as redemption is concerned, rest legally on precisely the same basis as the American notes that are redeemable in coin. We have heard much during the last year or two concerning the possibility of the United States Government descending to a silver basis. President Cleveland soon informed the public that such a basis of settlement would not be adopted during his regime. But it is quite evident that the Dominion Government is legally free to adopt silver as the basis for redeeming some of its notes, however much it may be deterred from such a course by public sentiment and national traditions.

It is possible that the recent enactment *i.e.*, 57 and 58 Vic., c. 16, s. 2, has rendered null and void the clauses in R.S.C. c. 31, s. 3, limiting the issue of Dominion notes to one-million dollars at one time and not exceeding four millions in one year. A fair interpretation of c. 16, s. 2, would seem to be that any amount of Dominion notes may be issued at once, if the requirement with regard to the redemption fund be complied with. No one imagines that there could be any objection to this from an economic standpoint. If the Government could issue ten millions of their notes at once and import the gold required for the reserve, greater stability would be given to our national circulation. The banks, whose circulation must necessarily contract, under such circumstances would suffer the immediate loss.

In passing c. 16, sec. 2, the Government have finally adopted in its entirety the principle which prevails in Great Britain, that for every note issued beyond a certain limit, gold for an equal amount must be added to the cash reserves and the modus operandi of the Assistant-Receivers-General becomes more closely analogous to the issue Department of the Bank of England.

Having noted the legislation governing the issue and redemption of the Dominion notes, we will now consider the practical developments of the system. Are the reserves held by the Government sufficient to adequately discharge their function? This problem resolves itself into two parts, for there are practically two reserves, or rather, there may be two. That is the reserve contemplated by c. 16, sec. 2, only comes into existence, when the Dominion notes in circulation exceed twenty millions of dollars. During the months of April, May, and June, the Dominion note circulation averaged a little over $19,500,000. Thus 15 per cent. of this amount, or $2,925,000, was the legal gold reserve, although the actual reserve was much larger. In July, however, the Dominion note circulation expanded $1,800,000, and we find that the specie held in reserve was increased by the same amount, so that the second reserve contemplated by the recent enactment, now exists. The last monthly return in the *Gazette*, shows $1,396,975 held in gold, for the redemption of the Dominion note circulation in excess of $20,000,000. Thus this reserve only exists when certain antecedent conditions are fulfilled. Theoretically, the principle (*i.e.*, dollar for dollar) governing this reserve is sound, and has been found by experience, in other countries, to be, practically, the best obtainable. The hypothetical character of this reserve will disappear as our business transactions increase, and it will become a material factor in maintaining the stability of our financial institutions.

We will now consider, *in extenso*, the reserve kept for the redemption of the Dominion circulation up to $20,000,000.

By statute, R.S.C, c. 31, sec. 3, quoted above, the reserve would be 15 per cent., *i.e.*, $3,000,000 in gold; 10 per cent., *i.e.*, $2,000,000 in guaranteed Dominion debentures; and 75 per cent., *i.e.*, $15,000,000 in unguaranteed Dominion debentures.

As a matter of fact, we find that on July 31st, the several Asst.-Receivers-General held $9,637,826 in specie, £400,000, *i.e.*, $1,946,666 in guaranteed debentures, and $17,500,000 in ordinary Dominion debentures.

From the specie so held, we must deduct $1,396,975 in gold, which is held as a special reserve or "earmarked" under c. 16, sec. 2, for Dominion circulation in excess of $20,000,000. This would leave $8,240,851 held in specie, where only $3,000,000 in gold is required. If we regard the $3,000,000 mark as the "danger line," then, evidently there is a margin of over $5,000,000 to meet current demands and apparently this reserve would seem to be ample. But in our discussion of this question it must not be forgotten, that a percentage of this surplus specie is silver. No published return gives this fact, and a communication to the Treasury Department, at Ottawa, failed to elicit the desired information. If we assume that only 50 per cent. of this surplus reserve is gold, then it alters, immediately, the international character of a large portion of the reserve. Silver has ceased to be of use in making international payments, and its function as currency is reduced to the plane of making change. Under these circumstances, then, Canadian monetary reformers advocate a further refinement in the published Government returns in the Canada *Gazette*. The term "specie" is indefinite, and, in fact, misleading. This remark applies also to the monthly return of the banks. If the return showed the amounts of gold and silver held respectively, it would be more satisfactory to the public, and more intelligible to our creditors abroad. The Government would be complying with all the legal requirements, if it held only $4,396,975 in gold as a reserve at the end of July, *i.e.*, 20.5 per cent. of the Dominion circulation. The surplus of specie as shown by the return, might be all silver. Such a view would be too pessimistic, and altogether absurd, but still the apparent surplus of specie, as given from month to month, gives the Dominion circulation an unreal strength or stability which, in a panicky time, would be worse than an avowed weakness.

The real danger to the Government reserve lies in the fact that the banks are compelled to hold 40 per cent. of their 'rests' in Dominion notes. The bank returns for June show that the aggregate 'rests' of all the banks were approximately $27,000,000; the Dominion notes held were $13,500,000, *i.e.*, 50 per cent of their 'rests.' Thus the banks together held $2,700,000 in Dominion notes, which they might legally present for immediate redemption. We neglect for the sake of simplicity the fact that the Government specie is held in eight different cities, and that, therefore, the aggregate surplus cannot be regarded as immediately available at any one point. Nor could the banks present their surplus Dominion notes at one point, for each note is redeemable only at the office where it was issued. In March, 1893, the scarcity of loanable funds in the United States, and the consequent high rates for all loans, induced some of the Canadian banks to export gold to New York, while others strengthened their net cash reserves by getting gold for the Dominion notes. The result was this. In February, 1893, Dominion notes amounting to $19,112,356 were in circulation. The specie reserve was $7,062,890. In March, after the movement referred to above had taken place, the amounts were $17,587,711, and $5,550,381, respectively; *i.e.*, the percentage of specie to circulation fell from 36.9 to 31.5. Another call on the Government to redeem $1,500,000 more of its notes would have brought the specie reserve down to 25 per cent. of the circulation. At this point it is possible that the amount of silver in this 25 per cent. reserve held by the Receiver-General would become a matter of primary importance.

The Dominion circulation is further presumably secured by holding 10 per cent. in guaranteed debentures. This line of defence is evidently a good one if a purchaser could be found who would have gold to pay for them at the moment when it is most needed. But if gold were scarce, it is doubtful if such a purchaser could be readily found.

The Dominion unguaranteed debentures which constitute 75 per cent. of the redemption fund, cannot be regarded as a reserve at all in any strict sense of the term. By issuing these the Governmant would only be altering the form of its liability to the public. An obligation to pay on demand would have to be exchanged for one payable some time hence. We can easily conceive that the holder of a Dominion note would prefer to keep it; for in times of stringency in the money market, more or less acute, everyone wishes to hold either gold or something closely analagous to it. If a crisis should come in which the Government circulation was in danger of being inconvertible, the unguaranteed debentures could be sold only at a great discount, or possibly not at all.

Under these circumstances, then, we submit that the minimum gold reserve held by the Government should be increased. When we consider the fact that the Government has virtually a forced loan of about $14,000,000 (*i,e.* 40 per cent. of the $27,000,000 mentioned above) from the banks without interest, and $7,000,000 (*i.e.* the balance of the $21,000,000 of Dominion notes in circulation) from the public, the gold reserve is clearly inadequate. It imperils in a needless way the stability of our financial institutions, invites distrust abroad, and contributes to increase that timidity of local capital which is becoming so prevalent in Canada.

The point we wish to emphasize is this. Canada is doing nothing to establish such a gold reserve as would be adequate for all emergencies.

There has been a gradual intensifying in the race for gold, not necessarily in an individual but in a national sense. There seems to be a sort of reaction towards the position formerly maintained by the mercantilists. We find many nations striving to increase their stocks of gold. Some have demonetized silver and coined immense sums of gold, and the use of gold in daily transactions is encouraged. The State banks of Continental Europe all maintain an *agio* on gold, import all they can, and export very little. In the United States the Government employed a syndicate to protect the gold reserve in the Treasury, and thus maintain prices on a gold basis. The payment of interest on capital loaned abroad keeps Great Britain well supplied with gold, and no special effort is necessary.

Such are some of the prominent features of the world's struggle to control a good share of the available supply of gold. Meanwhile, Canada does nothing in the same direction.

What might be done to relieve the situation?

Several expedients suggest themselves. (*a*) The Government might hold a larger gold reserve. Since the principle of a minimum gold reserve, *i.e.*, 15 per cent. of circulation, has been adopted, this minimum should be raised to at least 30 per cent.

(*b*) The amount of metallic money in circulation in daily business might be increased. This cannot be done directly by legislation, but it may tend towards it.

At present, the American eagle ($10.00) and the sovereign ($4.86⅔) are legal tender in gold. Might it not be expedient to have a Canadian gold coinage? This coinage would gradually become familiar to the public, and the general tendency would be to encourage the circulation of metallic money. The question of a reconstructed gold coinage for Canada has been considered in Parliament. It might be opportune just at this juncture, when the increase in the production of gold not only abroad but at home would enable the Government to purchase a supply of bullion at a small premium. Of course, any such circulation of gold would limit the bank circulation, and thus be inimical to their interests. But such is not necessarily the case, for our national development and prosperity requires a larger reserve stock of international money, *i.e.*, gold, and whatever benefits the country general, must benefit the banks. There is no doubt, therefore, that the banks would be willing to sacrifice some trifling profit, rather than expose our whole commercial, agricultural and industrial fabric to severe strain or possible overthrow in some sudden financial crisis. "*Semper paratus*" should be the motto for our financial institutions.

It is always cheaper to prevent crises than to endure them. Therefore some readjustment of our financial system is necessary if Canada is to maintain her position, and meet her obligations as they accrue.

THE CHARACTER OF THE BANK RESERVES.

The Dominion Government holds only a moiety of the Cash Reserves of the Dominion. The rest is held by the chartered banks, and we must now consider the action of the banks in this vital matter. One of the striking characteristics of our entire banking organization, as distinguished from other systems, *e. g.*, the English, is to be found in the fact that it is a many-reserve system. No minimum reserve in proportion to the liabilities is fixed by legislation, so that each one of our many reserves is controlled by the "personal discretion" of the manager. As this trait of character varies within wide limits in different individuals, so we find great variation in their respective conceptions of what constitutes an adequate reserve. The result is that no wide generalization can be made concerning our bank Cash Reserves. Each bank must be judged by its environment, the nature of its business, and the character of its clientele. The percentage of quick assets to total liabilities held as reserve by one bank, might be quite sufficient, but the same percentage would be utterly inadequate and misleading in the case of another. Thus, our task is a difficult one. Generalization is almost impossible, and a specific study of the special circumstances of each bank would be necessarily tedious and technical. Still, some observations may be made which will at any rate cover the ground in a partial way.

What part of their assets do the banks usually classify as Cash Reserves? The usual net Cash Reserves include specie, Dominion notes, balances due from other banks at home and abroad. This category constitutes the first line of defence.

This list may be supplemented by Dominion debentures, provincial, municipal and other local or foreign public securities, railway securities and loans on call. These form the second line, and the two taken together constitute the quick assets.

A crisis in Canada might be so general, intense and overwhelming, that none of the securities mentioned above would be saleable for money. They might have to be sold abroad and at a great sacrifice. But such untoward circumstances are not likely to arise, and besides, we are considering probable difficulties and neglecting such conceivable cases. Further, certain financiers consider the average amount of current bills payable from day to day as a quick asset, but the claim is not considered a good one by the best authorities, and, therefore, we will set it aside.

Another resort in times of difficulty is re discounting. This practice is common in England and the United States, but not here; although the recent advance made to the People's Bank by the sister institutions in Montreal was virtually a re-discount of its paper.

We will consider these quick assets *seriatim*, to determine, if possible, their efficacy in upholding our structure of credit.

The specie claims attention first. The banks usually hold from seven to eight millions in specie. According to the return at the end of June, this was about 3 per cent. of the total liabilities, and 2.3 per cent. of the total assets. We cannot imagine how this asset could be possibly much lower if a solvent status is to be maintained at all. But the banks are seriously hampered in their endeavors to maintain adequate specie reserves, by the regulations requiring them to hold 40 per cent. of their reserves in Dominion notes. If they had $15,000,000 in gold instead of so many promises to pay, our national Cash Reserve would be strengthened most materially, and greater stability imparted to the whole financial fabric.

Our banks consistently maintain a foreign credit balance of about $20,000,000. This is mostly loaned on call in New York and Chicago, and it is, evidently, very remunerative business. But loans on call at home and abroad, cannot always be regarded as cash assets. Mr. Goschen, ex-chancellor of the Exchequer, has expressed the opinion that: "Cash on call is no reserve in the general sense, so far as the community is concerned; because when you call in your demand loans, you may be embarassing another person while you are relieving yourself. Money on call is a valuable asset, but it is not an asset which constitutes a reserve useful to the community at large." This *dictum* sets in a clear light the expediency of such a contraction of credit in troublous times. Experience has clearly shown that a prudent expansion of loans is absolutely necessary in a panic. The restrictive policy has always been attended by more disastrous failures, and a wider extinction of credit. Further, the daily balances between banks have essentially the same characteristics as call loans. Hence, in New York, clearing-house certificates are issued and settling day is postponed until immediate danger has passed away. These facts, then, would go to show, that in a general crisis such loans and balances could not be classified as quick assets at all. They should rather be placed under the category of current loans. However, balances held abroad could be called in, and would be useful to relieve the local tension. Where one bank alone is in difficulty, *e.g.*, People's Bank, that bank's credit balances would be paid in any case, and call loans must be contracted with impunity to overcome, if possible, the withdrawal of the deposits.

Public and railway securities of various kinds complete the list of quick assets. This class of property is much fancied by the banks, owing to the fact that times must be very troublous in which a purchaser for these cannot be readily found. About $2,000,000 of such securities are held by our banks.

The speculative value of such securities on the ordinary money market, and the tendency to fall to a discount in times of difficulty, are the chief reasons which deter such bonds from becoming first-class investments for the banks. Such bonds constitute the stock-in-trade of all the Exchanges; and therefore they are always liable to rapid fluctuations in value, independently altogether of natural causes.

Such are the Reserves and the mode of their investment. Where are they usually kept? Centralization is the leading characteristic of the industrial development of the last decade of the century. Thus we find the banks share in this movement, and the Cash Reserves of the whole system are to be found at the large money markets in each Province, *e.g.*, at Toronto, Montreal, Halifax and Winnipeg. All the banks have agents or branches in at least two of these financial centres. The net result is that the cash reserves are consolidated more or less, and foreign payments are made more easily.

The recent suspension of the People's Bank, Quebec, is an object lesson to the public, and to sister institutions. This bank was apparently strong, and so far as the public could learn from the monthly return, was doing well. It is a trite saying that the statements may look well on paper, and yet an institution may be tottering to its fall. Some figures for comparison are instructive. The specie and Dominion notes at the end of June were about 2.88 per cent. of its liabilities, while at the other extreme, a strong bank, the Bank of Toronto, had 13.8 per cent. of its liabilities in cash, and the average for the Dominion was about 9½ per cent. These figures show at once the wide range of action allowed in the management of reserves. Then the People's Bank held no public securities such as we have mentioned. When once the withdrawal of deposits started, the re-discounting of its paper was only a confession of weakness. Such a proceeding could not but tend to create greater distrust.

The point to be emphasized is simply this. Each bank must keep its credit above suspicion. The contraction of rests, reduction of capital or dividends, are things we see quite quite frequently, but so long as the bank maintains its credit with its customers it is comparatively safe from runs or exhausting drains. A weakness in actual cash would not under these circumstances be noticed except by the initiated, and careful management would in time bring up the reserves to the average percentage.

Theoretically, banking is an impossibility. Its liabilities are all virtually payable on demand, and if any considable percentage of these liabilities be presented at one time, no bank, however strong, could stand the strain. Their credit must be maintained, and the presentation of its liabilities for payment thus avoided. It is the withdrawal of the deposits that breaks banks, and the Cash Reserve should be strong enough to meet and overcome such a withdrawal. So that the increase of the Cash Reserves should be commensurate with the increase in the deposits, which have expanded rapidly in the last few years.

What then should be done to strengthen our Cash Reserves?

1. The monthly return should show

the amount of gold and silver respectively held both by the banks and by the Assistant Receivers-General.

2. The regulation with regard to Dominion Notes held by the several banks, is a menace to their stability, and should be reduced; or, as an alternative, the Government should increase their stock of gold.

3. Some of the banks should keep a larger percentage of their reserves in cash or quick assets.

4. The use of gold in the country by the public should be encouraged if possible. With this end in view, our metallic currency might be re-constructed by the substitution of a Canadian gold coinage for the present legal tender, i.e., American gold and sovereigns.

In the consideration of all these matters, we must remember that we are not dealing with a state of affairs which needs reconstruction throughout, but with a system that has been developed gradually, and any process of improvement must necessarily be undertaken with prudence and a careful consideration of all the possibilities that may be involved therein.

THE PAINTER.

At last my work is ended; I have toiled
From month to month thro' long and weary days,
Oft-times beseiged by dark discouragement,
Seeing my dream so far beyond the power
Of earthly color or my painter's skill.
Truly I wrought in vain, tho' twice or thrice
Methought my sight grew clearer and my hand,
Fraught for a moment with creative power,
Caught with a frail and fleeting grasp the dream,
Nay not the dream itself—a fragment poor,
And made it a reality. Then I knew
The artist's joy and crown; yea, and his doom,
For, at such times, I felt, despite success,
Or what men call success, the powerlessness,
Of painter's craft in face of those great truths
Which stand before us ever, day and night,
With an unspoken challenge. So did I
In my mute-uttered language strive to tell
The glory of the vision that I saw,
And wake an echo, haply faint and far,
But a true echo of mine own soul's song,
From out the common throng of blind and deaf,
That grope along the darksome ways of life,
And see no ray, and hear no song, no voice
To pierce the gloomy night.
But yestere'en
Before the sun had ceased to fling his gold
On tree and cloud and mount, then came to me
Two friends to whom I showed my finished task.
With careless eyes, unheeding all the soul's
Despair and triumph I had fused therein
With passion-fever'd hand, and throbbing brain,
They glanced thereat, and spake, "Joan of Arc,—
Grand subject—you have done it justice, friend."
"I envy you your genius," "What a pose!
Those hands, how deftly fashioned! and that throat!
The costumes, how bewitching." "By the way,
When did you hear from our old college-chum,
Frederic MacDonald?" Thus they rambled on,

And soon departed, leaving me alone.
Reckless of all, I flung the thing aside,
And strode toward the lake, the quiet lake,
That lies beyond my garden. There I threw
Myself upon the sward. The after glow
Was darkness now, save that a few wan waves,
Of glimmering greenness lit the western sky;
While far above me stirred the whispering boughs
Of pitying pine. Late rose the moon that night,
And all the wood was shadows, and the lake—
Shadows that seem'd to weigh upon my soul,
And voices heard I weeping in the dark,
And moving with the shadows, but more dark
Than any forest gloom, and far more fierce
Than any brood of troubled waves that e'er,
Wind chidden, like a chain of hoary slaves,
Hasten toward the rocks with plaint and cry,
To meet their doom—yea, far more dark and fierce
Than aught in Nature, were my thoughts that night.
Had not my message failed? Yea, and with those
Who ever wished me well, and strove to praise.
How should it be with others, toil-engrossed
And toil-numb'd spirits, whom I would have raised
Above the sordid views of common life,
The lowering ideals of the time,
In whose dull'd souls I first had thought to chime
The glorious music of a noble deed?
'Twas all in vain—The fragile cup that held
My doubtful hopes was shattered, and my hopes dispersed.
Long I pondered o'er these things,
Weary and sick at heart at last I rose
To seek my couch, and in oblivion
Forget my waking failures; yet perchance
In that dream-world, might I not still be left
To fight against the dragons of the mind.
And see my failure in some hideous form
Of terror trample me beneath its feet?
So led my fancy, but my feet unstayed
Urg'd me along the long dim path to where
Behind a mass of tress I saw a light
Stream from a window—mine; I paused, and saw
A maiden stand before my worthless work—
My sister who had triumphed when success
Had seemed to smile upon me, who had wept
When I despaired. Even now she stood enrapt,
The picture placed before her, with a face
Wherein the aspiration I would fain
Have roused in others shone with mighty power.
O'erjoyed I watched, the while a silent voice
Whispered to me—"Thy work is not in vain,
It speaketh to one heart, and may it not
Speak thus to more, tho' few? Toil not for Fame,
That witch-fire the unthinking rabble hold
To charm the eyes of those, their eager slaves,
Who pamper them with art which is not art,
True-seeming Falsehood, scorning Simple Truth,
And for a moment gain the empty toy.
So let them run, and win their prize, but thou—
Honor thyself, thy conscience, and thine art
Nor fear to leave thy work to conquer time."

E. J. M.

DANIEL W. POWERS.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

ONE of the most unique figures in the great republic of the United States is Daniel W. Powers, builder and owner of the great "Power's Art Gallery" in Rochester, N.Y.

To open a biographical sketch with such a declaration might indeed subject the author of it to some measure of adverse criticism. But I think when I have laid before the reader what has been accomplished by the subject of my sketch, he will join me in directing international attention to the work done by this Genesee philanthropist. I use the term philanthropist, not in its narrow sense, as applied to one who generously distributes pork and beans in Boston, and codfish in Halifax, but I use it in the broadest and most patriotic sense that the word implies.

Daniel W. Powers, was born on the 14th of June, in the year 1818, in Genesee County, N.Y. The place of his birth was a wilderness farm, the picturesque site of the present city of Batavia. Through the horoscope of of the astrologers, we learn that one born in this period of the year under the constellation of Gemini possesses in a superlative degree, the faculty to appreciate the beautiful in nature and in art.

Now whether there be any truth in astrology or not, we will not here discuss, but before disposing of the thought,it might be urged even strongly, that Mr. Powers, without any training or intimate acquaintance with the fine arts in his early life, has gathered one of the finest private collections of pictures in the world, and possesses one of the largest art galleries on this continent.

A few extracts from a prospectus of the Powers Art Gallery, written by Alphonso Hopkins may facilitate the progress of our study.

Speaking of "Its Genesis" he says: "The Powers Art Gallery, like the edifice itself, is less a creation than a growth, and its growth had an almost accidental beginning, etc." An interview here follows in which Mr. Powers answers the author's interrogation, "Was it any part of your plan to arrange such a gallery when you built the block?" And Mr. Powers reply will well repay perusal. "No," he frankly answered, "I did not dream of it. But I was over in Europe and I bought a picture. When I bought it I found getting it home a very troublesome matter indeed. Two invoices had to be made, one for the painting and one for the frame, and the red tape seemed endless. It was really as much work to ship one picture as a whole case of pictures, and so I decided to buy more, and then I went up and down among the artists hunting for good things. I got interested, and this is the result." Such a result!

Fancy a private collection with over a thousand pictures, and most of them purchased direct from the artists themselves, which in Mr. Powers' opinion adds greatly to the charm of the possessions. Having come in actual touch with the artists, the influence awakened is very different from that superimbued by the tricky plaudits of interested dealers. As I walked the galleries with Mr. Powers, he seemed deeply attached to special pictures. One by Jean Léon Gerome, for which he paid $6,000, entitled "Bal. El Monce," and in which there is a portrait of the artist, the translation of a letter by the clever artist, apologizing for sending his picture unvarnished, and urging that in three months it may safely be accomplished.

A description of the picture is contained in the letter. The scene is laid in "Cairo!" In the concluding paragraph Jean Léon Gerome remarks, "Contrary to my usual custom, and to accede to your wish, I have signed this picture twice, the first time with my name, and the second time with my portrait. In the right hand corner is the "Person dressed in Blue." A nice point in Oriental etiquette here follows: —"On my head there is a green turban, to which I have no right; because only those who have returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca may wear it." As Mr. Powers viewed this picture a mild expression of approval seemed to pass his lips, and he turned with admiration to a companion picture, a magnificent landscape by V. V. Dias. Close by is another beautiful work by Gerome, entitled the "Sentinel at the Sultan's Tomb," and a few feet distant, neatly set upon an easel, is a little gem by Jean G. Vibert, entitled "Inspecting the Fort." L. Knaus, pupil of Otto R. Jacobi, is here seen at his best in a beautiful landscape, No. 357, and A. Vogt is a formidable rival in landscape and cattle pictures. Equally excellent is No. 232, a sombre landscape by Leon Victor Dupre.

The gallery is divided into a series of rooms, designated by their respective color arrangements, such as the Maroon Room, the Green Room, the Olive Room, the Drab Room, twelve or thirteen in all. Not only are these rooms most beautifully hung with tapestry and richly carpeted, but artistic bric-a-brac, costly vases, a superb clock purchased from the Stewart mansion in New York, and valued at $11,000, and easels of the most elaborate and artistic style serve to support the tributes which the genius of centuries of past and living painters of every nation have wrought for the glory of art.

The substantial pleasure which Mr. Powers feels in the presence of some work of which he is particularly fond, is a treat to the most casual observer. He bends forward with an almost reverent grace close to the canvas, then retiring a few paces in strict silence, his clear blue eyes seem as if suffused in tears. Turning to another, some little anecdote is suggested; the studio from which it came; the artist who painted it; the incident depicted, all are of the greatest interest, and serving indirectly to aid a greater understanding of the work.

Since visiting Rochester, that pretty floral city on the south of the lake, I have often wondered if the Genesee philanthropist had not caught his inspiration from the lovely dream of the poet Moore, who was a visitor in the United States at the time when Mr. Powers was a growing lad, and when every youth was familiar with the poem beginning with this verse:

> "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"

for whilst wandering through the lengthy salons and parlors, with their cosy settees, just arranged to properly view some poetic transmission of nature in her sweetest moods, ascending marble steps that gave to the footfall in the corridor without the sound of passing centuries, one's thoughts are transported to the age of chivalry, and the theme which the poet of fancy was so happy in singing.

Mr. Powers is not a man who has a mission in this world, or in any other world for that matter. He is not hunting the heathen to the neglect of his own countrymen. But he *has* a *belief* (for Mr. Powers is an Episcopalian), he believes absolutely in one doctrine, the doctrine of "Duty"—duty to the nation, to the community in which you have made your wealth. That duty, we hold, is the development of the community by bringing all that is refining and elevating within the reach of the poorest citizen. So great is the influence of Mr. Powers upon the city of Rochester that the ladies have formed themselves into an Auxiliary Art Association, some thirty of them, all of cultured families, for the promotion of the fine arts, not a disintegrated society of sex, but one conducted on the broadest and most satisfactory plan of any Art Association I know of on the continent. The art instruction is free to every student. Annual exhibitions are held, and an effort is made to sell the works on the walls of the artists who exhibit. This effort is generally successful. The little bickerings, which are so apt to stir the hearts of indignant professors, are here unknown, for the open gallery, to which they all have access, is a silent monitor calling for resolve and better effort. An effort is being constantly made for national work, and the youth of the land find a satisfactory response to each worthy production.

The indirect influence of Mr. Powers' great work will more and more make it self apparent in successive generations. The standard of excellence will not rest with those who have wealth alone as their passport into society. It will call for a grander requisition than a large bank account to win the respect of a cultured community. It will also teach men that the genius of art is not confined to any nation, nor absent from their own; that every people possesses in some measure the qualities which are essential to the attainment of the highest civilization; that from the humblest walks and from the least expected sources may spring the future leader of the nation, and come in spite of social institutions and political intrigue in all the majesty of noble manhood. Such an institution as Mr. Powers has built will not only call for admiration in his own day, but may be the means of awakening others of Genesee county to acquit themselves in an equally honorable and patriotic manner. Such patriotism affords a strange contrast to the vain-glorious eloquence of 4th of July orators, who are not confined to the forty-fifth parallel, but who are, in all their rapacity, indigenous to every land, and who flip up head first on every occasion.

I have told you something of the extent of the gallery, the number of pictures, nearly a thousand, and by a comparison with other galleries, the Powers' collection may fairly be approximated, and a just estimate of the great work done by Mr. Powers in purchasing, selecting, and collecting may be made.

The following list of foreign galleries, and the number of pictures contained in each, was collected by Mr. Powers during his visit to Europe, and has never before been given to the public:

Gallery of the Vatican, Rome....	37
Gallery of the Luxembourg, Paris	207
Capitoline Gallery, Rome........	225
Academy of Fine Arts, Bolonga..	280
Bridgewater Gallery, Earl of Ellesmere	318
Collection of the Duke of Sutherland	323
Gallery of Amsterdam	386
Pitty Palace, Florence..........	500
Brera Gallery, Milan............	503
Borghese Gallery, Rome........	526
Gallery of Brussels.............	550
Academy of Science Gallery. Turin	560
Gallery of Burghley House, Northamptonshire	600
Antwerp Gallery................	600
Academy of Fine Arts, Venice...	688
National Museum, Naples	700
The Leichlenstien, Gallery, Vienna	713
National Museum, London......	902
Uffizi Gallery, Florence.........	1,200
The Old Museum, Berlin........	1,250
The Pinacothek, Munich........	1,422
Belvidire Gallery, Vienna	1,550
Imperial Hermitage, St. Petersburg	1 631
Gallery of the Louvre, Paris.....	1,800
Muiso of the Qrado, Madrid......	1,833
Royal Gallery of Dresden........	2,200
Gallery of Versailles............	3,000

The paintings of the above named galleries are all originals of the old schools, and "are unpurchaseable at any price." This last note shows the inquiry that must have been made by Mr. Powers in his exhaustless searches through the great European galleries.

Mr. Powers has not spent his large sums of money in vain, as the catalogue prices paid for the pictures will fully show. Though many of them ran into the thousands, yet his motto seems to have been "picture first, price afterwards," and not that spirit in which the little gods of Gotham flaunt their possessions, publishing at all hazards, the great cost of their picture, elevating their merit by that strange, modern art methods—Monetary valuation. The price paid is, nevertheless, a matter of some moment, and will, in the minds of worthy citizens, commend in some measure the excellence of the picture; at least, the artist's acknowledged reputation may, by this method, be arrived at.

Number 9, one of the best in the collection, the subject being "An Italian Mother at Prayer," painted by Carol Becker, is valued at $4,500. No. 11, by William Adolphe Bouquereau, entitled the "Little Pilferers," has been purchased for $10,000. No. 234, by Leon Perrault. The highest value is that affixed to "October," viz., $25,000, one of the most striking in the gallery, painted by Auguste Hagborg, of Gotenburg. No. 68, "Waiting for the Boats," by the same artist, is also very fine. The Temptation of St. Anthony, by Louis Leloir, is marked at $6,000, beautiful in color, the modeling and drawing, says the catalogue, is beyond praise. "The Heart's Awakening," by Anatole Vely, a pupil of Signol, has the value of $25,000 stamped upon it. But when you think of the names of such famous artists as Franz Defregger of Munich, Benjamin Constant, Paris, Missonier, G. H. Boughton, Eastman Johnson, Emile Van Marcke, J. G. Gilbert Stuart, Jos. Vernet Edward Gay, Jean Gustave Jacquet, and Juan Antonio Gonzalez, of Madrid, a brilliant Spanish painter. A score of equally famous men might be instanced as worthy of consideration, and many other valuable pictures within the golden circle of the thousands might be recalled, yet it would only prolong an essay, wherein the main thought is to present as worthy of national remembrance the gifted benefactor, the public spirited citizen of Rochester, N.Y.

Hard were the struggles which Mr. Powers endured in early life, earning among the farmers a precarious livelihood at 7 years of age, attending during the winter the district school in the little village of Batavia. At the age of eighteen he came to Rochester, where he got employment in a hardware store. Working diligently he soon rose to an important position as head book-keeper of the firm. In the year 1850, he opened an exchange office and from that time he conducted a banking business with marvellous success.

During the war he acquired great wealth which has been steadily increasing. For his great wealth he found a channel alike honorable to himself and munificently interesting to his country. Of the simple life which Mr. Powers enjoys, and of his unassuming manners, many stories are current in his native city. One of my own experiences with Mr. Powers will serve to illustrate the kindly and genial character of the man. I was a visitor in Rochester one hot Sunday in July, the thermometer something like 96° in the shade, the mercury gesticulating as if determined to leap over the glass tube by one heroic bound. I felt perfectly exhausted, yet I was determined to see something of the city. The Powers House was pointed out as the most excellent of the many excellent hotels in the city. "The Art Gallery" suggested by one party would be well worth visiting. We called at the hotel and made inquiry as to the gallery, it was closed for the Sunday. "Will I be able to see any of the pictures?" I said to the clerk. "I cannot admit you, but if you call on Mr. Powers, at his residence, he may give you permission." We called. Permission we asked, permission we received, and such a kindly welcome I shall not soon forget. In the uncomfortably hot sun he left a happy company 'neath the cooling shadows of his vine-covered verandah and proceeded down town to the palatial buildings. We were escorted into the lofty precincts of the Temple of Art, where amid the silent language of pictures we meditated upon the glorious triumphs of the holiest of the priesthood of nature. I thanked Mr. Powers for his kindness. Three hours were spent in the gallery and many notes were taken of the pictures.

Recalling other American galleries which I have visited, the greatness of the Powers Art Gallery fixes itself upon me with increased interest, and I feel the great truth of the assertion with which I opened this biographical sketch, growing daily stronger, and I close with that opening sentence in which I said "One of the most unique figures in the United States is Daniel W. Powers, of Rochester, N.Y.

CANOE SONG BY MOONLIGHT.

Rippling water,
Breaking the gleaming,
With tiny furrows,
Now dark, now light:
Venus has caught her
Pin-point in your streaming,
And twinkles and burrows
Down out of sight.

Moonlight rising,
Higher and higher,
Silver trail spreading
Over the tide,
Ethetealizing
Scenes that are nigher,
Fairy flood shedding
Down far and wide.

Headland, island,
Casting dark shadows,
Making the glories
Brighter to glow:
All these are my land,
New El Dorados,
Such as old stories
Feigned long ago.

Spirit of Beauty,
Round me awaking,
To my soul bringing
Thoughts old and new;
Radiant is duty,
Virtue is breaking
Out into singing
In my Canoe.

J. Cawdor Bell.

VERSES AND VERSIONS.*

BY A. G. DOUGHTY.

In this age there appears to be a tendency on the part of critics to overlook the serious defects of aspirants to poetic laurels.

Any metrical structure, which is fairly melodious, receives the seal of approval, and is held up to the public gaze as a specimen of poetic art—often as the highest form of art. Metrical perfection may be, and is, often attained without revealing the slightest trace of true poetic talent; and so long as the first requisite of good verse—inspiration—is ignored by those whose judgment helps to make or mar the poet, writers will continue to produce laborious exhibitions of poetic *form* utterly regardless of *substance.*

Verse, however, which will stand the search-light of times; which is destined to live beyond the passing hour, must, underneath an elegance of form, betray the distinct feeling and working of the poet's mind.

It is not even enough for a composition to be melodious, for unless the evidence of thought moves with and is part of the melody, it will lose its charm after a first reading.

In the volume of stately and admirable verse before us, it is evident that Mr. Murray has realized the truth set forth by Matthew Arnold, that "we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to comfort and sustain us."

Worked out in his own manner, bearing the stamp of originality, and set to affluent music, are themes, wherein nobleness, heroism, devotion, faith, purity—all things that make life worth living—find their full significance; indeed, by the aid of the poets far-reaching spiritual insight, the heights and depths of life are invested with an import that we could not discover for ourselves.

But even in poems which may be regarded as more strictly didactic, the poets deep love and reverence of nature are manifest. The most delicate emotion, the ever varying expression depicted upon the face of nature, her grand sublime effects, are painted in rich colors, harmonizing with the poets own moods.

"Where the breakers roared,
And through the veil of darkness dimly scanned
The awful ocean's tempest wrinkled face.
The lightning's glare, intolerably bright,
Flashed like a fiery serpent from the clouds
With lurid gleams on black tumultuous waves
Crested with foam, and on the white winged gulls
That, fluttering inland eddied round and shrieked
With mocking cries, like demons of the storm."

In striking contrast to this boisterous scene, with its "black tumultuous waves" is this picture of repose:

"So strayed we on,
Through shadowy aisles of close embracing trees
Whose restless foliage murmured like the seas,
A slumberous monotone.

"Green twinkling leaves
Lit by slant sunbeams tremulously made
Quaint shifting arabesques of light and shade,
Such as naught earthly weaves.

"The Zephyr's sigh,
And hum of insect-swarms alone were heard,
Save when some squirrel leapt, or nestling bird
Sang vespers from on high."

Lovely is the music, and exquisite is the feeling which finds expression in a poem named "The Lake":

"Must we forever to some distant clime
Drift on through the night despairingly away?

**Verses and Versions*: By George Murray, B.A., Oxon., A.K.C., F.R.S.C., Montreal.—W. Foster Brown & Co.

And can we never on the sea of Time
Cast anchor for a day?

"O Lake! a year hath past with all its pain,
And, by the waves she hoped once more to see
Here. on this stone, I seat myself again,
But ask not where is she.

. . . .

"One summer eve we floated from thy shores
Dost thou recall it? Not a sound was heard
Save when the measured cadence of our oars
The dreamy silence stirred.

"Then tones more sweet than earth shall ever hear
Sweet tones that never will be heard again
Woke slumbering echoes from the haunted mere
That listened to the strain.

"O blissful Time! suspend thy flight;
Dear Hours prolong thy stay
And let us taste the blest delight
Of this enchanting day.

. . . .

I ask some moments more—in vain—
Time's wings more swiftly fly:
'O rapturous eve' I sigh, remain—
Lo! night is in the sky.

"Come let us love, the minutes flee—
Love may not long abide,
Time's river knows no ebb—and we
Drift onward with the tide.

. . . .

"O grand Eternity! O solemn Past!
Ye, whose abyss engulfs our little day,
Speak, will ye grant again the bliss, at last
Which once ye snatched away?"

The story of the hero of the Long Sault is painted with graphic force in a poem entitled "How Canada Was Saved":

"Beside the dark Utawa's stream two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past
It stirs the blood and fires the soul, as with a clarion's blast.

What, though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song in death triumphant, fell;
What, though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie;
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die.

Several passages in this poem are full of dramatic vigor, especially the storming of the fort.

"Grace Connell," an Irish Idyll, is a beautiful rendering of a noble woman's sacrifice, the full force of which, however, seems marred by the abruptness of its termination.

This working up of a narrative, complete in detail, rich in color to a certain point, and then bringing it to a sudden end, is also noticeable in another poem; but if this is a defect, it is readily forgiven in a volume containing such grand utterances as the poet's lines on "Robert Burns," and "Iphigenia at Aulis." In a poet of the temperament of Mr. Murray, as indicated in some of his principal poems, we should conclude that his imaginative instinct would lead him almost entirely to the sublime—to those conceptions which by their very grandeur appeal to the primitive emotions. But a study, especially of his minor poems, reveals a versatility of genius altogether unexpected. As an illustration of the variety of the poets moods, the reader is referred to "A Dream about the Aspen," "To Ninon," "The Wild Flower," "Perhaps," "The Lily and the Rose," "The Days that are no more," and the "Lamp of Hero."

Amongst the most delicately drawn pictures, and one in which there is a purifying and idealizing movement is the "Madonna's Isle"—here is a beautiful portrait of the Virgin:

"She knelt immaculately fair,
With love illumined face,
And like some lute the voice of prayer
Breathed spells around the place,
Up-floating through the summer air
To reach the throne of grace."

Many really splendid passages might be quoted from this volume wherein the subtle harmonies of thought and sense find expression in words of greatest clearness, but these the reader will discover.

A large portion of the volume is devoted to translations of the French poets, and here a wealth of consummate language and technical skill are brought into play, indicating not only the poet, but the scholar.

The sincerity of the poet; his intense love of the good; his patient and accurate representation of nature, the force of his imagination and penetrating vision; the music of his verse, and its technical excellence should commend the volume to all those who "turn to poetry to interpret life"—to all those who hope to recognize in poety "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON'S POEMS.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

For the past five years Miss Pauline Johnson has been the most popular figure in Canadian literature, and in many respects the most prominent one. There is something more or less remarkable in all this, since her prominence and popularity were accomplished merely by a few occasional lyrics in fugitive publications. Recently Miss Johnson has been figuring throughout Canada in a bardic capacity as the reciter of her own works, but her fame was made before such a course became possible. Instances of a poet's achieving actual fame years before he or she has issued a single volume are sufficiently unique to be remarkable, and now that a collection of Miss Johnson's songs is actually between covers we are enabled to realize something of the charm and power and music that had enabled her to achieve her previous importance.

The volume* which has just been issued from the greatest warehouse of poetry in the world—the Bodley Head, of Vigo street, London, is rather an austere looking little tome, with its plum-colored cover and its bold device of tomahawk and wampum. The title "White Wampum," and Miss Johnson's Indian sobriquet, "Tekahionwake"—whatever that may mean—add further to the aboriginal atmosphere of the book; but when you open the volume its broad, creamy margins and clear, bright type caress the eye, and you find that the luxurious bibliophile will have something to delight his senses. The title page, with a delightful design by E. H. New, suggestive of mountains and wigwams and pine trees, whets the appetite, and Miss Johnson's dedication, explaining that white wampum symbolizes for an Indian all that is best in him, is particnlarly happy. All these are small matters compared with the poems themselves, but they are elements in book making that the sensitive reader is coming to demand.

The entire get-up of the volume points to the Indian element in Miss Johnson's genius. Hers is a red-skinned muse, we are led to believe, and a snatch of introductory verse runs:

> "And few to-day remain,
> But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire
> of wilder life, were left me by my sire,
> To be my proudest claim.'

Seven ballads of Indian life are set forward as the chief features of the book, and these dealing as they do with dramatic incidents, are necessarily familiar to those readers who have enjoyed Miss Johnson's platform appearances; the sense of novelty and delight comes when we turn over the pages and meet with the introspective lyrics, songs of love and suffering and passion; and these, I think, give Miss Johnson her greatest claim on public attention. The Indian ballads are fresh and stimulating to healthy people with dramatic intelligences, and there is a fine Mohawk barbarity about them, but the softer lyrics strike a more universal note. They have music in them that lingers in one's ear, and sentiment that grows tuneful in one's heart.

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*The Copp Clark Co., Toronto, are the Wholesale Agents.

As a balladist, Miss Johnson is endowed with the qualities of swiftness and terseness, and is happy in the fact that she is not much of a rhetorician. Her vocabulary is limited at all times, and for this reason she sometimes fails to give the finite expression to her thought, but the deficiency enables her, in her lyrics, to make music with simple words, which have meaning for every one, and in her ballads to avoid platitudes. The clipped, nervous expression of such ballads as "Ojistoh," and "As Red Men Die," is harsh at moments, but when either poem is judged as a whole, it is seen that the atmosphere of cruelty and intensity could be produced only by such means. And Miss Johnson paints a picture masterfully. In "Ojistoh," the Mohawk Judith, who slays her chief's enemy, is living and breathing before your eyes, and in "As Red Men Die," you can almost hear the exultant chant of the brave as he walks to his death along the path of coals. Miss Johnson has a large infusion of Mohawk blood herself, and these scenes are realities to her imagination. It is the highest praise of her to say that she makes them realities to the imaginations of her readers also; but this Indian enthusiasm of hers is responsible for the defects of some of these ballads. She is a partisan of the red man; his wrongs burn within her, but in reality one cannot put partisan emotions into poetic bottles with success. They turn what should be dramatic into melodrama, and what should be poetic into a polemic. Thus, in "The Cattle Thief," we have a stirring incident stirringly told in part, but falling into mere controversial eloquence at the end. We are stirred to sympathy as we read of the settlers pursuing the starving redskin, and doing him to death, but when the Indian's untutored wife springs from behind some adjacent tree, and, standing over the body of her brave makes a speech that in eloquence and logic is seldom equalled in the House of Commons, we grow skeptical as to the reality of the episode. No one doubts that Miss Johnson has made a truthful statement of the wrongs of her people in these ballads of hers, but she has marred works that are in essence poetic and strong with mere polemics. She has reversed the settler's joke, and with her it would appear that a good pale face is a dead pale face; except in the case of Yakonweta's fair-browed lover. The story of the latter, entitled "The Pilot of the Plains," is a beautiful and moving ballad, and it will be found that in such efforts as "Ojistoh," the tale of Yakonwita, and "As Red Men Die," which murmur not of Indian wrongs, but sing of Indian deeds, Miss Johnson is at her best. She is a good story-teller and a vivid scene-painter.

From the ballads we pass on to the songs in which Miss Johnson has chronicled her moods, her joys and her sorrows. They are the intimate expression of herself, and the music, and color, and simplicity of them are exquisite. Her methods in versifying are of the most direct and simple nature; there are none of those gyrating rocket flights of passion of which Swinburne has the key, and in which most lyrists strive to emulate him. But in these simple lyrics there are soft intervals and movements and lulls of sound that caress the senses. In the Indian ballads, Miss Johnson shows herself sensitive to the influence of phrase and metre in suggesting the atmosphere by mere sound, and again and again in the lyrics which she has written in a minor key, or with a light heart, you find the sound moulding and mysteriously suggesting the thought. "The Song my Paddle Sings," in which the dash of the rapids, the splash of the paddle, and the trembling of the rushing canoe are perfectly conveyed, is the best example of this gift of hers. The mystic invocation of one fasting from sleep, on page 61, has the same felicity in phrasing:—

"Go, sleep, I say, "before the darkness die,
To one who needs you even more than I;
For I can bear my part alone, but he
Has need of thee.

"His poor tired eyes in vain have sought relief,
His heart more tired still with all its grief;
His pain is deep, while mine is vague and dim,
Go thou to him.

"When thou hast fanned him with thy drowsy wings,
And laid thy lips upon the pulsing strings,
That in his soul with fret and fever burn,
To me return."

These stanzas are from the poem "Fasting," which is, perhaps, the most remarkable and memorable in the book, and not the only one in which Miss Johnson shows mystical tendencies. But never is there a touch of that wretched obscurantism so prevalent in the efforts of Mr. Bliss Carman and some of his imitators. Health and sanity, and earnestness pulse through every line she writes, even though it is sometimes an imperfect line.

I trust that it is no haughty male prejudice that prompts me to say that in poetry, as in all other things, women must find their chief reward for well-doing in the approval of men. Mankind is for womankind, the ultimate court of appeal, and one is giving Miss Johnson the very best of praise, and setting her on a pedestal high above most other feminine welders of the pen in saying that her songs will meet with the deepest appreciation from all song-loving men. Of how many of the women writers of to-day could that be said? And yet there never were so many women writing. The fair scribblers pour forth an endless stream of prose and poetry for the edification of their sisters, while to the men it is a mass that is "erotic, neurotic, and tommyrotic." But Miss Johnson by writing as a natural, generous, healthful woman has, already, command over a large and appreciative audience of men who find something lasting and moving in her music.

Lest it should be thought that I have in any way deprecated the value of the Indian element in Miss Johnson's make-up it should be added that our poet has a quality, difficult to define, which is hers alone, and which, since it can be traced to no other source, must be ascribed to the Indian influence. It is a quality of absolute naiveté in dealing with natural things. Her songs of the mountains and the streams and the skies are absolutely without self-consciousness; her love-lyrics and the utterance she has given to her religious yearnings—these are all permeated with aboriginal simplicity, not once is the note of self-consciousness struck. Sometimes you find a record of a mood that seems at first blush fin-de-siecle, for instance when she writes:

"Soulless is all humanity to me
to-night."

But as the verse runs on the mood becomes dignified.

"My keenest longing is to be
Alone, alone with God's grey earth that seems
Pulse of my pulse and consort of my dreams."

The red-skinned muse is healthful and simple and earnest; more markedly it is sensuous and musical. This book of "White Wampum" is the record of passions and aspirations that are elemental and vigorous, but the note of womanly tenderness and sadness is there as well. In the lyric "Overlooked" it is there in all its sweetness.

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NARDAU AND HIS CRITICS.

Max Nardau has made a very thorough reply, in an article in the August *Century*, to his critics, especially those who do not agree with his position in his new work, "Degeneration." He defines this position by saying: "I am of opinion that we are to-day in the midst of an epidemic out-break of hysteria and degeneration, the cause of which is the over-exertion of the last sixty years." He distinguishes hysteria and degeneration by describing the former as an acquired condition of exhaustion of the nervous system and the latter as an innate anomaly of development. Then he adds: "I have shown that an overstrained and intemperate generation becomes hysterical and will in turn beget a generation of degenerates." Again he explains: "Every form of degeneration is an anomaly, but not every form of anomaly is an evidence of degeneration. There are anomalies which are evidences of progress." Innovations which become typical of the whole race at a certain stage are anomalies, but mark progress. If these innovations mark one or two or a class of persons at a later stage, that is degeneration—a form of atavism. "Genius and degeneration are two different things; for genius is incidental to evolution while degeneration is retrogressive."

THE AGE OF CONSENT.

On September 1st, 1895, there comes into force in the State of New York, a law which will do a great deal to lift higher the standard of purity and morality, which will make a happier people and a better state and which will lessen the number of inmates in prisons, insane asylums and consumptive hospitals. This law is an amendment to the state penal code by which the age-of-consent of females is changed from sixteen to eighteen. The law had been asked for by the State Medical Association, "in the interest of public health and clean heredity," and to the credit of the legislators of New York, be it said, that out of 82 representatives in the Assembly and 22 in the Senate, only one recorded an adverse vote. In the same month (April '95) as witnessing the passing of the New York law, a similar reform was made in Arizona, and the age of consent raised from 14 to 18 years, the provision going into force "from and after its passage." The third State to make a move this year to protect girl-children until they have reached the age when they are capable of an understanding reason is Idaho, which has also raised the age of consent from fourteen to eighteen years. It is very probable that this movement to restrict the number of "epileptics, syphilitics, imbeciles, sex-perverts and consumptives," to use the words of Helen H. Gardener in the August *Arena*, will become very general in the other States during the coming law-making year.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

The reports of Armenian and Chinese atrocities perpetrated upon foreign missionaries, will have a great effect upon the English speaking peoples, owing to the fact that they are the most active agents in missionary work. Upon those who are fanatically religious these reports will have the effect of increasing the number of volunteers for the work, for they will deem it a holy task to lay down their lives for that which is to them the do-all and be-all of life. Upon the less religious and more calmly thoughtful portion of the community, these reports will produce a much different result. They will declare that to expose noble lives to the barbarity and atrocity of inappreciative heathenism is to do something unnecessary and unwise. To the statesmen and diplomats of Great Britain and the United States these reports will bring home the lesson that all nations are interdependent. As the citizen of any country cannot live unto himself, so no nation of the earth can act as it seems right and pleasing unto itself. The closer drawing together of nations produced by the introduction of steamboats, railroads and telegraph lines must inevitably lead to an expansion of International Law in the direction of the greater protection of foreign residents. While the nations of Europe and America recognize these laws, the Asiatic nations have taken little notice of them. This state of affairs will be changed by forcing these Eastern Governments to an adoption of the code of ethics which governs the relations of the Western nations. The present would seem to be an opportune time to press this code upon the notice of the fanatical Turk and the thoughtless Chinee.

THE BATTLE OF THE POETS.

For some time a merry battle has been waged in the Canadian newspapers between Bliss Carman and a Mr. Miller on the one side and William Wilfred Campbell on the other. Numerous allies have been enlisted on either side, but no definite results have been secured. Perhaps one is apparent, and that is, that poets are but human and always influenced more or less by the approval and the purse of the public. Canadian poets can expect distinction in their native country only by touching, with their music, the hearts of the people. Alexander Muir has produced but two or three poems, but when last month he left his home in Toronto and visited the Maritime Provinces, the people welcomed him with open arms. The author of "The Maple Leaf Forever" was the hero of the hour. He has earned for himself the warmest feelings of his own generation of countrymen and the honor and respect of those which are yet unborn.

A WORD TO EDUCATIONISTS.

John Ferguson, M.D., Toronto, has something to say about Canada's educational system in an article in the August *Popular Science Monthly* on "The Nervous System and its Relation to Education." He premises that the nervous system of the child must be in a healthy state before it can properly receive and retain the ideas which are to be instilled. Moreover, as the character and disposition of children differ, so must the methods of the teacher. Object lessons are better than theoretical explanations. But before everything, the child must be healthy, and surrounded by wholesome physical conditions.

FEMALE CRIMINOLOGY.

Major Arthur Griffiths, Inspector of British prisons, deals with the new science of criminal anthropology in the August *North American Review*. The special phase treated of is the researches of Lombroso and Ferrero, two Italian savants, into the peculiarities of the offenders of the weaker sex. The writer points out that the vices of the female criminal (English) are of the male rather than of the female, and that these feminine offenders are given to dissipation, are audacious, violent, imperious, cruel, passionate, revengeful, and shameless. They are, perhaps, more deliberate in their planning than males, and have a more persistent determination in the carrying out of their fell purposes. Greed and a desire for vengeance are the two greatest of the motives which impell females to crimes, and the female criminal is made rather than born. Poisoning is their peculiar method, the method alike of Lucretia Borgia, and of Mrs. Maybrick. He contradicts the dictum of the criminal anthropologists, that the primitive woman was not given to wrong doing, and that the female offender is a product of civilization, by showing that the num-of English female criminals is steadily decreasing. In the last decade, the decrease has been forty-one per cent. of the total number imprisoned. Moreover, this decrease has been among the younger criminals, showing "that fewer recruits are being enlisted or drawn into the great army of crime." He expects the diminution to continue as the older criminals die off.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S CRITICISMS.

Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Balfour's metaphysical writings are dissected, summarized and criticized in a most instructive manner by Goldwin Smith in the August *North American Review.* He declares that "never before has the intellect of man been brought so directly face to face with the mystery of existence as it is now." Science and criticism have torn away the veil and subjected traditional belief to man's severest reasoning. "The kingdom of science is come." He then goes on to dissect Mr. Drummond's theory of evolution, and will not admit his assumption of "the paramount value of the type and the righteousness of sacrificing individuals without limit to its perfection and preservation;" nor can it be made good to our hearts, our intellects, and our moral instincts. Mr. Kidd's theory is that man "owes his progress to his having acted against his reason in obedience to a supernatural and extra-rational sanction of action which is identified with religion." "Altruism, acting against reason, with a supernatural and extra-rational sanction is, according to Mr. Kidd, the motive power of progress." Here Professor Smith states his own opinion that desire of improvement is the great motive power of humanity, that evolution is not a necessary explanation, nor is supersition necessary as a condition. Man aspires always to better things, and thus differs from the brutes, and this aspiration is not "the offspring of unreason." He closes his most thoughtful article by saying that Mr. Balfour cannot expect mysticism or religion to be refounded on any other than reasonable and historical grounds, and that science and criticism prevent it being established on mere "authority."

PUBLICITY IN LIQUOR-SELLING.

The State of Indiana is furnishing some new ideas for the regulation of liquor-selling. The Nicholson Law in that State provides that all saloons shall be on the ground floor fronting on a public street, and that no shades, screens or curtains shall, in any way, obstruct the view of the interior from the street. A majority of the citizens in any city ward, county or township, by addressing a remonstrance to the Board of County Commissioners, may prevent the granting of any license. The citizens are resenting the enforcement of the first-mentioned provision, but the local option provision seems to be working satisfactorily.

THE NEW ELEMENT.

That the atmosphere contains something beside oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide, has been proven by what a writer in the *Popular Science* monthly describes "an achievement which, in the history of science, has, perhaps, only been surpassed by the prediction of Neptune, by Adams and Leverrier, and its subsequent discovery by Galle." Lord Raleigh and Prof. Ramsay have, after many months of patient labor, discovered a new constituent of the air, which they have called "Argon." It resembles nitrogen in its chemical inertness, but gives two distinct spectra, is four-tenths heavier, and is much more soluble in water. It has a definite melting point, a definite boiling point, a definite critical temperature and pressure and, hence, seems to be a simple elementary character. The only difficulty presents itself in the fact that it does not seem to fit into Mendeljeff's table, and hence many chemists refuse to believe that it is a monatomic element.

IN VARIOUS MOODS.

BY OMAR.

MOST of us lapse into absent-mindedness occasionally. The difference between my neighbor and myself is only one of degree. The other day I was the witness of a case in the maximum degree. It was in Hamilton. I had just approached the wicket of the Stuart s reet station to purchase a ticket for Toronto. Before I could catch the eye of the agent, a bucolic looking individual, with an open purse in his left hand, elbowed me aside, blurted out to the ticket agent, who had in the meantime appeared:

"Give me a ticket."

"Where are you going?" politely asked the agent.

"I want to go back to where I came from this morning. I don t know the name of the station."

"You had better find out, then,"

"How am I to do that? But, hold on, I remember this: I paid forty cents to come here. Now you'll know, won't you?" he rejoined, in all confidence.

How the poor fellow ultimately got out of his dilemma I know not, having to take my train. I was relating the incident to a conductor. "O, he was drunk," he remarked, with a grunt. But he was not, I'll vouch for that.

If anyone had two months ago told me that there was in this broad Dominion a sane man—a white man, at any rate—who knew not the meaning of the word "bachelor," I would have declared such could not be. Now I myself am free to make the bold assertion that there is. I know there is one, and my faith has been so rudely shaken that I am not brave enough to say there is not another. My authority for stating that there is at least one man in Canada who is unacquainted with the meaning of the word "bachelor," is Rev. Mr. Boyle, a venerable superannuated minister of the Methodist Church, who resides at Brantford. Quite recently Mr. Boyle was called upon to tie the marriage knot for a couple, whether young, middle-aged or old, I know not. A part of the proceedings embodied the filling out of a certain form.

"Are you a widower?" asked Mr. Boyle, addressing the groom.

"No."

"Never married before?"

"Never."

"Then," rejoined the clergyman, in an off-handed manner, "I suppose I'll have to put you down as a "bachelor."

O, no sir," interrupted the groom, in a serious tone, as he laid his hand on his interlocuter's arm; "Thank God, I never was that."

We have all probably heard of the servant girl who, upon being questioned as to the cause of the tears she was shedding, sobbed, as she pointed to an axe suspended in the rafters, "I thought if ever I should get married, and have a little boy, that he might come down into this cellar, and that the axe might drop on his head, and kill him." I have a friend, and very near relative, in fact, who, while not within several degrees of being as pronounced an alarmist as the girl in question, is always fearful that "something is going to happen" to her offspring. Their diet she watches, as if suspicious that some indigestible ingredient was ever *qui vive* to spring into it. When they are out of her sight she is on pins and needles, and when they are in bed she hovers about them like a guardian angel. But lately a new matter for concern has developed. Her second boy, an 11-year-old, has got a tricycle. And the rules and regulations she has laid down for the government of that boy and that tricycle are appalling. They would have been to me, when I was a boy, at any rate. A couple of these rules will suffice by way of illustration. When crossing a bridge the boy must dismount and lead his wheel across. On approaching a subway (he frequently visits an aunt east of the Gerrard street subway, Toronto), he must also dismount. If no trains are passing overhead he can proceed, but he must not mount his wheel again until he is through the subway. These rules the poor boy carried out to the letter until the other day, when my immoderate laughter at the fact caused him to resolve to break them in future, and run the risk of a chastisement rather than be made a laughing stock of again. And now he pedals across bridges and under subways like other boys, although the rules and regulations are still on his mother's statute-book.

GABLE ENDS.

THE INDIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

(*From an old Indian tradition.*)

A feeling of sadness—perhaps bitterness—steals upon my spirit as I look over our fair "Kanata," once the vast *hunting ground* of our race—God's own gift to the red man. And in fancy I go back a weary length of time, and stand again in the grand old forest, unshorn by the white man's axe of any of its beauty or strength. I gaze upon the waters of her noble lakes and rivers, whose bosom none greater than our frail barks ever ploughed. In imagination I follow the bounding deer, trap once more the beaver, or hunt the buffalo. Coming back to reality, I ask, with shrinking heart, whence all this change? My thoughts involuntarily turn to the white man. I ask, where are our tribes of warriors who revelled at will amid the beauties of God's providence? There is but one answer. Do you ask what it is? It is stamped on all around, everything bears the impress of the *pale face*. It is he that has desolated our homes; has felled our forests; has occupied our waters with mightier ships—more, is still driving back and crushing with relentless hand him who should be first in the land—the poor Indian.

Again, I ask, who is this usurper who bears himself so loftily toward the despised red man? A picture is presented to my view. The scene is one of peace and quietness; the gentle air rustling the tinted leaves is redolent of the sweets of autumn; the first rays of the eastern sun are gilding the eastern horizon; all is still as night, save the warbling of the wakening birds. There is not a person to be seen—no—hark! There is a man just gliding from behind that tree yonder. Yes, I see him following the bend of the river very cautiously; now he stoops, and is examining something. "Shall I take it," he says; "he never know, he never think Indian take it." He is leaning over.

What's that! He starts; 'tis but the fluttering of a bird in the leafy branches. Again he stoops, and with eager haste seizes his brother's beaver trap. A heavy hand is laid on his shoulder; the prize falls from his grasp, he turns, and meeting the reproachful glance of his brother, the color fades from his face, leaving it ashy white, as a lasting memento of his shame.

Branded as a thief, driven from home and country, he seeks a home far over the great waters.

After long, long years, he returns in the same spirit of covetousness, and commences his work of bloodshed and desolation, nor will he cease till our once mighty and warlike nation is no more.

Will our loved hunting grounds be restored to us in the sweet hereafter by the *Great Spirit?*

—LILLIAN BELL.

MUSKOKA DAYS AND DOINGS.

PART I.

Muskoka! To those unversed in the delights of Muskoka summer life, the word is but an empty sound, but to the Canadian of Western Ontario whose privilege it is, in many cases, summer after summer to live, for at least a short time, hand in hand with Nature, in this most beguiling pleasure-land, the name conjures up a host of memory pictures, the backgrounds of which are lake and land and sky, and the foregrounds cool, healthy, happy days, as unlike those of busy town life as civilized men and women can devise.

Although there are other habitual Canadian "Campers" than the inhabitants of Western Ontario, and other camping districts than the mainlands and islands of the Muskoka Lakes, still year after year this little district is becoming more widely known and is being more universally acknowledged *the* camping ground without equal, of at least that part of Canada.

The exact latitude and longitude of the Muskoka District is not a necessary detail here, but for those who may some day think of trying the delights of this free-from-care existence, and adding a novel experience to their growing horde, it may be said that the Muskoka of camping fame is a cluster of three small lakes—Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau respectively—the largest being about 22 miles by 9, at greatest length and breadth, extremely irregular in outline, and thickly dotted over with islands varying greatly in size. These lakes lie close together, and each is accessible from the other, and all are within easy distance of Toronto the capital of Ontario.

Taking the Muskoka express from thence at ten o'clock in the morning, the eager Muskokaite spends three and a half impatient, but not comfortless, hours in the train; running almost due north, before reaching Gravenhurst at the southern extremity of Lake Muskoka, where connection is made with the steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company, that ply the waters of the several lakes.

At Gravenhurst wharf all is hustle and bustle, for there, bow to stern, lie the two time-tried steamers, impatient to be off with their living cargoes, that the last passenger may be deposited, if possible, before nightfall. The transfer from train to boat of luggage and baskets, without which latter no Muskoka habitué would be recognized as such, being safely and quickly made, and the human freight being deposited in various standing and sitting groups upon the decks, the signals are given, and at the warning cries of "All Aboard," and "Haul in your gangways," the two steamers swing out from the wharf and slowly thread their way between rafts and almost hidden rocks to the narrows, through which they are to slip into the dark waters of Lake Muskoka.

In any one of the three Muskoka Lakes the "camper" finds a paradise. Each lake has its devotees, ready with the assurance that in neither of the others, are the bays so picturesque, the islands so well wooded, and the fishing so good as in their particular waters.

Nor need the point be disputed, for in any one that may be chosen there, surely is to be found, that which may satisfy the heart; of beauty, sport and boating.

The term "Camping," as applied to Muskoka, has ceased to be synonymous only with a bed of branches and a canvas roof, and now admits within its limitations shanties of more or less dimensions, and some, formerly undreamed of luxuries brought from far off winter homes.

Indeed, the shanties too have outgrown their name, and in many places, in their stead have sprung up picturesque wooden houses, large or small, ornamental or plain, as the owner's purse or fancy dictate, and marvellously elastic in point of accommodation. But still the term "Camping" is clung to; for of whatsoever size and description be the roof-tree, the mode of life remains unaltered. As a rule, a succession of visitors come and go from the various islands and house-studded points, which breaks what might be a monotony, were too small a party left for too long a time dependent wholly upon each other. The Muskoka life is simple in the extreme, being literally lived in the open air, except when "the shades of night," hunger, or wind and weather, necessitate a "turning in," and much resembles that of the more remote parts of the Adirondacks skirting the lakes, where canoes and paddles, instead of horses and vehicles of sorts, are the principal means of locomotion.

A Muskoka day often runs on this wise. Breakfast--generally a fairly early meal—being over, the verandah becomes the rallying point; there the important question is discussed, or finally solved, of "What is to be done to-day?" A picnic may be the result; that being the case, and before the start much—for Muskoka—must be accomplished.

Letter writers pen hasty missives seated on rock or fallen tree, or doorstep, or perhaps not scorning even the table of the apartment that serves as dining-room, or hall; or sitting-room in cold or stormy weather.

The bathers will not forego their morning dip, and away through the woods to the bathing bay race the children, followed by their more leisurely elders.

At the end of about an hour all are together again, and then each fair daughter lends her hand to the cutting of sandwiches, packing of baskets, and general collecting of "goods and chattels" preparatory to the start.

The commissariat department being in working order and all things in readiness, hats are donned and the boathouse is soon reached. And here the men put forth their strong right arms and share the labor with their weaker sisters. The canoes and boats are quickly run into the water and almost as quickly loaded. The baskets, the kettle, an unvarying feature of every picnic, in its canvas bag to keep its sooty exterior from contact with unblackened surroundings, perhaps the trolling lines, the fishing rods, the camera, and finally the people are all carefully stowed away. Then energetic men and maidens seize oar or paddle, or with much appearance of hard work, and many gay taunts exchanged anent speed and method, the whole party is under way, soon to be lost sight of behind one of the many islands that strew these watery highways. *The Island*, called by the sacred name of home, on these occasions is left to the guardianship of Bridget or Mary-Ann, or perhaps of Tommy the hewer of wood, and drawer of water; for even the children, if such there be, share in all the pleasures of the Muskoka life.

The choice of a destination is not a matter of great difficulty, for almost every island and point has some lovely nook, the trees or foliage of which wave invitations to the passer-by; and if to-day their bidding may not be done, still to-morrow, the next day, and a long vista of other days stretch out with promise for the future.

The chosen island having been reached, a careful disembarking takes place, and at once a spot is selected where the baskets may be left, and later on the dainties of the table spread to view; one requisite of this spot always being that not far off, a cosy corner may be found where by-and-by King Kettle can hum his cheery tune protected from the little teasing breeze. This having been done, each creature then follows his own sweet will.

The fishers away to some rock, well known as being the home of unwary bass and pickerel; the photographer bears his cherished camera to where he can best do deeds of daring—with often strange results; the artist, if such there be, with brush and palette wends her way to find the spot where nature has laid her hand most lovingly, in all this lovely scene; the children seek the berry patches and from time to time their merry voices break the living silence; and the rest, the untalented and purposeless majority, ramble or row, or read, as fancy suggests, and all is peace.

The next event is luncheon, that *al fresco* meal at which Van Houten plays a no mean part; for what Muskoka larder lays claim to perfection without his aid! Hunger having been appeased, and the baskets again packed, all are free, and the afternoon is spent much as the morning was, each drifting to the piping of his own inclination. Toward five o'clock the first canoe is under way again, and ere the great sun has kissed the western horizon and dyed with gold and crimson, or subtle tints, the land and waters of the lake, all are on home-soil once more.

Thus runs many a Muskoka day. Variety, of course, there is Perhaps an excursion on one of the small tugs that ply the waters of the lakes, to Bala Falls, or Shadow River—that matchless gem set among many gems—or some Lake Joseph haunts.

Perhaps the host and hostess recognizing the charms of home, decide that their own island shall bound their rambles for the day.

Perhaps a canoeing expedition to some distant point is made; or perchance the sky puts on a sullen face, and the damp, chill air drives all within, when books and work and games, and even brews of taffy help to while away the hours, and the great wood fire that roars up the chimney crackles a welcome to all who come. In these ways the days slip by; and with each comes an added store of health and memories, which make their influence felt far down the years.

Part II.

Evening in Muskoka vies with the day in charms. When it is fine, and strange as it may seem, it almost always is, it falls into two parts for those who take their pleasures simply and near home. Dinner or tea being over, the canoes are again sought, the trolling lines are again unwound, rocky steep-banked islands are slowly glided past much to the detriment of the finny "inhabitants" of these playgrounds, every one while the light lasts, is again upon the surface of the lake. A tiny hare on yonder rock sits placidly surveying the darkening world, a baby porcupine hastily climbs a tree as the unwelcome sound of voices breaks upon its ear, that it may sleep in peace beyond the hand of man, the coon laughs its strange mocking laugh from some far lonely point, the bluebird sounds its good-night evening note, the shadows lengthen, the trolling lines are put away,—ere home is again reached night has began to "cast her sable mantle over all." And with the darkness comes the need felt and supplied by the camp fire, the second feature of a Muskoka evening. Built during the day of dry wood and boughs of fallen trees, while daylight lasts it stands silently awaiting its moment of triumph; when darkness having fallen the match is applied to its dry branches and the flames leap upward from bough to bough or toss themselves into the very sky and everyone is drawn towards its glow.

Often, too, as well as the home party, friends from neighboring islands join the camp-fire groups; and all contribute as they can to the amusement of the hour. Songs, choruses, recitations, good stories and camp-fire *toast*—tasting as no other toast ever can—have each their turn, and so merrily and so quickly does time run on, that the good-byes are spoken ere the night seems well begun.

Then the camp-fire flickers and burns low, the night wind sighs a lullaby, the waters lap a gentle cradle song, the stars twinkle their good wishes from on high, the lights one by one disappear, the voices sink to whispers and are still, and

> "Gentle Sleep,
> Nature's soft nurse,"

lays her hand on all.

Thus the day glides into evening, the evening into night, and night agains holds out her ebon hand and clasps the dainty pearl one of the dawn, the little world awakes, and yet another day breaks in sweet Muskoka.

Catherine Blinfield.

TWO FINE ORATORICAL EFFORTS.

The following two papers, delivered by J. M. Le Moine, Esq., President of the Royal Society of Canada; the one the conclusion of the Presidential Address on the 1st of May, 1895, at the annual meeting of that society at Ottawa; the other, an address in reply to Lord Aberdeen at the princely luncheon given to the society at Rideau Hall. The papers have appeared in one Canadian newspaper, but we give them here again in order to preserve a more ephemeral form than a newspaper report. They are excellent examples of the elegant style of one of the most gifted and painstaking writers the Dominion has produced :

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

"The manuscript sources of Canadian history as revealed by our archives" was the subject of Mr. J. M. Le Moine's presidential address. The subject was treated in an exhaustive manner, the 15 volumes of the reports on the archives being reviewed. Concluding his remarks, Mr. Le Moine spoke as follows :

"If, dropping the survey we have been making of the manuscript sources of Canadian history, we should wish to crowd into one canvas the bright panorama embracing the fruitful era of discovery, adventure, religious enthusiasm, warfare, which one of our most eloquent viceroys, the Earl of Elgin, styled 'the heroic age of Canada,' what would meet your glance? Protracted sieges of its chief cities—a battlefield—on which the two leading nations of Europe settled the fate of half a continent. A succession of material feats, examples of individual bravery, instances of extraordinary physical endurance at the call of duty, deadly ambuscades, savage encounters on land and sea of a most startling nature, when measured by the standard of to-day. At one time 'tis the intrepid efforts of fearless missionaries—in order to light upwards into a higher life and cleanse debased humanity—men of pure mind—coveting death as the only earthly crown worthy of living for. At another 'tis delicate, self-sacrificing maidens, some of courtly nurture, bidding forever adieu to the charmed circle of Parisian gaieties, and fronting the perils and tempests of the deep to cast the r lot amidst the rude aborigines hutted round their new forest homes on the shores of the great river. To-day, Indian ferocity in its most appalling form is triumphant amongst the corn fields facing Montreal; witness the hideous Lachine massacre of August, 1689. To-morrow lion-hearted old Governor Frontenac with fire and sword will bring the barbarians on their knees, sueing for peace, or else he will warn with his big guns the New England invader from the gates of Quebec. Pierre Le Moine d'Iberville, the Cid of New France, will bear triumphantly the lily flag of his country to the icy shores of Hudson Bay. La Veraudrie, La Salle, Marquette will discover the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi; the father of waters! Dollard des Ormeaux, the Canadian Leonidas, wil after much forethought, pledge his life by solemn covenant, as well as that of his sixteen brave followers—to arrest the savage ferocity surging round Montreal—no poets to sing, no annalist to chronicle the manly deed, all the actors perished, except a Huron ally, who revealed the feat in after days. Is not also our early history lighted up with the sweet, pensive faces of heroic women—noble examplers to their sex – beacons from on high, lighting up the rugged paths of struggling humanity; Madame de Champlain, Madame de la Tour, Madelon de Vercheres, Laura Secord. You have watched Canadian history at its rude birth. You have had, too, occasion to note its wholesome, austere, patriotic teachings. Has your heart not also thrilled at its mild, seductive graces when touched by the mind of that enchanter, Francis Parkman, our late lamented colleague? With the wealth of material already garnered in our archives and daily added to, may we not view Canadian history at no distant future as a stately fabric? Shall we compare it to an antique temple, with graceful portico and many ample and ornate columns on which posterity will inscribe among other respected names, those of Masores, Wm. Smith, Robert Christie, Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Turcotte, Sulte, Casgrain, Withrow, Hannay, Vereau, Miles, Murdoch, Watson, Dent, Brymner, Kingsford, Begg, Ganong."

Reply of the President of the Royal Society, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., to the eloquent address pronounced by Lord Aberdeen at the lunch at Rideau Hall, on the 16th instant, to the members of that society.—

Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen

A pleasant but a trying duty has just devolved upon me as the unworthy spokesman of the Royal Society of Canada. For the kind wishes and encouraging words just fallen from the lips of Your Excellency to our Association, and for your too favorable remarks on my humble self, I return the most cordial thanks of the Society and my own.

Every year, at the auspicious period of spring, with recurring heat and the return of the swallows, there occurs a pleasant incident—pardon, I might safely say, an event, which fills with gladness the hearts of our workers. The poet reaches out his hand for his lyre—the student of history dives again and again among his dusty old manuscripts — the scientist ponders over a new problem of art or science—the *litterateur* carefully reads over the essay or memoir, prepared during many silent winter evenings, to ascertain whether his right hand has not lost any of its literary cunning. Festive nature, in fact, that soft, inspiring time, which the poets, and I think the poets are right, say, causes the pulse of youths and maidens to throb quicker, nature seems to have wakened up our intellectual bees. They forthwith wing their flight to the Dominion Capital of Canada, each anxious to carry an offering to the federation of science and letters in session there during one whole week; for has not the usual notice of the annual May convocation of the Royal Society gone forth?

Here, under the folds of the glorious old flag which more than once has stood a friend to Canada, in full view of a neighboring and friendly people perhaps less favored than ourselves in point of extent of territory, however much they have otherwise prospered, with laws differing from our own and a form of government, which we think inferior to ours, it is the aim of our Society to co-operate in the perpetuation of the free institutions implanted in this great and rising dependency, this lesser Britain, which guarantees liberty and equality to every race, every creed.

But why should I expatiate on the aspirations and worth of the Royal Society? A friend has just whispered in my ear, that it has become a national institution, so essential in fact to the welfare of the country, that should this great Dominion be deprived of a Governor-General, Prime Minister and the Royal Society, to boot, it would go to smash and fall to pieces. (Laughter and applause.)

We thank you, My Lord, for your bounteous and princely hospitality. We thank you, our Honorary President, for the deep interest you take in our proceedings.—Again we thank you and most cordially for your delicate, unremitting — shall I say, paternal solicitude, for our welfare during our stay in Ottawa. For similar acts of kindness and sweet courtesies to our Society we thank your noble, earnest, courageous Countess—your trusted helpmate, whom our members seem, one and all, to have in their heart added to the list of true friends of the Royal Society.

Long and happy days to Your Excellencies in this dear Canada of ours, and when you shall have returned to your ancestral halls beyond the sea, long life and prosperity to you and yours! (Prolonged applause.)

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Gilbert Parker has written another Canadian story entitled: "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," published by Stone and Kimball, Chicago. Valmond is a gay young Frenchman who arrives in Pontiac, a Canadian village, and as he bears a resemblance to Napoleon, is thought by some to be a royal personage. Others think not. This conflict of opinion is the interesting situation.

*

Appleton's have published a new book by Grant Allen, entitled: "The Story of the Plants." It explains the phenomena of plant life in plain and simple language. At the same time, the great principle of evolution is believingly accepted, stated and exemplified.

*

When Pitt and the Chouan Chiefs formed a coalition and, aided by the Royalists, defied the Convention and attempted to stop the Great Revolution, there were burly times in France. A piece of the history of this period is charmingly told by Julian Corbett in a novel entitled "A Business in Great Waters." Those who appreciate a stirring struggle for life fame and love will find this work most interesting. It is published in Methuen's Colonial Library, and sold in Canada by The Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

*

The "Despotic Lady." by W. E. Norris, is the title of another volume in the same series. In this story Mr. Norris has graphically portrayed the amusing contact of a stern, strong-minded, over-bearing woman, and a weak, timid poet, who is in love with the woman's daughter. But this tale fills only half the volume, the remaining part of it containing several of Mr. Norris' shorter stories of varied merit and interest. Nevertheless as a collection, it is more than equal to the average of such volumes.

*

The Copyright Act of 1889 has been amended by 58-59 Victoria c 37. In the original Act provision was made for granting a license to a Canadian publisher only when the foreigner entitled to Copyright had failed to take out papers under the Act. This has been amended to include cases where he has failed to get a Copyright, and, when he has taken out a Copyright, fails to print the book in sufficient numbers to meet the demand in Canada. This is designed to meet cases where publishers hold the Copyright and refuse to print a second or subsequent edition after the former has been exhausted. The provision as to revoking licenses (sec. 5) is further enlarged so that any holder of the Copyright on a book for which a license to print has also been granted to another firm, may, by showing that he intends during the remaining period of his term of Copyright to print and publish the book in sufficient numbers, have the license or licenses revoked by the Governor-General. These amendments very much enlarge the rights and privileges of the holder of the original Copyright as against the licensee of the Government.

*

A new book by Max. Pemberton has been published. The title is "The Little Huguenot," and the United States copyright rests safely in the arms of Dodd, Mead & Co. The entire first edition was exhausted in England before the date of publication. The story is an historical romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau.

*

An exceedingly scientific book on "Mushrooms and Toadstools" will shortly be issued by Harpers. The author is W. Hamilton Gibson. There are to be thirty full-page colored plates, and fifty-seven other illustrations in black and white.

*

E. S. Brooks seems to be a prolific writer. "A Boy of the First Empire" which has been running in *St. Nicholas* will shortly be brought out in book form by The Century Co. The Lothrop Publishing Co. has in press "The Story of George Washington," by the same writer.

*

I see that Canadian books are said to be classified in the list of books for girls and women and their clubs now being published by the American Library Association of Boston. Brief characterizations of the leading authors and their more important books. are given. The Canadian woman should bear this list in mind.

*

Miss M. G. McClelland, whose name is familiar to all magazine readers, and who is the author of "Severance" (which was subsequently worked over into "Princess"), "Thais," "Oblivion," "A Self-made Man," "Jean Monteith," and "Mme. Silva," died on the 2nd inst. at her home, Elm Cottage, near Norwood, Va.

*

The Trilby craze is not over yet. Brentano's have a '96 calendar, twelve pages, each page illustrated by cuts taken from the book itself.

Richard Lewis, author of "The Dominion Elocutionist" and "How to Read," died last week in Toronto. His son, John Lewis, is an able writer, and graces a position on the Toronto *Globe's* editorial staff.

*

During the past twelve months there has been a turning from the ephemeral literature of the period to the older and stabler works of fiction. Macmillans are fortunate in having ready to meet this popular reaction a series of Illustrated Standard Novels. The taste of the public is ripe for such a series, and the great improvement in process work enables these volumes to be cheaply yet artistically illustrated. "Maid Marion" and "Crochet Castle,' two of Peacock's famous novels, are issued in one volume, and forty illustrations add to the interest of the works of this great satirist. "Maid Marion" first came out in 1822, and was at once very popular. both in itself and as a basis of Planche's operettas. It is full of humorous and ironic observation and expression, and is merry throughout. In both tales, the original drinking and love songs have been and will continue to be very popular. The price of the series is 3s. 6d., and the Copp, Clark Co. Ltd. are the Canadian agents.

*

Archibald Forbes is the greatest of living war correspondents, and hence any book of his on a military subject would be expected to be entertaining. With such an interesting subject as the career of Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, to handle, he has produced a volume which is of great value and of thrilling interest. Sir Colin began life in the Peninsular War, serving under Sir John Moore and Wellington. obtained great distinction in the Crimea, and was a hero after he had successfully ended the mutiny of the Indian Sepoys. The military men of Canada cannot study the career of this great soldier too closely. He is a worthy model, as he was intensely deliberate, knew the great evils which had come of hurry. was a great economist of the lives of his soldiers, was competent in the conceiving of great plans and bold and steadfast in their accomplishment. It will be interesting to Canadians to know that Sir Colin served as a Captain with a battalion of the 60th in Nova Scotia from October, 1814, to July, 1815. This volume forms one of Macmillan's series, "English Men of Action," for sale by the Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

*

Macmillan's English classic series contains many books valuable to the student of English. A copy of the Essays of Elia, edited with introduction and notes by Hal ward and Hill, is to hand. It shows much careful and scholarly study, and aids in the critical study of Lamb's masterful essays as nothing else can do. The introduction gives an excellent sketch of Lamb's life, and carefully describes his literary characteristics.

*

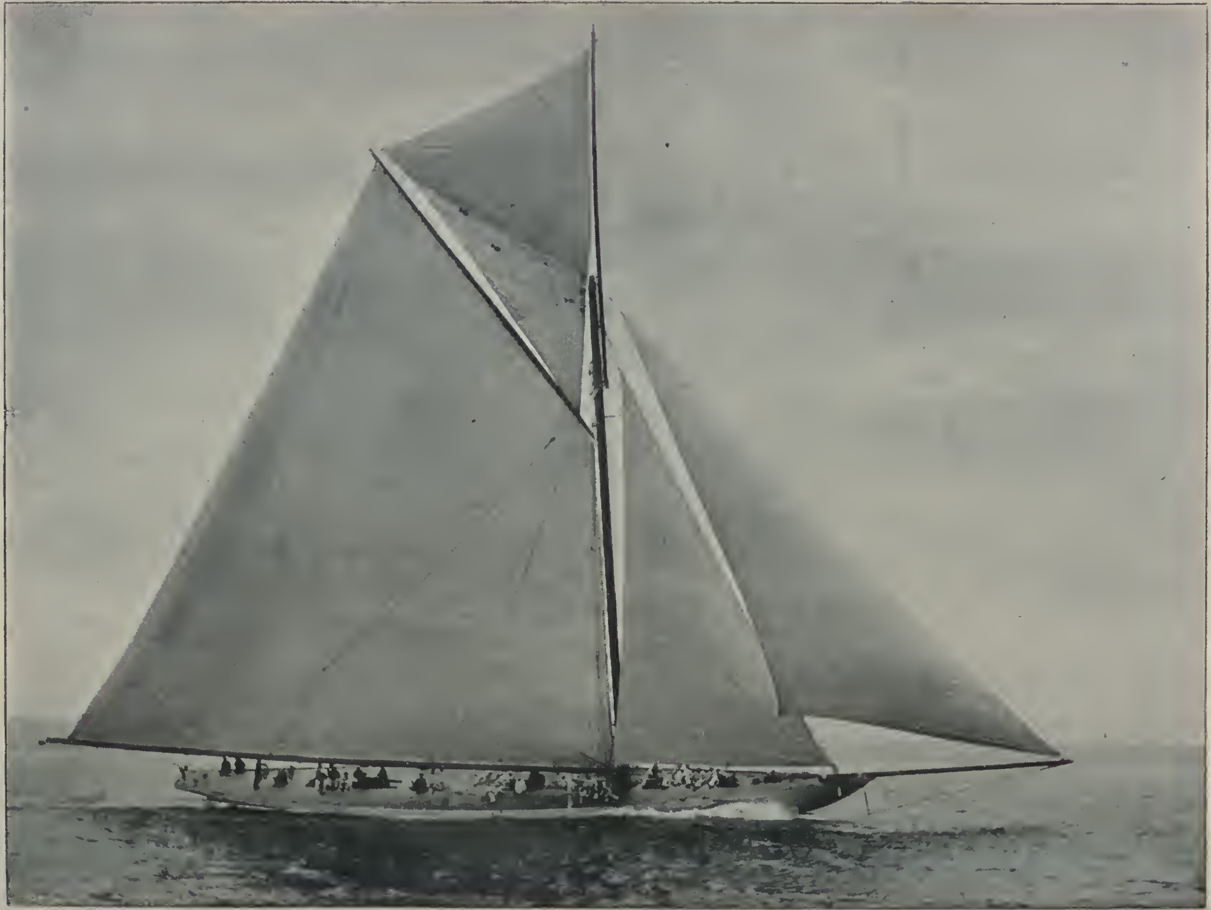
This same great English publishing firm have decided to publish monthly the following works of Charles Kingsley in a pocket edition, at 1s 6d. :—"Hypatia," "Alton Locke," "Westward Ho" (2 vols.). "Two Years Ago" (2 vo's.). "Hereward," "The Wake," "Yeast," "Water Babies," "Greek Heroes," "Poems." The type is new, and the binding excellent. The Copp, Clark Co , Ltd., Toronto, are agents.

*

Thomas Hardy is popular with Canadians, and his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has attained a wide circulation in this country. This powerfully realistic novel is now brought out in Macmillan's Colonial Library. and is thus placed within the reach of those with limited purses. It is a book which will repay reading, and which elevates as well as interests. It dea's with a sad phase of life, yet one which strikes often in forceful reality. But, after all, if one should wish anything, one would wish that Tess, the unfortunate, had suffered a better fate.

*

Those who have read "A Girl in the Carpathians," will be ready for another piece of fiction from Menie Muriel Dowie. "Gallia" is her latest production and was first placed on this market from a Philadelphia publishing house. It has again reached here in the red covers of Methuen's Colonial Library, which also contains such books as "Round the Red Lamp," "Kitty Alone," "The Trail of the Sword," and "The God in the Car." Gallia is an English girl. not one of the "New Women" perhaps, but one who lives at the end of the nineteenth century and boldly faces the particular problems which are presented to her on account of her sex and her living at the particular moment and in the particular environment that Fate had allotted to her. Intuition and instinct—women's usual guides—were not her monitors or instructors nor was she in possession of a religious sentiment. She was the embodiment of a cold. calculating reason—a milder and warmer Dodo.



VALKYRIE III.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF H. F. WYATT, TORONTO.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1895. No. 6.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL G. T. DENISON.

THE appointment of Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the British army, will nowhere give greater satisfaction than in Canada, where he first held important command, and where there are so many who served under him, and learned to admire and respect him.

In 1862 the Trent affair brought the then Lt.-Col. Wolseley to Canada, as Assistant Quartermaster-General, and the duty devolved mainly upon him to make all the arrangements by which the British troops, sent out in the depth of winter, were conveyed by the overland route up the valley of the St. John River, past Lake Temiscouta, to Riviere du Loup. The road at that time passed through a bleak, unsettled wilderness for a great part of the way, and it was due to Colonel Wolseley's great organizing and administrative ability that this difficult march was so successfully conducted, with so little discomfort to either officers or men.

In 1865 a camp of instruction was formed at La Prairie, of those who had passed through the military schools. Three large battalions were present and were placed under Colonel Wolseley's command. This, I believe, was Colonel Wolseley's first experience in commanding a large camp. The force, some 2,500 strong, contained a great number of the officers of the Canadian militia from all parts of the country, and after a few week's experience, they returned to their homes taking into every nook and corner of Canada men who had learned to look upon their commandant as the ablest officer they had ever met.

I remember well my first meeting with Colonel Wolseley. At the time of the Fenian Raid, on the morning of the 3rd of June, 1866, at Bown's Farm, a few miles from Fort Erie, Colonel Peacocke ordered me at daylight to push on with my command and reconnoitre towards the village. I pushed on very rapidly, and the Fenians having decamped during the night, I was very soon in possession of Fort Erie. I was engaged in looking after some men who had been wounded in the skirmish of the previous evening, and after a few prisoners, stragglers, whom we had picked up, when I saw a mounted officer coming rapidly up the road looking sharply in every direction. He* was dressed in undress staff uniform, a blue frock coat, a cap with a straight peak of the French pattern, then in use, and wore his moustache and imperial in the style adopted by the late Emperor Napoleon III. I was impressed at once with the sharp, alert look which nothing seemed to escape. I had heard so much from the La Prairie men about Colonel Wolseley that I recognized him at once. He asked me my name and my corps, and I told him, and asked him if he was not Colonel Wolseley; he said he was and made some inquiries as to the condition of affairs. That was my introduction to Colonel Wolseley, and I have ever since considered it to be a great privilege to look upon him as a friend. He had come from Montreal to Toronto, and on to Chippewa and to Fort Erie with extraordinary rapidity.

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*He was then 33 years of age.

On the following day Colonel Wolseley was sent with the Queen's Own and some other militia to Stratford, where he was in command during the three weeks the men were retained on service. In connection with this journey to Stratford, a prominent Queen's Counsel of Toronto, who was at that time a corporal in the Queen's Own, tells a characteristic anecdote of Lord Wolseley. The volunteers had been marching and knocking about with very little rest or sleep for two or three days, and were pretty well used up when they were put upon the train at Fort Erie. Every seat was occupied in every car, and numbers were without seats. Colonel Wolseley entered a car, and the embryo Queen's Counsel, noticing that he was an officer, stood up and offered him his seat.

"No, my lad," said the Colonel, "keep your seat, you need it more than I do."

He walked to the end of the car, sat on the floor with his back against the wall, and leaning his head back dozed away, apparently perfectly contented with his uncomfortable quarters. It was some time afterwards before the men discovered that he was their commanding officer.

In August, 1866, another Fenian attack was threatened, and a camp of some 2,500 men was formed at Thorold on the Niagara frontier, under Colonel Wolseley's command, to which the militia regiments were sent in turn for a short time. The result was that in a period of two months a large number of the Canadian militia passed under his hands. During these months I was on outpost duty, with my corps of cavalry, watching the river front from the Falls up to Lake Erie, and I was consequently thrown very much in contact with Colonel Wolseley, in reference to the various duties that he put upon me. The Fenians gathered once or twice and made demonstrations but they never attempted to cross, to the great disappointment I believe of Colonel Wolseley. We were relieved and sent home in October. It was astonishing the confidence that our commander inspired in everyone. Our men believed that no one was equal to him. The stories of his leading forlorn hopes, of his great gallantry in Burmah, in India, and in the Crimea, of his many and serious wounds, were told in every tent and around every camp fire; while his wonderful tact, his charming manner, and magnetic influence affected every one who came near him.

I am afraid some of the stories were somewhat exaggerated, for one of my men, looking on at a parade, saw a Yankee standing near him in the crowd point out Colonel Wolseley to some friends, and heard him say:

"Do you see that officer over thar with the cocked hat? Wall! that's the commanding officer, and they tell me that he has so many bullets in him that if you'd shake him he'd rattle."

Once more the Canadian militia separated to their homes, carrying everywhere the story of the brilliant officer under whom they had served. I remember well, with all the enthusiasm of youth, telling my friends when I came home, that I ranked him in military ability with Marlborough, and above Wellington, and predicting that I would live to see him a Field Marshal and a Duke.

In 1870, the Red River Rebellion

had broken out, and an expedition to suppress it was talked of. Sir George Cartier, Minister of Militia, was determined that Colonel Robertson Ross, the Adjutant-General of Militia, should be sent in command. The Canadian Government were to send the greater part of the men, and to pay the lion's share of the expense, and therefore the influence of the Canadian Minister was very great. But on the first intimation that an expedition was to be sent, from the men of the La Prairie camp, the members of the Stratford, and of the Thorold forces, from their friends and relatives, from all over Canada, a cry arose for Wolseley to command. The newspapers in every part of the country were unanimous.

Such a widespread expression of the popular will, coming to back Colonel Wolseley's own paramount qualifications, settled the matter.

LORD WOLSELEY AT 31 YEARS OF AGE.
(From an old photograyh.)

Captain Huyshe in his "History of the Red River Expedition," says, "But here public opinion had been before him. * * * * The Canadian Volunteers had not forgotten their favorite commander, and the '*Vox populi*' unanimously called for his appointment as leader of the expedition. Fortunately General Lindsay's opinion coincided with the popular voice, and accordingly Colonel Wolseley was nominated to the command."

The subsequent career of Lord Wolseley has proved that the Canadian Militia showed a keen insight in fully appreciating his capacity. And all over Canada to-day, thousands of those who served under him, and who have watched and followed his brilliant career ever since with the deepest interest, are delighted, but not astonished, to find their old commander in the highest military position in the Empire.

Lord Wolseley, on the other hand, has always retained the kindliest feeling towards Canada. In a letter just received from him, he expresses the wish that there was some immediate chance of visiting Canada, "To see again a country—and such a glorious country—in which I passed the happiest years of my life."

The Canadian people, led by their militia, gained more than they knew when they succeeded in securing the appointment of Colonel Wolseley. Sir George Cartier, who assumed control of affairs during the severe and dangerous illness of Sir John A. Macdonald, was not thoroughly loyal to the interests of the Dominion in the Red River dispute, and had much sympathy with Riel and the French party at Fort Garry. It was discovered afterwards that he was in communication with Riel privately, while the expedition was on its way up. The Government were building a road to Shebandowan from Thunder Bay, called the Dawson Road. The expedition was to make use of this road, but its construction was so slow, and there were so many delays, which were believed to be intentional, that Colonel Wolseley, who soon saw that the year would be lost if he waited for its completion, decided to outflank Cartier's designs. He consequently used as much of the road as was practicable, and then, by tremendous energy and effort, took nearly all his boats and stores to Shebandowan, by using the Kaministiquia River. This was a slow and laborious process, and rumors began to be circulated that Colonel Wolseley would not succeed, and that it would take probably another year to get to Fort Garry.

I must go back a little, and state that a year or two before the Red River Rebellion the small knot of Canadians who formed the nucleus of what was afterwards known as the Canada First party, was organized. We had agitated vigorously in favor of an expedition being sent up, and also had vehemently supported Colonel Wolseley for the command. We were very uneasy at Sir John Macdonald's illness, and the consequent paramount influence of Sir George Cartier. Our committee believed that the greatest danger to the success of the expedition would be from the rear. We had heard of the delays in the construction of the road, of the movement up the Kaministiquia, and the slow progress of the troops, when suddenly we received secret information that a movement was on foot to withdraw the expedition. Word was sent to Colonel Wolseley warning him of the danger, and urging the greatest haste. Preparations were made to defeat the attempt on the first sign being given to the public of the contemplated scheme. A week or so elapsed before any public action took place to give the opportunity.

In the Government organ, *The Toronto Leader*, the following despatch appeared.

> "OTTAWA, JULY 18TH.
>
> "Bishop Taché will arrive here this evening from Montreal. The Privy Council held a special meeting on Saturday.
>
> "It is stated here on good authority that Sir George E. Cartier will proceed with Lieut.-Governor Archibald to Niagara Falls next Wednesday, to induce His Excellency, Sir J. Young, to go to the North-West *via* Pembina with Lieut.-Governor Archibald and Bishop Taché. On their arrival Riel is to deliver up the Government to them, and the expeditionary troops will be withdrawn."

This was followed by an editorial in the *Leader* strongly urging the withdrawal of the expedition. At once a public meeting was called; the walls of the city were covered with inflammatory placards arousing the popular feeling against the idea of withdrawal. Dr. Lynch, the leader of the Fort Garry loyalists went to Niagara and presented a vehement protest to the Governor-General against it. Public opinion was so thoroughly aroused that Cartier and Taché were telegraphed by their friends not to come through Toronto, and Taché left the train at Kingston, and went by way of the States to the Falls, while Cartier came upon the Montreal steamer, and transferred to the Niagara boat without landing.

A day was thus gained, and the pressure of public opinion was felt. A resolution that was moved in the immense meeting held in Toronto declared that "if the Government dared to recall the expedition, it would then become the duty of the people of Ontario to organize a scheme of armed emigration;" and carried as it was, with great enthusiasm, it compelled Cartier to draw back, and substitute a different movement to protect his insurgent friends. It was arranged that Lieut.-Governor Archibald was to go to the north-west angle, and there meet horses and guides to be sent by Riel, and proceed to Fort Garry by what was known as the Snow Road, and receive the Government from Riel before the expedition could arrive.

Fortunately, Colonel Wolseley's energy, and the spur given to his movements by the dread of a recall, led him to outstrip all calculations, and he reached Fort Garry first, drove out the "banditti," as he termed them, and saved Canadian history from a lasting and disgraceful stain. For this he deserves the gratitude of the Canadian people.

It is hardly necessary in this article to refer to Lord Wolseley's earlier services in the Burmese and Crimean wars, the Indian Mutiny, and the China war, in all of which he won laurels. The successful issue of the Red River expedition brought him into prominence, and was undoubtedly the means of securing him the command of the Ashanti war, where his brilliant success increased his reputation, and led to his appointment to a succession of important positions.

In 1873, he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast; in 1874, Inspector-General of the Auxiliary forces; in 1876, military member of the Council of India; in 1878, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Cyprus; in 1879, Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief; in 1880 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the army. In every one of these positions, under varied conditions, and among a variety of different races, Lord Wolseley was uniformly successful, and in so marked a degree did he stand out from all his comrades that he was jocularly termed "our only General."

In 1882 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army operating in Egypt. As that was the most important of all his campaigns as a general, and the one in which he had the most powerful and best disciplined and armed foe to confront, so in proportion does it show the greatest genius and military ability. When he arrived at Alexandria, he found that Arabi Pasha had fortified strongly the road from there to Cairo. He decided to avoid the fortification by a flank movement, but in order that his plans might succeed, absolute secrecy was essential, and it was desirable that the enemy should be misled by false information as to his designs. His method of securing these ends was very ingenious, and showed a remarkable knowledge of human nature. He had to move his army by means of the fleet, so he called his principal officers together, and told them in confidence what his plans were. He explained to them that the fleet carrying his army would sail with sealed orders, and would go to Aboukir Bay, and from there he would operate upon the flank of Arabi Pasha's communication between Alexandria and Cairo. His divisional generals approved of the plan. In a few days the secret had filtered from the generals to their staff officers, and and from there to the newspaper men, and in the English papers, and in Alexandria rumors of the proposed movement on Aboukir Bay leaked out. The fleet sailed out towards Aboukir Bay, and opening their sealed orders steamed on in accordance with them to Port Said and to Ismaila, and then

LORD WOLESLEY AT 37 YEARS OF AGE.

it was seen that the Suez Canal was covered, the line of communications with India, as well as England guarded, and a road to Cairo much shorter than that from Alexandria, and one on which there was no great river to cross, opened to them.

Everyone recognized at once the great strategical ability shown, and when a short time afterwards, the famous night march in battle order was made across the desert, and the lines of Tel-el-Kebir stormed with a rush in the early dawn, everyone was astonished at the boldness of the conception, and the marvellous skill with which it was carried out. Canadians have an interest in this night march, from the fact that Commander Rawson, R.N., the officer who guided the army by the stars, was a native of Canada.

I saw a number of German officers in Berlin and in Bavaria in 1883, and was much struck with the deep impression that battle had made upon their minds. They all spoke in the highest terms of the ability displayed by the English General. At the coronation of the Czar Alexander III., shortly after, Lord Wolseley, who was one of the representatives of the British Sovereign, attracted more attention than any of the other great men present.

It has been customary for the opponents of Lord Wolseley to say that he has only been engaged in small wars, and has never had to meet any formidable foe. The Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir have been sneered at, as if they made no resistance. About 2,000 of them were killed in the assault, and the largest portion were killed by the bayonet. Any soldier will understand what that means. It is doubtful if there were as many killed by the bayonet in the whole Franco-German War. If nine generals out of ten had have been in command of our army in Egypt, the war would not have been a small war; it would have been large enough, it would probably have lasted for months, if not years, longer than it did, with much more serious losses as well from sickness as in action. The fact is that Lord Wolseley does his work so skilfully and so rapidly, that the wars do not get a chance to be large where he commands.

In the Soudan campaign, through the vacillation of Mr Gladstone, the army was delayed too long in starting. It was probably the most difficult instance of logistics in military history, but Lord Wolseley's experience in the Red River expedition stood him in good stead, and he at once sent to Canada for the voyageurs, whom he knew and trusted, to come and aid him in ascending the Nile. We all know how our Canadian boatmen responded to the call, and, as he himself has candidly admitted, rendered him invaluable service. It was an interesting scene when these boatmen, hundreds of miles up the Nile, first met Lord Wolseley. They heard he was coming in a train past their camp and immediately a bon-fire was lit in his honor, and the whole body began singing one of the Canadian songs that he had often heard on the portages of the Winnipeg River. Chas. G. D. Roberts touches upon this,—

> "O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields,
> "Before us; thy most ancient dreams
> "Are mixed with far Canadians fields,
> "And murmur of Canadian streams."

Unfortunately the object of the war, the relief of General Gordon, was not accomplished, and, therefore, this campaign has, by some, been looked upon as unsuccessful.

But that is not a fair way to look at it. Lord Wolseley was not to blame for the delay in starting, and his men reached Khartoum within a very few days of the time he informed the Government before he started that he could reach there, and there is no doubt it would have been successful, had not an unkind fate placed an engineer officer in command at the critical moment. Lord Wolseley picked out General Herbert Stewart to make the dash upon Khartoum; fearing his loss, Colonel Burnaby was sent as second in command, to take his place in case of accident. Unfortunately both were struck down, and Sir Charles Wilson assumed command. He delayed and idled about on some highly scientific and theoretical principles, until the result of the victories was lost, and the object of the war was gone. Lord Wolseley had to send Sir Redvers Buller to bring the column back.

Had Stewart lived, or Burnaby, or had Lord Charles Beresford been able to have taken command, in two hours after reaching Metemneh, a force would have been pushing up the river, and Khartoum would have been in possession of the British troops in a day or two, or before the date of Gordon's death, and before the Madhi's troops had recovered from their panic. Wolseley was not to blame for failing to rescue Gordon. The capture of Cairo, a strongly fortified city, with a population of 368,000, by a cavalry brigade, only a few hours, one might say, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, shows that he knows how to follow up a victory as well as did Napoleon.

LORD WOLSELEY AT 50 YEARS OF AGE.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, in an article lately published on the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, speaking of the latter, says: "He conceived an extravagant admiration for Lee personally. He expressed both, in season and out of season. He has continued to express them, and out of this unchecked enthusiasm for an over-rated Southern General, has grown up a notion that Lord Wolseley is unfriendly to America. I know of no other foundation for it, and I do not think that a sufficient foundation."

It is quite true that Lord Wolseley had an exceedingly high opinion of General Lee. In May, 1870, just before Lord Wolseley left for the Red River, I was dining with him and his staff at the Rossin House, Toronto. He referred to a visit I had made to General Lee about two months before, and asked me what I thought of him.

I answered in extreme praise of the general. Lord Wolseley turned to his chief of staff, Colonel Bolton, and said:

"Bolton, I have seen many men that the world has called great men, in different countries and in varied walks in life, but I never met a man who impressed me so much. I at once felt that I was in the presence of an undoubtedly great man." This was exactly my own feeling, and General Gordon, in his memorial speech in Richmond, in November, 1870, struck the same idea. He said:

"Of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet, can it be so truthfully said as of Lee, that grand as might be your conception of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach."

This seems to have been the feeling of all who knew Lee. It is a striking example of the narrow prejudices of the people of the United States, that they should look upon admiration for a great man who was opposed to them, as an evidence of unfriendliness to their country.

The phrase used by Mr. Smalley, of "an over-rated Southern General," is peculiar, when it is considered how ridiculously over-rated Washington is all over the United States. He is put upon a pedestal above everything, and yet, as Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his "History of the United States," correctly says: "We can hardly number among the greatest captains, a general who acted on so small a scale, and who, though the soul of the war, never won a battle."

Lord Wolseley is a man of bold and determined character, and is not afraid of results. He has always recognized and rewarded good and zealous service in his subordinates. He has no patience with the idle, careless and selfish drones. He is as severe on that class, as he is appreciative of the opposite. He has endeavored to gather around him the ablest and best men in the army. A striking illustration of this occurred shortly before the Ashanti war. A competition was opened for the best essay on a military subject. Many competed under mottoes, and Lord Wolseley among the others. When the decision was given, it was discovered that Lord Wolseley and several others were highly commended, but that the prize had been awarded to a young lieutenant. Shortly afterwards Lord Wolseley was ordered to Ashanti, and he immediately offered a position on his personal staff to Lieutenant Maurice, and gave him opportunities, so that his rise in the army has been very rapid.

This system of always being on the look out to reward merit, and his loyal adherence to those who have ever served him well, has rallied around Lord Wolseley large numbers of the very best officers in the army, who are known as Wolseley's ring. Outside of this ring are all the useless members of the army, as well as a considerable number of excellent officers, who have never had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves or of themselves getting into the ring. This fact, as well as the envy and jealousy that always follow extraordinary and rapid success, has divided the officers of the army into two wings, the Wolseleyites and the anti-Wolseleyites. A portion of the press, also, not liking Lord Wolseley's independent method of treating them, is not friendly to him. This state of affairs was most fortunate for Lord Roberts of Candahar, an excellent officer of great ability, whose march to Candahar was seized upon, as if it was one of the marvellous events of history, and boomed in the press and in the mess rooms, as a counterblast to Lord Wolseley. I should not wonder if Lord Roberts inwardly feels under great obligations to Lord Wolseley for a large portion of his own success.

Lord Wolseley is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, with a well-knit active figure, erect and soldier-like, with a fresh complexion, clear, bright, blue eyes, and hair now almost white. He is like good wine in that he improves with age. His great success has not changed his kindly, friendly manner. Those who have done good service under him can count on his warm friendship. No man has ever stood more firmly by his friends than he has; and no man gets more loyal and hearty support than he does. He has many enemies, but they are, as I have said, the useless drones, and those who do not know him.

His appointment as Commander-in-Chief is a distinct gain to the British people, for we know that under his guidance the military strength of the Empire will be put in the most effective condition possible, and we in Canada who had him with us for nearly nine years in the troublous times from the Trent affair to the Red River Rebellion, who found out and recognized his military genius, can only wish him every success in his high and honorable position, feeling that if a great war should occur in the near future, we have the best soldier to lead us, that our army has produced since Marlborough.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

I stood alone in the gloaming light,
Beside the sea, on a summer night,
And the murmuring wavelets seemed to say
As they rose and fell
On a gentle swell,
Of a nameless secret, a mystic spell.

I heard their meaning, but could not understand,
As they whispered low to the golden sand;
For my untaught mind
Refused to find
The wonderful message they left behind.

Till a star like the eye of a maiden, hid
'Neath a cloud that hung like a drooping lid,
Peeped out on the night,
A beacon bright,
And cast o'er the waters a path of light.

Then my soul was awakened, the mystery fled,
I heard, and I knew what the wavelets said,
As they restlessly beat
On the sands at my feet,
They told me the message they ever repeat.

Our secret is this: "'Tis the secret of life
With its pain and its struggles, its calm and its strife,
And we are the years,
With their smiles and their tears,
Their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears.

"And the light of the star is the light of God's love,
That shines on the soul through the vapours above;
And sheds a soft glow
To the depths far below
And lightens the gloom as the years come and go."

—R. U. H. S.

New Westminster, B C.

A SOUL AT FAULT.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

JAMES HILLER was a farmer's son, but his father had been a wealthy man, and had left James rich. While his parents were alive, he had gone through common school, grammar school, and university with credit, and had carried off prizes enough to fill a parlor book-case. But Hiller pater and mater were dead, and their daughter Rebecca was married to a man out in Illinois; so that their son was left alone in the homestead in the village of Ferndon on the river Trent. The meadow behind the house sloped down to the beach of water-worn limestone pebbles that bordered the shallow stream, whose waters babbled on musically over large stones in its course. James enjoyed listening to the river music, and to all things musical. There was an organ in his library and a piano in his parlor, and he played on both, generally dreamy and weird music. He liked to read prose poems, chiefly French, such as those written by Fenelon and Marmontel, by Volney, Chateaubriand and Lamartine. He had no aims in life, was under no necessity to do anything, did not very well see what he could do, unless it were to enjoy himself in his own dreamy fashion. So he kept a pair of good horses, raised rare poultry, cultivated fruits and flowers, and bought new music and books. Once he had thought of municipal, even of parliamentary honors, but there was too much condescension, fuss and trouble about the canvassing to suit him; and another time he had made up his mind to write something, but the zeal for this evaporated with the ink in his pen. In winter, he could smoke pipe or cigar by the fireside, and in the summer he could do the same in the open air, but for drudgery, what people call serious work, he was not fitted.

It was winter, and the dead of it, with snow and ice in plenty, a hard winter on poor people, of whose lot James never thought. He was in his library, the crimson curtains of which kept out the draughts, while great dry logs blazed over the dog-irons in the open fire-place. He had just finished Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," and, after a soothing cigar, took up "Life Before and After," another American book. It asked the question, "Have you never felt, in certain situations, whether of word, deed, or experience, that the situations were not new to you, while, as regards your consciousness of the present life, they had occurred for the first time?" Yes, he had felt that, not once, but many times. He had not felt it in connection with his dilettante studies, his animal or floral pets, his music or his smoking; they brought up no suggestions transcending the life that is. But when passion swept his soul, passion of love and hate, of jealousy and remorse, it struck an ancient key which he could not relate in memory, but which was as real a part of himself, he felt, as if he could give year and day for its occurrence. Was it heredity? Could the experience of father or mother have been passed on to him, their son? He could not think this, for the phenomenon was absent from all that he and they had felt and done in common. Love there had been in the dear ones he had lost, but not the fierce overmastering passion that raised memories in him, while such hate, jealousy, and remorse as sometimes consumed him, were alien to their simple and kindly natures.

James Hiller dropped "Life Before

and After," a rather stupid book on the whole, and took up the question suggested for himself. He marked the passages in the Gospels in which the people mistook John the Baptist for Elijah, and Herod thought Jesus was the Baptist re-clothed. He walked to the classical part of his library, and took down Diogenes Laertius' "Lives of the Philosophers," and read the story of Pythagoras of Samos, who remembered when he was Pyrrhus the fisherman, and Hermotimus, and Euphorbus, and Aethalides, even the son of wise Hermes. Then he consulted the Melpomene of Herodotus, which tells how Aristeas of Proconnesus could leave his body at will, and, over a space of three hundred and fifty years appeared as a man, a spectre, and a crow. His Oriental shelf contained the Jatakas of Buddha, showing that the great reformer of India had been born as a squirrel, a youth, a merchant, a bull, a tradesman, a lion, a king of the monkeys, and a prince. In the theological compartment was the Latin translation by Rufinus of Origen's heretical work, called by its translator De Principiis, in which it is asserted that our Saviour's human soul inhabited many bodies prior to His incarnation as the Son of Mary, and that all men's souls are imprisoned in the body for sins committed in a pre-existent state. Finally, James read Wordsworth:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its s tting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God who is our home."

Jewish and Ancient Greek, Indian, Patristic,and English poetical, thought all homologated the soul's pre-existence. So far his recollections, that were not the recollections of the present personal consciousness, were explained.

Hiller's library was rich in folklore and ethnic superstitions. He took up a Russian treatise, mercifully translated into French, and read at at random, "Every death knell is an infant's wail." Volume after volume he turned over, and found in all lands the same thought; at every moment when a soul leaves the body, a new body and soul are born, and, in lands where deaths are in excess of births, the extra outgoing souls either reappear abroad, or in default of a human habitation, take up with some animal tenement, that of a horse or a cow, a dog or a cat, a companion in any case of man. As a rule, he discovered that the out-going spirit does not travel far to find its new dwelling place.

What spirit, leaving its earthly tenement, came to inhabit his own infant form? He knew the precise date of his birth, for he had been told it by his mother, his father, and his married sister many years older than himself. It was the 13th of January, 1847, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock at night. Down into the cupboards below his book-shelves he thrust his arms, and brought out files of Toronto, Kingston, and Belleville newspapers, carefully laid away by his methodical father; and, after a feverish search, placed on his study table the groups for 1847. With shaking hands he turned up the daily and weekly papers which included the events of the 13th of January. There were several deaths chronicled in Toronto, and more than one in Kingston, but the journals of these cities and of Belleville agreed in placing the suicide of Mrs. Stephanie Broderick in the latter town shortly after eleven o'clock in the night of that day. It was a notorious case, for this woman of fashion, a widow, had, after alienating the affections of Colonel Holditch from his wife, murdered the victim of her unlawful jealousy. After the murder of his wife, and the subsequent suicide of her slayer, Colonel Holditch had disappeared, taking with him his only child, a boy two years old.

Three births were recorded in the home papers, as taking place on the thirteenth, two in Belleville and his own in Ferndon. One was that of a plebeian boy, the other that of a more aristocratic girl. He knew that girl, Eleanor Darling, a belle and clever too, but had no idea that she was his contemporary. Miss Darling, the nameless Mrs. Abel Peet's son, or himself possessed the soul of Mrs. Stephanie Broderick? James Hiller inclined to the thought that it was he, and that a terrible legacy of evil was his in consequence. He felt himself moved by love for Miss Darling, and he was conscious that it was guilty love, for was it not well-known that she had been engaged for some years to a surveyor named Brownson, living somewhere near Peterboro, but whom Hiller had never seen.

So far there had been no signs of vice in James, nor was he naturally idle and frivolous; his laziness was the outgrowth of circumstances. Now, however, he felt impelled by evil destiny, which he could not resist, to go to Belleville and ruin Brownson's life, as, when in Mrs. Broderick's body, he had ruined the family of Colonel Holditch.

Packing some clothes and a few books in a valise, and dressing himself with care, he set out behind his handsome team for the town. There he put up his horses at the best hotel the place afforded, which was far from palatial, and took rooms for himself. In the course of the day, he paid his respects to the Darlings. His wealth, his good looks, his academic success, and his refined tastes and accomplishments were well known, and made him a universal favorite, in spite of his idle life and dreamy fancies. The parents, the sisters and brothers of his inamorata, far from discouraging or looking askance at his intentions, favored his suit and seemed to enjoy his society. No word was breathed of the unhappy surveyor, whom he had deliberately set himself to ruin, and Hiller, revelling in a guilty conscience, found no obstacle in the way of attaining his heart's unlawful desire.

By day he drove Mr. Brownson's Eleanor and one of her sisters about in his sleigh, behind his spanking team, or went skating with them upon the Bay of Quinte; and, when evening came, he played and sang, or read aloud one of his most musically worded books. At last he had his opportunity, and made his confession of love. Miss Darling listened patiently and assented, and the guilty man was in the seventh heaven of delight, as well as in the seventh hell of remorse. So had he, when Mrs. Broderick won away the affections of Colonel Holditch. The family was informed of the event, and testified gratification; the engagement was made public, and the public thought it a good thing. Still not a word was breathed of the unhappy surveyor, not a barrier was placed in the way of the unblushing alienator of holy affections from their legitimate object. As James walked through the streets of Belleville with his Eleanor, little short of himself in stature, on his arm, he momentarily expected some man to rush upon him with dagger or 'pistol, or somebody, man or woman, to upbraid him openly for his treachery. He did not fear being arrested as Mrs. Broderick, for it was well known that she had been dead four and twenty years, but, as the owner of her evil spirit, he could not tell the moment when his crimes would bring the law and the condemning voice of public opinion upon his devoted head. Then his original kindly nature got the upper hand, and and he asked himself the question, "Is it right that I should leave Nellie in ignorance of whom I am?"

The pair were sleighing one bright, crisp morning on a country road, when James said, suddenly and hoarsely: "Miss Darling, Eleanor, I have something to tell you."

"Tell it then," she answered.

"You don't know who I am," he said.

"Oh, yes I do; you are Mr. James Hiller, B.A., or is it M.A.?"

"Yes, that's all right; but you don't know whose soul is in my body."

"I hope, sincerely, that it is your own, and that you have not been changing with anyone else."

"No, I was born with it; but, before it was mine, it was that of the murderess, Stephanie Broderick, who killed Mrs. Holditch."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I was born immediately after she died."

"I see no connection between the two things."

"But I know there must be, for, just as that woman won away Colonel Holditch's affections from his wife, so have I, as unworthy, won away yours from Mr. Brownson."

Had James not been so serious and full of his awful crime, he would have seen a look of pretty amusement, and then of mirth, on Miss Darling's face, as she drew her chin down into the collar of her seal-skin sacque.

She could not reply, so he asked earnestly, "Eleanor, are you willing to keep me in spite of my confession, and the dreadful possibilities?"

"Yes, James, if you are willing to keep me."

Then James was most effusive, called her all the dear names in the language, and vowed he would lay in a stock of weapons to do himself injury with, if, at any time, he found Mrs. Broderick's soul acting unlawfully towards the lady of his affections. It was one o'clock when the horses got back to town, and the first salutation Miss Darling received, was "Tom's here." Now, Thomas was Mr. Brownson.

The Darlings were out spending that evening at a house which did not know Mr. Hiller; so he remained in his rooms and read weird books. About nine o'clock, he heard steps on the stair, the steps of two persons, the one pair light and quick as of a boy, the other slower and heavier. Both stopped at the door of his sitting-room, and the lighter turned and descended, while he of the heavier tread knocked. Mr. Hiller called out "Come in," and a tall, stoutly built man, a few years older than himself, and heavily bearded, entered. "You are Mr. James Hiller," he said; and James, asking him to be seated, replied that he was. The man took off his fur cap, sat down, and remarked, "I suppose you know why I am here?" The guilty resident of Ferndon replied that he did not, but all the time felt that some great mystery was about to have its climax.

"I," said the big man, "am commonly known as Thomas C. Brownson, engaged to be married to Miss Darling, but my real name is Thomas C. Holditch, the avenger. You and I, sir, have a double quarrel, as you know, one of four and twenty years ago, the other of to-day. When will you fight it out?" The perspiration streamed down James' face, and made limp his immaculate collar and shirt front, but all the fierce rage of Mrs. Broderick's soul burned within him, as he strove to answer with calmness, "When and where you will."

"Very well," replied the avenger, "meet me in the field behind Mr. Darling's house, to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. It will not be light much before."

"I shall be there—with pistols, I suppose?"

"Our seconds will attend to them. Who is your second?"

"I shall ask Arthur Darling."

"Then I shall have to be content with Sydney. I'll tell Arthur for you. Bye, bye, old man, and keep up your heart!" With these cheerful words, Colonel Holditch's son departed.

James Hiller made his will, leaving some things to his sister Rebecca, but the bulk of his estate to Eleanor Darling, for he knew that he was to die in the morning by the hand of the Avenger. He practised taking aim with a pistol by means of a meerschaum pipe-case, which looked not unlike one; the enemy he aimed at was himself in the gilt-framed, cracked mirror in his bedroom. He said his prayers with fervor, repenting of Mrs. Broderick's sins as well as of his own, and then turned in to sleep. He had thought of going to take a last farewell of Eleanor, but reflected that she probably had repented her treachery toward Mr. Brownson, and, if she had not, why should he selfishly harrow her feeling heart? As he turned on his bed, he wondered what body his unrighteous soul would inhabit after Holditch's ball had pierced the heart of his mother's murderer. It would be the body of a child most likely, if any child was going to be born about a quarter past seven in the morning between Belleville and Ferndon. It might be a girl child, as probably as a boy, and of low degree, just as likely as of high. What a pity Holditch was so rash and impetuous about the matter, leaving no time for physical research? A few hours with the medical men of the town might have enabled him to locate his soul's next tenement, when he could have made some provision for the child. No, no! That would never do, to make provision for the iniquitous soul of Mrs. Broderick.

It was cold in the morning when Mr. Hiller, after a cup of coffee and a mouthful of bread, paid his bill to the astonishment of the clerk. He walked quickly to the Darlings' house, and found the sons, Arthur and Sydney, just issuing from the front door to meet the big surveyor, Brownson *alias* Holditch. There was nothing serious about Thomas C., but that was probably because he was a good shot. There was a good deal of levity too about the Darling boys, well meant no doubt, for the purpose of keeping him from being down hearted, but rather out of place all the same. Arthur carried the pistols in a case, all ready loaded to save time. He cautioned James to aim low and at the centre of his opponents body. Should the pistol swerve a little the ball would stand a fair chance to get into the heart or a lung. The party sought the field, and, at a distance sufficiently removed from the house to deaden the sound of firing, the seconds measured out the space between the combatants. At a given signal the duellists discharged their weapons simultaneously, when, with the words "Holditch, you are avenged," Mr. Hiller reeled and fell to the ground. The other actors in the scene rushed up to his prostrate figure in alarm, not that they feared a wound, for the pistols had been charged with harmless stage bullets, but the possibility of heart failure struck them all. Arthur, however, had been a medical student, and reassured the other two by saying "It's only syncope; let's carry him in out of the cold." So the seconds and the spurious Mr. Holditch lifted up the fallen duellist and bore him into the house.

An external application of water and an internal one of spirits revived the slain combatant, whom the jokers left, while yet barely conscious, leaning back in a cozy arm-chair. His fur coat and cap, his gauntlets and overshoes they had carried out into the hall. When he came to himself he looked about in a curious way; then rose up and felt things to be sure that they were real. Afterwards he examined his buttoned coat and the waistcoat beneath it, for the hole made by the pistol bullet, but there was no hole. He did not know what to make of it all. His head seemed light; perhaps a little grog would pull him together, seeing there was a decanter on the table, for he had been too dazed to analyze his already loaded breath. By the time Miss Darling and the culprits came into the room, James was in a little temporary paradise, such as he had never been in before. When he enquired about the pistols, they pretended to think he said epistles and asked if he meant those for morning or for evening service. Miss Darling left the apartment ashamed, and her brothers walked the smiling duellist up-stairs to a spare room, where he could get a much-needed sleep. Thomas C. and the boys received a terrible tongue-lashing from Miss Eleanor, although they protested that the man had been found by them in a faint, and that in giving him a dose they had only acted the part of the Good Samaritan. Mr. Brownson also remarked that the whole experience would probably do Hiller a world of good by taking the morbid out of him; and then devoted his attention to Miss Darling's sister Laura who was the real object of his affections. Every minute or two, Arthur and Sydney looked across the table at one another and snickered, when their twenty-four year old sister called them silly children, and recommended her senior, Arthur, to go back to the nursery.

When James awoke it was after midday. He was a little sore where he had fallen upon the snow, and he was very hungry; but also, his mind was perfectly clear, and he was doubly ashamed of himself. This was a new sensation, for he had not really been ashamed of himself since boyhood. He dressed and went downstairs, at first thinking to slip quietly away to his hotel, drive home, and write a letter of regret and renunciation. Then it struck him that this was hardly a manly thing to do, and that he ought at least to find Mrs. Darling and apologize. He could not find that lady, but her eldest daughter appeared, and expressed her delight at seeing him well again after his faint, remarking that lunch was just going on the table. Then he told of his first intention of slipping away, and writing to her from Ferndon. "But what have you to write about, James?" she asked; and he replied: "To apologize for making a fool of myself, and worse, and to renounce my dishonourable attempt to steal you away from Mr. Holditch."

"Who is Mr. Holditch, pray?" the lady enquired, looking serious.

"The man who refused to take my life this morning, when I took his mother's twenty-four years ago."

"Mr. Hiller, you were a baby twenty-four years ago. Where is this Mr. Holditch?"

Just then Thomas C. came into the hall on his way to luncheon, and James exclaimed, "There he is—the man who I thought had killed me as I deserved."

"Why, James you are still out of your head; that's Tom Brownson, Laura's Tom. Come here, Tom, and explain your conduct."

The culprit came forward, and said, "How do you do, Hiller? What do you want with me, Nellie?

"Mr. Hiller says you are a Mr. Holditch, and that you killed his mother twenty-four years ago—no, that his mother killed you twenty-four years ago—that's not it yet, that your mother killed his mother twenty-four years ago, or something like that."

"My mother, Nellie, is living yet, and never killed anybody. If you mean the Holditchs who used to live here ages ago, they were both killed in the American war, the son a mere boy at the time.

James Hiller began to think he had suffered a general collapse of his faculties.

"Didn't you come to me last night, in my hotel, and challenge me to a duel as Thomas C. Holditch, because I killed your mother and stole Miss Darling's affection away from you?" asked he of the big surveyor, whose sides were shaking with suppressed mirth. But he contrived to answer, "How could I? My name 's not Holditch. You haven't killed my mother, I'm happy to say, and twenty-four years ago you couldn't have done it if you had tried. Then, what about this duel—has it come off yet?"

"Yes, this morning, a little after seven."

"I say, Hiller, did you shoot Holditch?" asked Thomas C. in a whisper.

"I shot at a man like you, but if

Holditch, junior, was killed in the States, it can't have been him."

"Did you kill the man?"

"No, at first I thought he had killed me.

"But he didn't, did he?"

"You can see that for yourself."

There was no restraining the Darling boys, who gave away the whole plot. Miss Darling had confided her lover's hallucination to her sister Laura, who, as in duty bound, told it to Thomas C. Then he and the boys arranged the conspiracy, Mr. Brownson, as unknown to Hiller, being the chief actor. James, rejoicing in the lawful and undisputed possession of the fair Eleanor, joined in the laugh against himself, well pleased also to have escaped a tragedy that had weighed on his imagination. He gave up the doctrine of metempsychosis, and married. His intelligent wife got him out of his aimless, dilettante ways, made him enlarge his estate and manage it in person, take an interest in educational and church matters, and enter the arena of public life. The active exercise of a spirit of unselfishness, and of zeal for the general good, has taken all morbidness out of his composition, and he himself tells the story of the magnanimous imaginary Holditch, who refused to take vengeance on the murderer of his mother.

YESTERDAY.

Better the coldness of the grave
Between us chilling lay,
Or that the sunshine of thy love
Came yesterday, came yesterday.

For now too late, too late, alas!
Comes clasp of hand, fond glance of eye,
Brings but the shaft of sore regret,
Leaves but good-bye, good-bye.

Yet, will it help me on my way
Through life's sad sea of tears;
The word, so sweet but all too late,
Upholds and cheers, and cheers.

If in the Sceptic's dark Beyond,
Or Christian's heaven more fair
Thy spirit rests, through death, O Love,
My soul will reach thine there.

—Mary Markwell.

Regina, N.W.T.

THE PHRASE THAT MOST INFLUENCED ME.

BY JACK ALEXANDER.

WE all have had a something which has influenced the course of our lives. Sometimes it has been a man who has thrown his clearly defined shadow across our pathway and caused us to pause, think, admire, follow. Sometimes it has been a mother who has been the pole star of a progressive career. I heard a preacher, the other evening, make four distinct references to his mother in the one sermon. Sometimes people have been led to ascribe their success in life to the motive power supplied by some favorite author's thoughts, some friend's tender epistles or serious conversation, or to some similar dominating influence.

One of the greatest influences in my life has been a phrase.

Before I tell you what that phrase is, I must relate briefly the circumstances by which I fell under its magic spell. When I was a young lad at school in a Western Ontario town, I was a most careless student, lacking in the ambition that should distinguish a youth of sixteen, indifferent to life's opportunities and unmindful of its responsibilities. I was clever with my books and had an excellent idea of my own abilities. Yet I was making little progress.

At this time I possessed an autograph album. They were quite the style then among the pupils of Ontario's schools, although I believe they are now considered to be "out of date." This little book, however, was my pride, and I industriously circulated it among my friends with the usual results. In the course of events I one day handed it to my favorite High School teacher, and asked him "to write something" in it. It came back to me a few days afterwards with a few hieroglyphics in it over his name. I recognized that he had put what he had to say in short hand, though I knew nothing of the symbols. On a slip of paper, between the leaves, was the interpretation:—

> "Be sure you are right, then go ahead; but go ahead anyway."

I do not think that the phrase was original with him, and yet I do not know the author. Moreover I do not care to know, and I would be disappointed should anybody tell me. I desire simply to remember them as the advice of a thorough, large-hearted teacher to a youth for whom he had no reason to feel any very high regard. He sowed the seed. I know the sower, but I do not care to discover who grew the seed that he planted.

I cannot remember that the phrase influenced me very much at the time, but I think it must have. It is years since I saw that old autograph album, but whenever any important decision in my life is to be made, that particular page with its Pitman hieroglyphics rises up before my face, and speaks to me as plainly as if I heard the old man's voice. I cannot remember when it began to do this, therefore I conclude that it must always have been so. At any rate, just at that time I began to take life earnestly—in spells.

I am not an old man yet, by any means, but already I owe to that phrase a debt which I can never pay. It led me to push on in my studies until I had succeeded in securing a teacher's certificate. First I got what was known as a "Third Class," and on I went until I had a "First Class C." But I could not stop even then, for my phase was still urging me on, so I matriculated and went to the University of Toronto, graduating at the head of my class.

I cannot tell you how it has led me on since, for by so doing I would reveal my identity. I cannot do this, and would not if I could. I want to be as Willard, the actor, always desires to be, lost behind what I am representing. He refuses to make speeches between the acts, because people then think of him as Willard, the actor, instead of forgetting his private identity in the character whom he is revealing. So I want you to think of me as a young man who has wandered out into the world with the carelessness which nature gave him, controlled by one influence which made all knowledge desirable and the search for it pleasant even if tiring and unending—think of me as being guided by that one phrase :—

> "Be sure you are right, then go ahead ; but go ahead anyway."

To make a young man or a young woman enjoy life and profit by it, it is necessary to arouse their ambition. It must not be only that ambition which longs after superiority, knowledge and success, but it must be that determined ambition which will "go ahead anyway," no matter what the obstacles.

A young lady came to me the other day with her first manuscript. She told me about it and gave it to me with some misgivings. It had been written quickly and somewhat carelessly, but it contained good ideas, originally treated. I handed it back a few days afterwards, and suggested that she re-write it, correcting certain careless passages, a few mistakes in spelling and syntax, and give it a general polishing. She demurred to this hard task. It was not pleasant labor, she remarked.

Here was an ambition to become an author, but it lacked the accompanying determination to spare no efforts to attain the success towards which that ambition was directed. I refused, however, to recommend it to the editor for whose uses it was produced until this had been done.

Success in life is not easily attained. The top of the ladder is a long way up from the bottom, and the climbing produces many a blister. Numerous sacrifice must be made in order that the ultimate result shall be satisfactory.

The trouble with most young men is that they live only for the present. "Take no thought for the morrow" is followed too closely. Perhaps it is because their parents and teachers do not impress upon them, at a period when they are impressionable, that they must learn to sacrifice, to a greater or less extent, the pleasurable follies of youth, in order to enjoy the peace of an honored and respected old age. I can truly say that I have given up many of these youthful pleasures with hard struggles and much regret. But I recognized that if I was "to go ahead," I must be willing to allow a few of the fleeting joys to go past me on the winds of time.

This phrase, which has benefitted me so much, might be of little use, might even be harmful to others. I am intensely conservative by nature, apt to move slowly and sluggishly. Other young men of my acquaintance are apt to rush along without a due consideration of the consequences that may follow their movements. But to these, my phrase can be helpful in some degree, for it says : "Be sure you are right."

One thing more, and I have finished this chapter of my autobiography. When you meet a youth of sixteen, and you have an opportunity to influence his ambition, do not hesitate to give him some advice along the line of my phrase. Much of the shiftlessness and poverty so prevalent among a large proportion of the population of every community is due to the fact that our young men are allowed to pass their youth-time without having their ambition aroused, and without gaining a proper idea of the responsibilities and realities of life. A man who reaches the age of twenty-five without having learned to exert himself along lines of self-improvement, is almost certain to remain a nonentity all his life-time, and to go to his grave

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung"

TO A FAIR MINSTREL.

Enchantress, sweep the golden chords
And cheer my heart with noble words;
A tilting tourney lay
Of mailèd knights and prancing steeds;
Recount my country's gallant deeds.

Enchantress, touch the silvern strings,
Which rustle like an angel's wings,
And bear my soul away
To hills and vales, where reigns delight;
Sing me a glorious song, to-night.

Enchantress, let thy sweetest note
Of harp and voice, unite and float
In one replenished stream;
Weave into its melodious flow
The maid I love and fain would know.

Enchantress, lean thee to thy lyre,
Evolve from out the resonant wire
Soft themes for rest and dreams;
That thy rich fancies I may keep
To soothe me in the realms of sleep.

—Keppel Strange.

GENERAL VIEW OF VICTORIA, B.C., FROM TOWER OF CHURCH.

RAMBLES AROUND ESQUIMAULT AND VICTORIA, B.C.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY, B.A., OXON.; LL.B.

ESQUIMAULT, the headquarters of the British navy in the North Pacific Ocean, is distant about four miles from Victoria. Its harbour, which is land-locked, is one of the finest in the world. It has an average depth of 45 feet, and affords excellent anchorage, the bottom being a tenacious blue clay. Here the Canadian Government, aided by a subsidy from the Imperial treasury, has built a fine dry-dock, capable of accommodating the largest ships. It is 450 feet long, 26 feet deep, and 90 feet wide at the entrance, and is built of concrete faced with hewn stone. Here also are a naval hospital, an arsenal, stores, and a repairing shop. The ship in which we travelled from Tacoma, the S.S. *Corona*, had been unlucky enough on her last Alaskan trip to break one of the blades of her propeller in the ice floes of Glacier Bay. She was at once docked, and, when the water was let out, we walked about on the floor of the dock examining her keel.

Three or four war vessels are almost always to be seen in Esquimault harbor, but on this occasion only one ship, H. B. M. S. *Champion*, with two or three torpedo launches, was visible. The shores near Esquimalt are rocky, and densely covered with timber. The little town consists of one street, at the end of which are landing-stages. Here, as throughout British Columbia, is to be observed a mingling of American and English names for things and places. A very pretty little church forms a centre round which the cottages of the hamlet group themselves.

The day was a lovely one; indeed, the climate of British Columbia is almost perfect, being free from extreme heat in summer, and invigorating at all seasons of the year. Snow rarely falls, and never lies on the ground for more than a few days together. For three years the lowest temperature recorded on Vancouver Island is 8° above zero, and the highest only 84°. The thermometer has never been known to register a temperature below zero. This moderate and equable temperature is due to the general effect of the westerly winds blowing over the vast expanse of the Pacific, and, to some extent, to the Kuro Simo, a warm current from the coast of Japan, which mitigates the climate from Alaska to Mexico. This warm stream, which is analagous to the Gulf Stream, causes an almost constant wind to blow towards the land, enabling the Japan and China steamers to make about 48 hours better time when going towards the rising sun than when travelling westward. Nor is the atmosphere devoid of moisture, the rainfall in Victoria being 25 inches per annum, and on the mainland of British Columbia from 40 to 60 inches. It is altogether a most agreeable and healthful climate in which to live.

Vancouver's Island, so named after the great navigator who explored the coasts of British Columbia and Alaska so thoroughly and accurately that later navigators have added little to our knowledge, is about 300 miles long, and contains 18,000 square miles of territory. The highest mountain is Crown Peak, 8,082 feet high. On the west coast the mainland is broken into innumerable inlets and fiords, the waters of which are of great depth.

H.M.S. CHAMPION, AT ESQUIMAULT, B.C.

The mineral and other resources of British Columbia are very great. Coal is found all over, but the principal mines are found near Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. The coal is of excellent quality, and is used by the ships of the British squadron, and by the steamers which ply between China and Japan and British Columbia. Much of it is shipped to San Francisco, and a large fortune was made by John Dunsmuir, the proprietor of the Wellington Mines. Five mines employ about 2,000 men, who earn from two to three dollars a day each. On the Island of Texada, in the Gulf of Georgia, are large deposits of magnetic iron ore which contain a very high percentage of the pure metal. The ore is shipped to smelting works in the State of Washington. About $700,000 worth of gold is exported annually from British Columbia to the United States. It is all produced by placer-mining, being washed out from the gravel and sand of the beds of rivers. But now quartz-crushing works are being constructed, which will largely increase the production of the precious metal and the number of men employed in the industry.

The forests of British Columbia produce much fine timber, and about $500,000 worth are exported annually. The timber consists of Douglas fir, red, yellow and white cedar, hemlock, pine, spruce, larch and oak. The Donglas fir is the finest of the timber trees; it grows to a height of 200 feet and often has a circumference of from ten to twenty feet. It is exceedingly tough, and will stand a higher strain than oak, for which reason it is much used for railroad bridges. The trees rise to a height of 80 to 100 feet without a branch, and thus yield a great amount of clear lumber. It also never warps, but can be used as soon as it leaves the saw-mill—a very valuable quality in a new and rapidly growing country. The soil, when cleared of its forest growth, is very rich, and will grow every fruit, grain and vegetable known in the north temperate zone.

About $250,000 worth of furs are exported each year. But the most important and valuable export is salmon, of which the annual value is about $900,000 a year. Salmon are found in almost incredible quantities in the Fraser river, up which they penetrate for 800 miles from the ocean. New Westminster, on the main land, is the centre of the salmon canneries, though Burrard's Inlet and the Skeena river also abound with fish. The oolachan, or candle-fish, so-called because when dry it burns like a candle, is a valuable commodity. It is of the size of a sardine, and is very good to eat when fresh, dried, or smoked; it also yields a large quantity of good oil. The fish are caught in nets by the Indians and boiled in metal tanks for some hours; the oil is then expressed through willow baskets. When cold, it is of the consistency of thin lard. Herrings are also very plentiful, and are caught with a board through which nails have been driven so as to impale the fish when the board is raked rapidly through a shoal. Many other varieties of fish abound, among which may be mentioned cod, halibut, flounders, sturgeon, haddock, crabs, frawns and shell-fish. The native oyster is small, but very tasty. At Victoria many vessels are owned which are employed in sealing, but the operations of the pelagic sealers have been checked by the activity of the United States' men-of-war and revenue cutters in Behring Sea; and none too soon, for their reckless slaughter of female seals threatened the extermination of the valuable fur-bearing animal.

Until recently Victoria was reached from Esquimault by an antique omnibus, now replaced by electric cars. The road, which is an excellent one, passes between thick hedges, pine groves, and cottage-gardens blooming with roses, honeysuckle, gladioli, petunias, and hollyhocks. Ferns grow in great profusion, and many pretty suburban houses, embosomed in trees and flowers, are passed along the road. About half a mile from the city the North Arm is crossed by a bridge, near which lie several ancient ferry boats, useless but picturesque. The city abounds in churches, and of these the Church of England cathedral, standing on a very fine rocky site, claims most attention. It is a very modest wooden edifice, but its position on Church Hill renders it almost imposing. At its western end is a square tower, which, with much scrambling up awkward ladders and blundering through dusty lofts, I ascended one morning. The day was one of the first fine days after the rain, and, though it was windy out on the top of the tower, the view was clear, the rain having to a considerable extent quenched the forest fires which on our way down from Alaska had almost entirely obscured the shores of the Gulf of Georgia. In our panoramic view of the city the most prominent objects were St. Anne's Convent, embosomed in trees; the Olympic range across the bright waters of the Strait; nearer at hand, St. James' Bay, Beacon Hill Park, and the Government buildings; James bay and the bridge. We saw, too, the North Arm crowded with shipping and boats, the new Law Courts, the Presbyterian Church with its roof of various colored tiles, and the Union Club House. Near the water we looked on the warehouses of the Hudson Bay Company, the spirelet of the Chinese theatre, and the towers of several churches. A solid red brick building is the Provincial jail; and further eastward Dunsmuir Castle catches the eye, and brings it round to the Convent again, thus completing the panorama. The combination of buildings, wooded hills, snow-capped mountain ranges, and glittering arms of the sea is very striking.

Though Victoria has a solid, home-like and even somewhat old-fashioned look to one fresh from such towns as Tacoma, Seattle and Port Townsend, yet its history does not extend back to any very remote period. Early in the present century the Hudson Bay Company, which has been almost as important a factor in the development of Canada as the East India Company in the acquisition of Britain's Indian Empire, established a trading post at Victoria, and in 1847 built a fort there. From this center the company controlled the trade of Vancouver Island. In 1858 the Fraser river gold mining excitement broke out, and miners flocked to British Columbia. During the suspension of mining operations in the winter, as many as 25,000 to 30,000 miners remained in or near the city, and, though few of them settled there permanently, yet from

PROVINCIAL MUSUEM AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, VICTORIA, B.C.

this time the city began to grow, and it now has about 15,000 inhabitants. Vancouver Island was a separate colony until 1868, having Victoria as its capital. In 1868 it was made part of British Columbia, and Victoria became the capital of both.

The position of Victoria with reference to Eastern Canada and the Pacific Coast makes it an important center of trade and shipping. This importance has been increased by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Dominion Government paying handsome subsidies to steamship lines connecting with the railway, and carrying freight and passengers to China, Japan, Hawaii, New Zealand and Australia. A fine steamer runs daily across the Gulf of Georgia from Victoria to Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the main land. Boats also run daily to the Puget Sound ports, and the Alaskan and San Francisco steamers call at Victoria regularly. As Victoria is on an island, only one railway comes into the city, viz., the Esquimault and Nanaimo road, which runs about seventy miles up to Nanaimo, and thence a few miles further to Wellington. The scenery along the road is very fine, and several favorite resorts of sportsmen and pleasure seekers are found along it.

Victoria has a considerable number of factories of boots and shoes, furniture, boxes, and cigars; it also has extensive saw-mills, and the largest iron works—the Albion—on the Pacific coast outside of San Francisco. On the harbor of Esquimault is a very large saw-mill, which chiefly cuts up cedar, hemlock, maple and white pine. At Chemanus, distant some sixty or seventy miles from Victoria, there is a large lumber-mill under the control of Mr. Macaulay, who had much experience in the lumber business of Eastern Canada. The water supply is obtained from a lake, and is both plentiful and of good quality. The Province of British Columbia being rich in ore, it is proposed to erect smelting works for the reduction of this ore.

With regard to education: St. Anne's convent furnishes an excellent training to Catholic girls, and there is a Boys' and Girls' School founded by the wealthy and benevolent Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The High School at Victoria is a handsome building of red brick, with stone dressings, and accommodates about a thousand children. A school board elected by a vote of the people controls five ward schools. There is also the beginning of a university, but about the professors, or the nature of its work, I am unable to give any account. As the newspaper plays so large a part in the modern education of children, it may be said here that three newspapers are published daily in Victoria, each of which issues a weekly edition, containing special articles.

The ubiquitous Mongolian has a considerable quarter of Victoria entirely given up to him and his unsavory belongings. There are several Chinese stores, well built of brick, and the proprietors of which seem prosperous. Several of the houses have handsome balconies, upon which flowers grow in profusion. In the middle of China-town is a large building belonging to the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, and containing, as I was told, the Joss-house. Whenever I began to take photographs in China-town, I found myself the centre of a group of chattering Mongols, who did not, however, interfere with me at all. There is quite a large theatre in the quarter, the spirelet surmounting it being clearly seen from any high ground near the city. I observed that many of the tradesmen here openly called themselves "Dealers in Opium." In the poorer quarter there were some shabby-looking shanties, but even here a good rule was observed: on the door of each house is painted the number of persons permitted to live in it: "to hold four," "to hold six," and so on; thus preventing an overcrowding dangerous to health. It would be well if the Supervisors of San Francisco, with its 40,000 Celestials, would cease "grinding their axes" for a time, and frame some such regulation as this.

The principal social club of Victoria is the *Union*, the house of which stands next to the new Presbyterian Church of St. Andrew's, on a street parallel to Government Street. It is built of brick faced with stone, and is in the Elizabethan style. The internal arrangements are very comfortable, and I was kindly made free of the club during my entire stay. Among the cards of visitors I noticed that of Sir Michael Culme Seymour, a former commander of the North Pacific squadron, and now commander of the Mediterranean navy, who had come out all the way from England to enjoy a fortnight's sport among the deer and mountain-sheep of Vancouver's Island. Deer-hunting begins on September 1st in British Columbia. On the last evening of August parties of hunters proceed by train to Goldstream and other favorite spots, or strike off by trails into the interior of the island.

With one more recollection I must conclude. On a breezy afternoon I was strolling in Beacon Hill Park; the sun shone brightly on the gleaming and glancing waters of the strait; on the peaks of the Olympic range, on the fronting Washington shore, lay a heavy bank of cumulus clouds, piled mass on mass in fleecy billows, silver-crested. I sat down at the water's edge, and thought that I had never seen a grander sight. Later, from the upper windows of a friend's house in the Park, I saw very clearly Mount Baker, a double-painted cone of dazzling white, fully sixty miles distant from where I stood.

ST. ANN'S CONVENT, VICTORIA, B.C.

A LOST WOOD.

THERE, the birds their heads uplifting,
Sang, and sang, and sunbeams drifting
Thro' the trees
Kissed the dew-sweet eglantine,
And the tangled, wild woodbine,
And the lillies that unfurled
In the little, silent pool,
Gathering all the shadows cool
To its breast;
Kissed the meery stream that purled,
And with soft laughter fled
Adown its stony bed
To its rest.
With a deeper tenderness
Nature lingered there to bless,
Seeing all her works were good
In the quiet of the wood.

There slender rushes straight and tall,
Know the blackbirds bugle call
Sweet and clear;
And swayed beneath his clinging feet
When folded were his pinions fleet;
There were ferns and mosses rare;
And beside the river brink,
The antlered deer came down to drink.
A tender haze
Lay o'er all the landscape fair,
A wraith of blue, a hint of gold,
A magic mantle, lo, that told
Of August days;
And rose the damp, sweet smell,
That ever clings to a mossy dell,
To the moss, the fern, and the sweet bluebell.

I wonder in what land or clime
Lays this long, lost wood of mine,
All rest and shade.
I have a fancy I wandered there,
It may have been but a picture fair,
A painted picture, Ah! me,
If the spell I erst did feel
From out a canvas fair did steal
I cannot say.
An artist fancy it might be,
Traced with many a shade and sheen
That in art has rarely seen
The light of day.
Time hath a deep enchantment lent,
And all the colors softly blent,
Wreathed with a glory half sublime,
That wood seen once in a long past time.

—WYNDOM BROWNE.

Toronto, Ont.

SURVEYOR-GENERAL HOLLAND.

BY REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

[*A notice of Samuel Holland, first Surveyor-General of lands for the Northern District of North America, based on a hitherto unpublished manuscript letter, addressed by him to Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, in the year 1792*]

HAVING in my possession a somewhat important hitherto unpublished manuscript letter, addressed by Samuel Holland, first Surveyor-General of British North America, to Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, on some matters relating to the early history of British Canada, and throwing light on the origin of certain local names still to be seen on our maps, I feel anxious that the document should in some way be committed to the safe keeping of print, and so find a place in one of the volumes of Provincial Archives, which it is confidently hoped the Government will be induced hereafter to publish.

The letter would seem to have been written at the request of Governor Simcoe, in order that he might have a written record of Mr. Holland's familiar acquaintance and intercourse with his father (Captain John Simcoe, R.N.) when brought into contact with him in the neighbourhood of the recently-captured French Fortress of Louisbourg, on the Island of Cape Breton, some forty-eight years previously. Mr. Holland was officially engaged at the time making surveys of Louisbourg and vicinity, and Captain Simcoe's ship, the *Pembroke*, happened to be moored not far off from the shore, the sailing master, being on the beach, took particular interest in Mr. Holland's employment of a certain mathematical instrument, which was new to him, here called a Plane Table, and expressed a desire to become better acquainted with its use.

An invitation from Captain Simcoe to Mr. Holland to come on board with his instrument soon followed, in order that he might personally explain its use to him and his sailing master, and this was done.

The sailing master who had exhibited such a laudable curiosity was no other than the person who in after years became so famous as the great discoverer, Captain James Cook.

The letter itself will explain the valuable services afterwards rendered by the Captain of the *Pembroke*, Sailing Master Cook, and Mr. Holland conjointly, in the survey of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence generally, services which contributed materially to General Wolfe's successful operations against Quebec, in 1759.

In this expedition, however, Captain Simcoe did not take a part, having been seized with an illness which eventuated in his death on board the *Pembroke*.

Captain Cook we find used to refer in after years with gratitude to his intercourse with Captain Simcoe and to the scientific experience gained on board his ship.

The letter before us is dated "Quebec, January 11th, 1792." It reads as follows, and will explain itself :—

Quebec, 11th January, 1792.

Lt.-Governor Simcoe, York :

SIR,—It is with the most sincere pleasure that I recall to memory the many happy and instructive hours I have had the honor of enjoying in your late most excellent father's company, and with more than ordinary satisfaction do I recollect the following circumstance which gave birth to our acquaintance. The day after the surrender of Louisbourg, being at Kensington Cove surveying and making a plan of the place, with its attack and encampments, I observed Capt. Cook (then master of Capt. Simcoe's ship, the *Pembroke* man-of-war) particularly attentive to my operations; and as he expressed an ardent desire to be instructed in the use of the Plain Table (the instrument I was then using) I appointed the next day in order to make him acquainted with the the whole process; he accordingly attended, with a particular message from Capt. Simcoe expressive of a wish to have been present at our proceedings; and his inability, owing to indisposition, of leaving his ship; at the same time requesting me to dine with him on board; and begging me to bring the Plain Table pieces along. I, with much pleasure, accepted that invitation, which gave rise to my acquaintance with a truly scientific gentleman, for the which I ever hold myself much indebted to Capt. Cook. I remained that night on board, in the morning landed to continue my survey at White Point, attended by Capt. Cook and two young gentlemen whom your father, ever attentive to the service, wished should be instructed in the business. From that period, I had the honor of a most intimate and friendly acquaintance with your worthy father, and during our stay at Halifax, whenever I could get a moment of time from my duty, I was on board the *Pembroke*, where the great cabin, dedicated to scientific purposes and mostly taken up with a drawing table, furnished no room for idlers. Under Capt. Simcoe's eye, Mr. Cook and myself compiled materials for a chart of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, which plan at his decease was dedicated to Sir Charles Saunders; with no other alterations than what Mr. Cook and I made coming up the River. Another chart of the River, including Chaleur and Gaspe Bays, mostly taken from plans in Admiral Durell's possession, was compiled and drawn under your father's inspection, and sent by him for immediate publication to Mr. Thos. Jeffrey, predecessor to Mr. Faden. These charts were of much use, as some copies came out prior to our sailing from Halifax for Quebec in 1859. By the drawing of these plans under so able an instructor, Mr. Cook could not fail to improve and thoroughly brought in his hand as well in drawing as protracting, etc., and by your father's finding the latitudes and longitudes along the coast of America, principally Newfoundland and Gulf of St. Lawrence, so erroneously heretofore laid down, he was convinced of the propriety of making accurate surveys of those parts. In consequence, he told Capt. Cook that as he had mentioned to several of his friends in power, the necessity of having surveys of these parts and astronomical observations made as soon as peace was restored, he would recommend him to make himself competent to the business by learning Spherical Trigonometry, with the practical part of Astronomy, at the same time giving him Leadbitter's works, a great authority on astronomy, etc., at that period, of which Mr. Cook, assisted by his explanations of difficult passages, made infinite use, and fulfilled the expectations entertained of him by your father, in his survey of Newfoundland: Mr. Cook frequently expressed to me the obligations he was under to Captain Simcoe, and on my meeting him in London in the year 1776, after his several discoveries, he confessed most candidly that the several improvements and instructions he had received on board the *Pembroke* had been the sole foundation of the services he had been enabled to perform. I must now return to Louisbourg, where, being Gen. Wolfe's Engineer during the attack of that place, I was present at a conversation on the subject of sailing for Quebec that fall. The General and Captain

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* An engraving of the Plane Table appears as a frontispiece to a volume entitled "The Plane Table and Its Use in Topographical Surveying," among the papers of the United States Coast Survey, published by D. Van Nostrand, New York, 1885.

Simcoe gave it as their joint opinion it might be reduced the same campaign, but this sage advice was overruled by the contrary opinions of the Admirals, who conceived the season too far advanced, so that only a few ships went with General Wolfe to Gaspe, etc., to make a diversion at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence. Again, early in the spring following, had Captain Simcoe's proposition to Admiral Durell been put in execution, of proceeding, with his own ship, the *Pembroke;* the *Sutherland*, Captain Rous, and some frigates, *via* Gut of Canso, for the river St. Lawrence, in order to intercept the French supplies, there is not the least doubt but that Monsieur Cannon with his whole convoy must have been taken, as he only made the river six days before Admiral Durell, as we learned from a French brig taken off Gaspe. At this place, being on board the Princess Amelia, I had the mortification of being present whilst the minute guns were firing on the melancholy occasion of Captain Simcoe's remains being committed to the deep. Had he lived to have got to Quebec, great matter of triumph would have been afforded him on account of his spirited opposition to many captains of the navy, who had given it as their opinion that ships of the line could not proceed up the river, whereas our whole fleet got up perfectly safe. Could I have had recourse to my journals, which have unfortunately been lost, it would have been in my power to have recounted many circumstances with more minuteness than I am at present enabled to do.

I have the honor to remain,
Sir,
With great respect,
Your most devoted & most
obedient & humble servant,
SAMUEL HOLLAND.

The captain of the *Pembroke*, we see, was a daring and enterprising officer, and had his advice been taken in preference to that of Admiral Durell, Wolfe's capture of Quebec might have occurred some month's earlier than it did. There is in the parish church of St. Andrew, at Cotterstock, in Northamptonshire, a mural tablet sacred to Captain Simcoe's memory inscribed with the services rendered by him to his "King and country."

On the back of the MS. letter which has been engaging our attention is to be seen a sentence in the handwriting of Lt.-Gov. Simcoe himself, and it was this that in the first instance imparted a special value to the document, containing as it did a curious record of some words used by his father just before his sad decease. The memorandum reads as follows:

"Major Holland told me that my father was applied to to know whether his body should be preserved to be buried on shore, he replied, 'Apply your pitch to its proper purpose; keep your lead to mend the shot holes and commit me to the deep.'"

The initials J. G. S., John Graves Simcoe, are appended.

This document was presented to me by a daughter of Gen. Simcoe, and to her this autograph memorandum of her father constituted its chief value.

Gov. Simcoe, we may observe, uses the expression Major Holland, this probably indicated his rank as an officer of the Royal Engineers. He was, as must necessarily be the case with officers in that department, a lover of science.

The following papers of his appear in the proceedings of the London Philosophical Society. Their titles as given by Mr. Henry J. Morgan in his Bibliotheca Canadensis, are:

I. Observations made on the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton to ascertain the longitude and latitude of those places, agreeable to the order and instructions of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, 1768.

II. Astronomical Observations, 1769.

III. Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites, observed near Quebec, 1774.

IV. Astronomical Observations, 1774.

Major Holland appears to have been a native of Canada, and he died at Quebec in the year 1801. He had been, it would seem, a personal friend of Gen. Wolfe's, who had made him a present of a pair of beautiful pocket pistols, associated with which was a pathetic story of the death of one of Major Holland's own sons in a duel. At the time of his death he was a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and had filled the office of Surveyor-General for nearly fifty years. We learn from Mr. Le Moine's "Maple Leaves," first series, 1863, chap. 7, pp. 41-43, that Major Holland's family residence was situated in the neighborhood of Quebec, not far from the estate known as Spencer Wood, it came to be popularly designated "Holland House." On the property was a private family burying ground where Major Holland's remains were deposited. A conspicuous fir tree in this burying plot, a survivor of the primitive forest, was long spoken of as the "Holland Tree."

There was, down to a late period, preserved in the Crown Lands Department at Toronto, a fine manuscript map of the Province of Quebec as well as of all known Canada, on a large scale, by Major Holland. This map I believe is now deposited at Ottawa. It has been reproduced, I understand, by the Government, and may prove an acceptable boon to students of early Canadian geography and history.

Few people probably realize at the present day that the name "Lake Simcoe" was intended to recall the memory not of the first Lieut.-Gov. of Upper Canada, but that of his father, the Capt. Simcoe of whom we have just heard so much.

This we learn from the note appended to page 138 of Surveyor-General David William Smith's *Gazetteer* of Upper Canada, published by authority in 1797. The note on the item "Lake Simcoe" is this:

"So named by Lt.-Gen. Simcoe in respect to his father, the late Capt. Simcoe of the Royal Navy, who died in the River St. Lawrence on the expedition to Quebec in 1775." "In the year 1755," the note continues, "this able officer had furnished Government with the plan of operations against Quebec, which then took place." "At the time of his death," it is also added, "Capt. Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, was master of his ship the *Pembroke*"—a fact of which we have already been made aware. The previous older name of Lake Simcoe, it should here be observed, as stated by D. W. Smith himself in this *Gazetteer*, p. 109, was "Toronto, or Lake Toronto."

SIXTEEN.

She is so sweetly simple,
She simply is so sweet,
My shattered heart is lying low
In fragments round her feet.
And, as some fair destructive child
Might crush a broken doll,
She gaily stamps her little feet
To grind the pieces small.

—John Ford.

A TALE OF TER-REW LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

An Extravaganza in eight chapters.

BY KEPPEL STRANGE.

CHAP I.

(Introducing two characters and some philosophy.)

MAUD IDA GRAY was ideally beautiful, invariably sweet, possessor of an incredible fortune, charmingly youthful, and (of course) in love.

Fitz-Clarence de Boodle had large feet. Like the all-pervading air, the space they occupied was eminently worthy of consideration. Otherwise, he wore a green necktie and a pink nose. He did this for the sake of respectability, of which he was particularly fond.

With a passing remark upon the peculiar partiality of the moon for night-time, the camel for the hump, and the surprising number of things that you can't try when you don't do, we will bring this chapter to a close.

CHAP. II.

(Wherein Nature obligeth, while our heroine glideth.)

Of course, it was a lovely day; it always is on these occasions. Nature, in an obliging mood, had put on her Sunday-best raiment for Miss Gray's especial delectation. If Nature had not looked her best, Ida would have been disappointed. This would have grieved Nature very much, and Fitz-Clarence de Boodle would have been beastly annoyed, don't you know.

As graceful as a "douce et belle Marguerite," as fragrant as wild sweet clover, Ida glided. Sylph-like, through the meadows. Never having seen a Sylph, we do not pretend to be an authority upon the "glide," but that is a matter of no importance when one is sufficiently in earnest. Having succeeded in walking (beg pardon—gliding) through two small fields, our heroine, accompanied by our hero, naturally felt worn and weary, and sank down to rest upon a bundle of (new-mown) hay.

CHAP. III.

(In which Natural History is made wildly exciting.)

We will now bring on a bull. We do this for two reasons: partly to show our deep knowledge of Natural History, but more especially for the purpose of introducing our villain.

On he came, his eyes rolling, his tail swirling, his lips frothing. Wildly she fled; he pursued. Already, she felt the hot foam, ("hot foam" is good, I think?) the hot foam from his lips flecking her delicate neck, when a gap in the hedge appeared. Through this she sped. The gap was much too small for the bull to pass through, but he did not think of that, or doubtless he would have paused in his mad career. Intent only upon his intended victim, however, he passed easily through, and our tender heroine would soon have required a wooden dress with brass-nail trimmings, if, at that moment, a——

But, having now, we imagine, convinced our readers of our transcendental knowledge of animal life, and aroused their interest to a pitch of the wildest excitement, we will commence another chapter.

CHAP. IV.

(The word of a de Boodle.)

Now, when the bull, solely for the interest of our story, and regardless of expense, appeared upon the scene, de Boodle quickly hied him (avaunt thee, pun apparent!) to a place of safety, behind a friendly tree, from which he watched our heroine's dilemma. He would dearly have liked to rescue her at the price of his young life's blood ('twas an anxious moment!) but he had promised his dying grandmother, during the Christmas washing, years ago, that never, never, upon no account, would he risk an infinitesimal portion of his precious carcase. And the word of a de Boodle (even when excited, as at present) was sacred.

Chap. V.

(The villain (double-dyed) appears in this act)

We will now return to our heroine, whom, the reader may remember, we left in a parlous state, and likewise in a field. She would soon, we were saying, have required a wooden dress with brass-nail trimmings, if, at that moment, a (to complete the sentence) monster named Porter had not appeared. He (the monster Porter) being a villain of the deepest double-dye, of course, understood the situation at a glance, and rushing between the infuriated animal and the fragile girl, he waved a large, red, cotton pocket-handkerchief full in the face of the on-coming bull. With a roar of baffled rage ("baffled" rage, observe), the now affrighed creature turned tail, and (stopping only a moment to hiss out in malignant tones, "I'll see you later-r-r!") fled wildly away.

Chap. VI.

(Some variegated symptoms and a mean (suspected) plot.)

Ida, of course, was frightened—equally, of course, she had all the usual symptoms: her eyes dilated, her bosom heaved, a tremor passed through her frame, her cheeks blanched, cold chills ran down her spine, her nerves twitched, she trembled like an aspen leaf, etc. Unfortunately, her troubles were not yet over. She opened her eyes (she had learned how to do this when quite young), and saw, a few yards away, the passion-distorted countenances (fairly expressive that, I flatter myself, for a beginner) of Porter and de Boodle. She heard (she frequently did this when listening) their voices raised in anger, and the rascal Porter lavishing numerous degrading epithets (don't miss this) upon our heroine and her lover, of which "coward' and "poltroon" were the mildest. Now, although, at first sight, this action of Porter's, here recorded, may appear meritorious, the reader must bear in mind that the villain, for his own ends (and perchance odds), was only seeking to profit by the fettered state of de Boodle (of which he was, doubtless, aware); he must also reflect (even if he has to borrow a reflector), that in the possession of his red handkerchief, Porter had an invincible weapon, and was therefore running no risks. He may further question (as de Boodle always afterwards asserted), whether the whole affair was not a put-up thing between Porter and the bull.

Chap. VII.

(A truly wonderful storm, and exit Porter.)

The settlement of the knotty point which ended our last chapter may be safely left in our readers' impartial hands. We, having to get on with our remarkable story, will now present to their notice a (violent, equinoctial) storm. A thick, black cloud, like a funeral pall, suddenly spread over the sky; the lightning, with million-candle power, lit up the circumambient (no extra charge) vault of heaven, and descending to earth, split a good-sized hill into four equal pieces; a noise like fifty thousand eighty ton guns exploding together shook the universal planetary system; the rain—being in too great a hurry to come down, as all decently-conducted rain should—fell down, anyhow, in chunks about the size of lumps of wood.

During this magnificently-described storm (all rights strictly reserved), the villain Porter, partly because of his detestable bravery, but more especially because we have no further use for him, got shrivelled up by lightning, and was carried home in this condition by the magnanimous and large-footed de Boodle in his own pocket-handkerchief, thus proving that Nemesis (like the true daughter of Nox that she is), may be safely left to deal with the bold bad man so soon as he becomes ob-nox-ious.

CHAP. VIII.

(Wherein our story endeth in the old sweet way, only more so.)

Being entirely without friends, and more or less an orphan, we feel it our duty to call the gentle reader's attention to the surprising number of thrilling and original situations that we have managed to cram into seven short chapters. In other words (we do not deny it), we are a genius. Several papers (at our request) have said so. Having succeeded in thus modestly hinting at our worth, we proceed by a graceful and easy transition to our wedding, which took place in a venerable and sacred edifice, filled with aisles and other architectural luxuries. Some writers would have given you a mere marriage in a church, but we like to bring on something *recherche* and stain-glassy while we are about it. It costs no more, and it looks better.

The inquest on the (suggestion of what was left of the) late villain Porter was over, the jury finding that he had flown in the face of Nature and had been sent up—or, in some other direction, as the case may be—for assault, without the option. And so our hero and heroine lived happily ever after, and on several occasions (when it was absolutely necessary)—even longer.

N.B. ☞This way to the egress!

VANISHED DAYS.

To her my thoughts oft wing their flight,
And deep, sweet yearnings flow.
She sits enthroned in memory's light;
My love of long ago.

And now, a breath from years gone by
Comes floating back to me,
And bears the echo of a sigh
Across time's distant sea.

Anon a gentle breeze steals up
And whispers in my ear,
And pours from out a misty cup
The long shed parting tear.

And then the winds of fancy sweep
In tumult through my soul,
And bid the past, so long asleep,
In surging billows roll.

The storm sinks down, but still delays
The anguish and the pain:
The laughter of those vanished days
Can ne'er return again.

—J. W. WATSON.

CHINESE RELIGIOUS AND NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

CHRISTIAN missionaries have much more to contend with in China than appears on the surface of events. The influence of Confucius and his teachings upon the national condition and customs has been simply marvellous, and even the recent curious collapse before the attack of a Lilliputian power, is more or less traceable to the Sage who forbade violence and resentment of injuries, and freely denounced the profession of arms. His name, indeed, is cherished as something sacred by a population which numbers almost a third of the human race; his character in some way or other seems to have permeated every social, domestic and religious institu- of his country; his teachings have practically transfused themselves into a fixed and immovable polity for his race, during the greater part of two thousand years of history.

Yet his writings and opinions are little understood or studied in western countries. Almost the contemporary of Pythagoras and influencing an infinitely greater number of people than the Greek philosopher, the latter has far outstripped the Chinese sage in the estimation and knowledge of Europe and America. As a matter of fact, however, neither Pythagoras nor Zenophanes in Greece, Zoroaster in Persia, nor Sakyamouni in India, have approached him in the impressiveness of their doctrines, or in the far-reaching effects of their moral and semi-religious teachings. In the minds of the vast masses of China there is no doubt whatever regarding the superiority and supremacy of their Sage, as a popular verse clearly indicates:

"Confucius! Confucius! how great was Confucius.
Before him there was no Confucius.
Since him there has been no other.
Confucius! Confucius! how great was Confucius."

This view of him, however, gives no idea of the philosopher's standing in his own day and generation. The man whose precepts are now in every temple; whose proposed laws are in every justice-hall; whose tomb is yearly enriched and beautified by Imperial gifts through all the passing centuries; whose very name is a shrine to the people—was in his life-time a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and a prophet whose advice was often jeered at, and seldom accepted. Born in 550 B.C., his career fell upon most disturbed and lawless times. China was but a fraction of what the nation is to-day, in either population or territory, and was divided into feudal principalities constantly warring with one another. Through the mist of centuries we can distinctly see, as in the Italian States of a later period, glimpses of fierce intrigue, violated truces and savage massacres. Mencius, a follower of Confucius in the next century, says that "the world had fallen into decay and right principles had disappeared. Perverse discoveries and oppressive deeds were waxen rife. Ministries murdered their rulers, and sons their fathers."

Through this scene of turmoil moves the historic figure of the Sage. His father was a hero of the time whose fame, however, is swallowed up in that of the son. And as usual in such cases legends have gathered round his birth, one, illustrating, even in that distant day, the royalty of intellect by referring to him as born to be "a throneless king." In boyhood he was grave in manner and pursuits, and at an early age he married. Perhaps the fact that his subsequent domestic life was unhappy and ended in a divorce, explains to some extent the absence from his teachings of any attempt at raising the women of China from the position of bondage and ignorance in which they then were and still remain. He endeavored constantly to elevate man, but woman was apparently to continue in strict subjection and absolute inferiority. The division which existed amongst the states and the prevailing condition of chronic misrule and disorder, naturally drove the scholar and reformer from one place to another. He endeavored to get the different princes to listen to his teachings, but apparently without success. "Given the model ruler," he declared to them, "and the model people will appear." His great object seems to have been to arrest the surrounding process of disintegration and decay by appealing to the lessons of the sages and the records of antiquity. These he carefully and laboriously collected and preserved, illustrating them with his own comments and conclusions. He tried to infuse life into the dry bones of the Chinese past and to promote morality and good government by calling into action the forces of tradition and precedent rather than by preaching religion or catering to superstition.

During these years Confucius had many opportunities of obtaining the place and power so dear to modern politicians and modern reformers. But he always refused them, unless, as sometimes happened, the ruler, in a moment of good resolutions, promised to reform himself and to endeavor to reform his laws. Usually the attempt lasted but a short time. At the age of fifty, however, the Sage returned to his native state of Loo, accepted the chief magistracy of Chung-too, and ultimately became Minister of Crime. Here for some years he remained the champion of law and civilized order. The first rough idea of trial by jury was conceived and put in execution, dishonest traders were rigorously punished, moral regulations were strongly enforced, the influence of the great families curtailed, and brigandage and lawlessness suppressed with an energy worthy of a Rienzi. But the intrigues which such a policy quickly caused triumphed finally; the Prince gave way to the representations made, and sadly, by easy stages—hoping against hope for a recall—the wise minister once more left the State which his administration had built up in strength and justice. He might have retained his rank and position at the expense of moral degradation, but to quote his own words: "with coarse rice to eat, with water to drink and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy. Riches and honour acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a floating cloud."

A long drama of exile followed. From city to city, from state to state he moved, teaching the people and trying to find some ruler who would accept his precepts and put them into practice. He held no place, received no stated income, and refused all gifts of money, so that, as may be well imagined, the Sage was often in deep poverty. But his followers were devoted to him and he found solace amid all difficulties and troubles in the arduous work of revising and rearranging the ancient Books of the nation — a work which has since proved of such transcendent import to the literature and life of China. Confucius was indeed a conscientious restorer and collater of original texts. He wove the thoughts of the then ancient Sages into the constitution of the country as it finally evolved, and into the very lives of the people who came after him; but strange to say only one of the great Chinese classics is the entire product of his pen. In this "Spring and Autumn Annals" or history of the State of Loo lies, however, the cream of his teaching and the central truths of the national polity.

Practically, in these labours, he made the past his own and infused its lessons and principles and practices into the permanent faith of a people. In so doing he may be called a great thinker and worker even though many of the ideas were reproduced, and although he himself would have been the last to claim any honour higher than that of being a humble follower of the sages of other days. He hated recluses and superstition, and liked reform and publicity. But the reform was retrogressive, not progressive. It was a return to the past, not an advance into the future. Hence the honours which successive dynasties during twice one thousand years have showered upon the memory of the man who gave them fixed principles of despotic power and taught the people immovable rules of obedience in all domestic, social and national relations. "It is impossible," said the Sage, upon one occasion, "to withdraw from the world and associate with beasts and birds that have no affinity with us. The disorder that prevails is what requires my efforts. If right principles prevailed throughout the kingdom there would be no necessity for me to change its state." When, therefore, his principles came to predominate, nominally at least, in the Empire, it was the policy and duty of his followers to insist upon their absolute rigidity and to point out as a fact beyond dispute that no future age could be superior in learning, piety and prosperity to the past which Confucius had glorified. This inexorable idea rules the Chinese character of to-day as it has controlled so many centuries of Chinese history. The Chinese philosophy has, in fact, no future, the Chinese Empire no code of progress or possible change. As some one has put it, the Books of Confucius constitute a Bible without a heaven or hell. His teachings certainly embody a world without a God; a religion of which morals form the base and morality constitutes the aim.

But while Confucius refused to recognize a personal God, he sometimes speaks of Heaven in a way which seems to involve some indirect perception of a Divine Ruler. In one place he says that "he who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray," and in another, "my studies lie low and my penetration rises high, but there is Heaven that knows me." Still it was all a pure abstraction—utterly vague and intangible. The Sage himself never prayed, nor did he teach prayer, or any doctrine of future rewards or punishments. His polity as now taught by Chinese scholars, but not very perfectly practised by the people, may be seen in a glance at the following propositions tabulated according to the scholastic custom of the Celestial Land.

CHART OF THE GREAT STUDY.

Heaven having given existence to man, the doctrine of the Great Study succeeded and established Order in Society.

Restricted in its sphere, it produces the perfection of individual exercise—a holy Sage. His aim is Personal Virtue; the means of its attainment are:—

I.—Propriety of Conduct.

Suavity and Respect; Fidelity and Truth; Dignity of Carriage; Precision of Words and Actions.

II—Right Feeling.

Avoiding Prejudice; Restraining the Passions; Cherishing Good Impulses; Adhering to the Just mean.

III.—Correctness of Purpose.

Self-examination; Scrutiny of Secret Motives; Religious Reverence; Fear of Self-Deception.

IV.—Intelligence of Mind.

Rejection of Error; Comprehension of the Truth; Quickness of Moral Perception; Insight into Providence; Study of the Laws of Nature; Study of the Institutions of Man; Study of the Records of History.

With free scope for its exercise, the Sage considered that this teaching would make him a reformer of the world—a true King. Next to the great aim of Personal Virtue, he places that of Moral Improvement. The means to its attainment are divided as follows:

I.—THE DISCIPLINE OF THE FAMILY.

Filial Piety; Care in Choice of Associates; Strictness in Intercourse of the Sexes; Attention to Established Rules; Instruction to Children; Caution against Partiality; Harmony with Neighbors; Regard for Frugality.

II.—THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

Science of Government; Power of Combination; Reverence for Heaven and Ancestors; Discrimination in Choice of Agents; Love for the People; Zeal for Education; Strictness in Exercising the Laws.

III.—THE PACIFICATION OF THE WORLD.

Wisdom in Conducting War; Righteousness in Rewards and Punishments; Liberality in Admitting the Expression of Sentiment; Frugality in Expenditure; Skill in Legislation.

The Great Study stops only at Perfection.

Such is the Code of Confucius; the moral law of the Chinese people; the principles which are intended to guide their conduct, and control their lives; the policy which is laid down for their Government and is supposed to actuate their mutual intercourse. Only one thing seems to have been excluded, but that was vital. It is a cold, lifeless creed of personal effort and attainment, without religious enthusiasm to support it, without religious hope to make its regulations pleasant, without religious fear to make obedience necessary. Theoretically, Confucianism presents an almost perfect moral code, practically it has created in the minds of the people a hopeless dislike to change, progress or improvement; a fossilism somewhat similar to that produced by the teachings of Mahomet after the pulsing of religious enthusiasm had gone out of the great mass of his followers and adherents. Yet what the Sage of China has written and taught is in itself worthy of all attention and much of it deserves a world-wide acceptance. Many a civilized and Christian home; many advanced nations of our modern times; would benefit by adopting and following some of the wise maxims of Confucius. His ideal seems to have been what he termed the "Superior Man"—careless of popular applause or blame, firm in character and intention. "He is to be Catholic and no partisan. He is to think of virtue and not of comfort, of the sanctions of the law, not of gratifications. In his conduct he is humble, in serving his superiors he is respectful, in nourishing the people he is kind, in ordering the people he is just."

Confucius himself possessed a wide and gracious sympathy with the personal aspirations and struggles of those around him, whether high or low, rich or poor. Anyone in his time who wished to learn, or sought moral improvement and better ideals of life, was sure of his help. Idolatry of any kind he hated and despised, and it is not unlikely that his failure to teach of a personal God was due to fear of in any way giving encouragement to the fetish and idol worship which was already sufficiently popular and which in after centuries detracted so greatly from the value and force of his own teachings. An occasional vague reference to Heaven and to Providence may also be considered as relieving him from the imputation of absolute atheism. But none the less he found it necessary, and his followers after him, to use some all-powerful and protecting influence, towards which the minds of the people might be directed, and around which sentiments of veneration might gradually and powerfully cling. He found it in the person of the Emperor. Royalty was changed from a cold abstraction into the almost divine head and father of his nation. In that capacity the Emperor was endeared to his people by epithets of filial affection and endowed at the same time with all the weight of parental power. Confucius indeed carried the principle of filial piety and obedience to an extreme exactly opposite to the loose conceptions which now exist in many quarters presumably Christian in belief and intent. Asked what it meant upon one occasion, the Master, as his followers called him, said: "the filial piety of now-a-days means the support of one's parents. But dogs and horses are likewise able to do something in the way of support; without reverence what is there to distinguish the one support from the other?"

The result of his teachings along this line has been the establishment of a peculiar sanctity in the relationship of a Chinese parent and child. Through the crowding centuries since his time; through twenty-four changes of dynasty, a change of capital and a change of costume; although a Tartar invader gave orders in every hamlet and camp that all the distinctive institutions of a conquered people should be obliterated; this precept of filial piety lives, together with the ancient books which Confucius had preserved and taught the masses to cherish as sacred and invaluable. The son, obedient to custom and the teachings of the Sage, still rises at dawn, enters with bowed head the chamber of his father, ministers to him either in sickness or in health, and supports him when he rises for the day. And so with the daughter in her dutiful attendance upon mother or mother-in-law. These practices during centuries past have now crystallised into ordinances, and are as incumbent upon the haughty Mandarin who wears the Yellow Jacket as they are upon the miserable coolie who suffers under a load of labour and hardship. When, however, this respect and reverence and obedience is transferred from the head of the household to the head of the nation, as Confucius so strongly urged, it is not difficult to see how the social and national institutions have become inter-twined and how despotic and far-reaching is the power of the Emperor.

The Sage always refused to look into the future or to discuss its possibilities. Upon one occasion a disciple asked him about death. The reply was, "While you do not know life, what can you know about death?" He came, as he often said, to restore the past, not to speak of the future. All that humanity—or at least that portion of it contained in China—could hope was to once more attain the lofty standard which had been reached by its ancestors. And in time, by obedience and dutifulness, the attainments of the ancient kings might be equalled by a few. But to *surpass* Yaou and Shun was absolutely hopeless. Such are the ideas running through the analects of Confucius, and there can be little doubt that the deep-rooted aversion to reform which exists to-day in Pekin and throughout the broad bounds of the Celestial Empire is a consequence of this habit and principle of retrospection on the part of the Sage. Should the recent struggle and present British intervention result in the ultimate adoption or toleration of any particular foreign customs, it will be through the medium of a sort of self-deception on the part of the leaders and the people that the same practices were familiar to, and were favored by, their illustrious ancestors in the golden age of China.

It is a curious and interesting fact that around the simple code taught by Confucius and his early disciples, there should have grown up the most bigoted superstition and vehement fetish worship. The code of morals from which he carefully excluded a Divine Being from fear of possible idolatry, has resulted in the development of an intensely ignorant and superstitious people. Contrivances may be seen on every hand for the evasion of evil spirits, and the propitiation of good ones. Blazing lights, tinsel ingots, and brightly-colored incense papers, are indispensable articles of household furniture. As in the days of Moses the people ran after and worshipped a Golden Calf, so the later followers of Coufucius have encumbered a decorous system of morality, study and observance, with the most degraded devil worship and fetishism. It probably proves the absolute human necessity for worship of some kind. While, therefore, every line that Confucius has written, every word almost that he has uttered, is cherished, as the Jew cherishes the Pentateuch, or the Mahommedan venerates the Koran, yet side by side, upon the countless shrines which contain emblazoned quotations from his simple teachings, are to be found those things which he most abhorred and denounced—altars raised to genii and demons innumerable: offerings made to spirits and spectres of every kind and degree of importance.

In 478 B.C., the Sage died. What his life had failed to immediately effect, his death succeeded in doing, or at least of helping towards the consummation desired. The news went through the Chinese States like an electric thrill, and the wandering scholar, the rejected statesman, became all at once the object of unbounded admiration and. respect. Year by year his influence and memory and teachings continued to grow more powerful until they had permeated the nation's life in a measure which neither rival nor rebel, despot nor invader could in the future seriously injure or efface. His magnificent tomb outside the City of K'infoo is now the sacred shrine of an Empire, and bears the inscription:—

> "The most sagely ancient preacher;
> The all-accomplished, all-informed King."

Confucius was emphatically the product of the national mind. If Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, or Luther a German of the Germans, he was equally a Chinaman of the Chinese. But unlike those mentioned who did so much to elevate the ideas of humanity and improve the condition of the people, Confucius seemed unable to look into the future or to do anything but see what had gone before him. In thus elaborating and making sacred the lessons of a past which was distant even twenty-four hundred years ago, the Sage fixed imperfect, limited and contradictory perceptions of the loftiest truths in the minds of the people. In presenting certain hard and fast principles without room or right for discussion, without the play of sentiment, the graces of oratory, or the forces of religious enthusiasm, he hindered the growth of the Chinese intellect, cramped the development of the Chinese character, and laid the ground-work for the present degrading national superstition. His people, as a consequence of this slumber of centuries, have still a language without an alphabet; a religion without a God; a profound veneration for the dead without any belief in immortality; a moral code without individual comprehension of its greatness or the necessity for practising its beneficent principles.

The late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, speaking in London some thirty years ago, after his return from the first British mission to China, outlined some of the curious results of this cramped evolution, and incidentally afforded an interesting glimpse of important Chinese characteristics:—

"At all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, the Chinese mind seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when at a period equally remote it made the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when in the tenth century it invented the printing press. It has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in color and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fire-works. The mariner's compass has produced nothing better than the coasting-junk. The art of printing has stagnated into stereotyped editions of Confucius, and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful."

For much of this Confucius must be held responsible, either directly or indirectly. He had no imagination and no conception of spirituality. Yet the one is essential to successful statesmanship, the other to a really successful extension of moral influence. He could rise no higher than a dead past; could conceive nothing better or greater than China itself; could attain to no pinnacle of ideal beauty, culture or mental development; could suggest no improvement upon existing conditions other than the reproduction of old-time Chinese customs and beliefs and their application to the government and moral laws of his own day. In thus perpetuating the dead level of unbroken precedent, he, of course, destroyed individual progress and enterprise; crushed all hope of reform; prevented the exercise of that imagination which would have beautified art and architecture, literature and life; hindered altogether the expansion of religious thought and the consequent growth of spirituality and ideality amongst a people already prone to grovel rather than to rise.

Yet the Sage had many virtues personal to himself, and in some ways did his countrymen and the world great service. He struggled long and earnestly to protect the people and ensure good government by raising in the breasts of princes a fervent and practical admiration for the greatest and most noble of the sovereigns of the past. He sought to create an active and educated public opinion by encouraging the youth of the nation in the study of the high moral standard presented by ancient Sages and almost forgotten writings. His private life was pure, and in that respect he was superior to many of the great philosophers of Greece and Rome. His public life, amid oriental temptations and the moral laxity natural to eastern countries, was just, conscientious and patriotic to an extraordinary degree. His golden rule, often repeated to friends and followers, was that which Christianity has since electrified into new life and application: "What you do not like when done unto yourself do not do to others." And though colourless and cold, many of his teachings and principles, as given on a previous page, are of the highest moral importance and will yet find a place in the regeneration of the most ancient and arrogant of nations. All that seems necessary is to infuse Christianity with its spiritual influence and power, its hopes and fears, its aspirations and enthusiasms into the already prepared moral code of Confucius, and the impetus will have been given which may lift China and the Chinese into the light of a happier dispensation and a loftier civilization.

Destruction of an old religion will not be required, except in so far as the abolition of fetichism and other fungous growths upon the Confucian system may be considered as such. The basis, in spite of prejudice and paradox, is there to build upon, and if recent events let in a flood of western light and bring in their train a multitude of those civilizing influences which have so wonderfully transformed the Japanese, it will soon be seen that Confucius, with all his mistakes and omissions, has not lived in vain.

To plant and preserve in the midst of four hundred millions of Asiatics a more or less perfect code of moral conduct has been the mission of the Chinese Sage. That the application of his precepts has been comparatively weak and ineffective; that he failed to rise altogether above his own environment; that the people have disregarded his laws in practice, while heaping honour and veneration upon the memory of the law-giver; that he promoted despotism, and unnecessarily provided an instrument for the de struction of liberty, and the encouragement of abuses and superstitions: is all too true. But it simply proves how human he was, and how deeply the characteristics of his own race found expression in his life and work. None the less, however, such men as he, whether ancient or modern, heathen or Christian, are really lights to lighten the world in its onward march towards better ideals and a nobler performance. And they prove, as only example can prove, how strong and sustained may be the individual desire to do good, and how great are the results of such action or advocacy when taken up by a born leader of men amid even the most desperate circumstances, and the most apparently hopeless surroundings.

KING OF THE OCEAN GAY.

A SONG.

THERE'S a charm for me in the dark, blue sea,
And its rollicking, changeful way,
When the waves roll high and the white caps fly
In their wild, tumultuous play.
With terrible shocks it storms the rocks
And lashes the patient shore;
While its voice so strong in a warlike song,
Booms in a mighty roar.

Refrain: Lash! Dash! All shall obey,
Though many dispute my sway,
A tyrannous might is the regal right
Of the King of the Ocean Gay.

But at calm of night, when the moon shines bright,
And its beams on the waters play;
And the ships so brave on the bounding wave
Are winging their homeward way;
Then the waves sing soft to the stars aloft,
And hushed by its sweet refrain,
The King shall sleep in his cavern deep,
Charmed by the mystic strain.

Refrain: Sleep! Sleep! Softly the waves
Sing o'er the lost ones' graves,
A merciless might is the regal right
Of the King of the Ocean Waves.

Brantford, Ont. —HASTINGS WEBLYN.

IN ACADIE.

BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

IN the year 1703, the French colonists on the St. Lawrence river gladly made a pretext of the war, which had then broken out between France and England, for inciting their Indian allies to join with them in raids upon the English settlements along the Atlantic seaboard. All that year war parties of French Canadians, of Iroquois and Abenakis harried the unprotected English settlers, killing many, taking many others captive and burning their villages. In the following year, while yet the sorely smitten English had not been able to form proper plans for reprisal, (which plans, however, were afterwards formed and vigorously carried out) it chanced that a certain Father Nicholas became grieved in his soul because a ship, conveying a bell intended for his mission, had been intercepted, and the bell sold to a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec.

He therefore determined to acquire that bell with as little delay as possible; and enlisting the aid of a certain Major, organized an expedition of French and Indians, and proceeded with them westward from Montreal. The march was slow and very tedious on account of the melting snow in the forests, for the season was early spring. As they went on, however, this annoyance lessened, and at length they arrived at an Abenakis village on the lake now named Moosehead. Here a a party of the Abenakis joined them, and in the canoes of the latter they paddled swiftly down the Kennebec. A few days sufficed to bring them within a short distance of the English settlement, and at a convenient point they drew their canoes up the river bank and concealed them in the forest. Then the whole band crept cautiously through the pathless underbrush, on which the leaves were just unfolding, and, near evening, halted within sight of the place where the forest came to an abrupt end. From thence they sent forward two or three Indians as scouts, and these, scarce seeming to move a twig in their stealthy progress, came to the edge of the wood, and crouching among the low hemlocks, looked down upon the settlement. Half a mile distant, across an intervening tract of broken ground, was the little village, with its outlying farms, the smoke arising from the chimneys through the still air. Beyond these the placid bay reflected the gorgeous colors of the sunset and the sails of the fishing boats. As the light faded, at a signal from the scouts, the good father, with his French and Indians drew near to the edge of the forest.

"The Little Village."

The village consisted of a straggling line of rough wooden houses facing the bay. Near the centre stood the little church with its wooden belfry and sweet-toned bell. Eastward toward the river were two block houses, built for defence, but inhabited, the one by fishermen, and the other by a party of traders. Back from this line of buildings the tilled fields, brown meadows and pasture lands of the settlers extended to the forest

In the last house of the western portion of the village dwelt the Rev. Mr. John Willard and his daughter Grace. On this afternoon, while the sun, nearing the horizon, sent long rays of light across the enclosure in front of the minister's house, Grace was digging up the earth in her flower bed. Having no better implement than a carving knife, she worked with little success, despite her great energy. The straight folds of her plain homespun gown clothed a slight figure of still undeveloped girlhood, and the escaped tendrils of soft brown hair curled about a flushed but exquisite little face tender in expression.

Presently through the lane leading from the fields came a youth, who, standing his gun against the inside of the fence, slipped back the wooden fastening of the gate and entered the garden. As Grace arose to meet him he swung from his shoulder to her feet the well-filled game bag, and then teasingly held above her head a great bunch of fragrant trailing arbutus.

She laughed with delight, and reached eagerly for them, but he kept them beyond her hands.

"Oh, David," she pleaded.

"The Wooden Belfry and Sweet-Toned Bell."

A world of mischief shone in his grey eyes. "Oh, David," he mimicked: "Is this gentle damsel any kin to the saucy jade who but this morning flouted me with ill words, telling me that she desired not my aid in the ordering of her affairs?"

"Surely, David, I said not that. But you must know that one could but take it ill that a mere stripling should set himself up as the possessor of all the wisdom there is in this world."

The boy laughed. "So," he cried, "in the eyes of Mistress Grace I am still but a mere stripling? I assure thee, mocker, that thy good father thinks not so. For but yesterday when my eyes played truant from his books to the little maid without, who 'had given her hair to the winds to scatter,' he recalled my attention, gravely indeed, though his look showed regret, if I interpreted it not amiss, that his pupil had grown beyond the reach of his cane."

"My dear father," laughed Grace, ceasing her efforts to reach the flowers, "could never smite anyone, despite his mighty words. Least of all" and she put her hand caressingly upon his shoulder, "you, David." Whereupon he promptly placed the flowers in her hands.

She thanked him with delighted eyes, and then said, blushing and hesitating somewhat: "And if you could spare an half hour sometime, I would be thankful for your help with my flower beds; you spoke truly when you said the best results could not be obtained in turning over the sod with a carving-knife."

David took the concession gracefully. "Although," he said, "the spade is most used for this purpose, if one have not a spade she may use a carving-knife without fault. But I will have these beds all carefully prepared for your precious seeds before the hour for lessons to-morrow." He bent down and drew the earth closer about the roots of the daffodils that were already in blossom, and when he again faced the girl, his eyes were grave. "Grace," he said, "I wonder if you can understand how hard it is for me to give up the pleasant hours here with you—and your father's aid in my studies?"

"Give them up?" she asked, in quick alarm. "Why should you?" Then mischieviously, although her voice was anxious, "You have then gotten all the knowledge that is necessary for the making of an Episcopalian minister?"

"My uncle hath sent for me," he answered, not heeding the malicious taunt, "wishing me to finish my studies in England. It is best for me to go; but, oh, Grace, it is hard to leave you,—and your father."

"Hither cometh father now. I shall ask him to make you stay."

"You are very tired, father."

But when she met her father at the gate, which she opened for him, his look of utter weariness kept her from speaking to him of their coming loss, for she knew that he loved David; and she said only, as she led him up the path, "You are very tired, father, and something hath vexed you."

"Yes, child," he said. "But it is of no moment;" then turning to David, "I am glad to see you, David Ellis. I will sit here with you a little while," and he sank wearily upon a wooden bench near the doorway. "Grace, will you bring me a cup of water?" He removed the broad-brimmed hat from his head, and passed his long, white hand across his eyes. Grace brought the water to him, and he drank, and thanked her briefly.

"You have walked far, sir?" asked David.

"Yes. But as for that, I regard it not. I have been again to see those children of the Evil One in the block house yonder. Their wickedness passeth belief, and it is such that the very savages might blush for them. And they teach our people to drink, and to curse and damn upon every slight mischance. And when to-day I went thither again to expostulate with them, they rose up and mocked me and drove me forth with vile words, the like of which I knew not had ever been made."

"Would it not be possible, sir," asked David somewhat timidly, "for you to return to England and secure a ministry there now that the country is again Protestant, and the persecution of the non-conformists hath abated?"

"No, my lad; here I must remain until I die, unless, indeed, it shall please the Lord to deliver the souls of yon Philistines into my hands. Then could I go to rest at last in old England with content, my work having been accomplished."

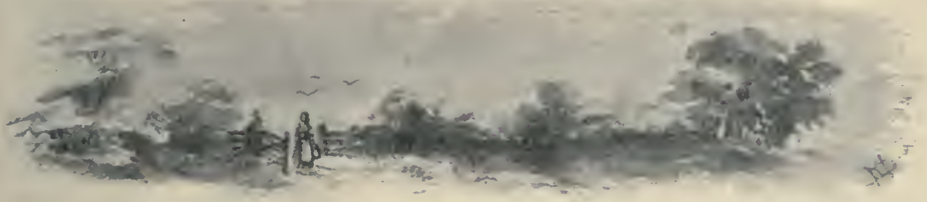
Suddenly David drew forth a letter, which he gave to Mr. Willard. "Almost," he said, "this had escaped my memory. It was this morning given me by one of our Indian friends just returned from Boston."

The Letter.

Mr. Willard took the letter and broke the seal. While he read David picked up his game bag and took therefrom several braces of birds, which he gave to Grace, saying, "Perhaps Ketura will accept these for her larder."

"She will most thankfully do so, and I also. But this morning she complained of our constant diet of fish, which truly is an affliction, and father must not be troubled by such matters."

At this moment, Ketura herself came in through the gate from the lane, bearing a brimming pail of milk, and, seeing her, Mr. Willard folded his letter and said to David: "I will take it as a kindness if you will sup with us to-night."



"Ketura herself came in through the Gate."

But David was forced to reply, "I thank you, sir, and would most gladly do so were it not that my mother will be waiting even now for me, and I must go. Your letter, I trust, contained no ill news?"

"I do not know, David, how that may be. Brother Church writes me that he is organizing a force to go against the Indians; that they will come by boat as far as Pemequid, and proceed, perchance, to Port Royal. And he desires to know if any here will join him. I do not yet see clearly if this movement be right or wrong. But this far, through all the terrible past year, we have suffered no attack, and I pray the savages may not now be brought down upon us, for we are without protection—urbs nuda praesidio. Well, if you must go, David, I wish you a good night, and God bless you, my boy," saying which the minister ascended the steps and entered the house.

Her settler home.

David crossed the yard for his gun, picked up his bag and then lingered. "Grace," he said, drawing near to her, "will you be somewhat sorry not to see me during all the years I must be from you?"

"Surely, David; already, thinking of you going, I am lonely beyond words, and you will not care to come back to this poor country."

"But I shall come back, Grace," he said eagerly, "as soon as I may, and you will promise not to forget me? and many times before I go I will see you and we will talk over the matter. In the morning I will come—to see your father." Then he lifted her little brown hand and held it for a moment against his cheek. From the gate he called "Good night little mistress," glancing back as he lifted his hat from his black curls.

When Grace entered the large living room of the house, supper was already prepared, and soon she took her place opposite her father at the deal table, on which were served fish and rye bread, and hot corn cakes and amber honey, with a bowl of milk for each. As the window-panes grew blank, with the gathering darkness without, the ruddy light from the great fire-place filled the room, and cast long shadows upon the uncarpetfloor. Katura cleared away the pewter dishes from the table and having made the room tidy, drew out the spinning-wheel from against the wall. While the good minister, whose custom it was to go to his study directly he had supped, still lingered, telling to his daughter tales of his long past boyhood. At length some memory silenced his speech for a time, and he sat lost in a dream; till, meeting the eyes of his daughter who watched him lovingly, he aroused himself, and said, smilingly, "I fear I am scarce in a mood for the writing of discourses to-night. Bring the book, child, and we will have our prayers and go to rest."

Then suddenly, without any warning, on their ears broke a frightful yell, that was echoed and re-echoed by many voices. It came from the darkness without their own house, and was multiplied all along the village to the distant block houses, a hideous succession of unceasing yells.

The face of the minister blanched with terror for his child, but his eyes shone with the light of battle.

"To the cellar Grace—quick, through the trap door," he said, giving her one look of love and farewell as he sprang forward to reach his gun. But at that moment, Katura, mad with fear, not knowing what she did, pulled open the door to flee; and in the firelight he was defenceless before the darkness without. At once a rifle was levelled by an unseen hand, and the old minister fell backward before his wide open door, shot through the heart, and dead before he reached the floor.

Grace, whose numb lips refused to cry out, rushed to her father's side and lifted his head in her arms, kissing the closed eyes, trying to call his name, and heedless of the two savages who, with lifted tomahawks, screeching their scalp yells, had leaped across the threshold and stood above her. One dragged her from her dead father, and she, madly struggling for liberty, saw the other force the body to a sitting position against his knees, and raise his knife. Then mercifully her senses left her, and she saw not the knife fall upon the beloved head.

When consciousness returned to her, she became aware that where the row of houses had stood was a blazing line of fire, and she saw a horde of half-naked savages leaping and yelling before the flames and about groups of bound men and women, who implored heaven for a swift death; and she heard shrieks and gasping cries of anguish, yet for a time with the uncertain sense of one who lingers between sleeping and waking.

Then suddenly flashed through her mind the memory of her father, and she sought to rise, hoping that if he were indeed dead that she also might find death, but discovered that she was bound, and supported against the wall that ran along above the bay, fronting the burning houses, and with her were a number of the men and women of the village, also bound, and guarded by several Indians. Remembering David, she looked for him in vain among the captives, and knowing that he would fight fiercely, could not hope that he still lived. And now, indeed, she thought to die of the heaviness of her grief and despair; and when, as often chanced, their guards rushed yelling among them, swinging their tomahawks above their heads, as in the act to strike, while others cowered and cried out, she looked up with such fearless, scornful eyes, that, noticing her, the Indians grunted: "Ugh! the little squaw is a great brave," and thereafter refrained from molesting her.

She drew out the spinning wheel.

So the long hours of the horrid night wore on, and the village became a smouldering heap of ruins; then as the first faint light of dawn shone in the east, the Indians came together with their French leaders; the captives were forced in line of march, and driven through their destroyed village, across the fields to the forest. When the river had been reached, and the canoes were being launched, Grace saw the stately figure of a black-robed priest standing with two Indians, who bore between them the bell of the village church, and two others, who supported a rude litter, on which was the form of a young man. Grace was at first merely surprised, for it was not the custom of the Indians to encumber their march with disabled captives, but when she saw the white face of the youth, she sprang forward, crying "David, oh David." As she stood at the side of the litter, the priest laid his hand upon her arm to draw her back, speaking some words which she did not understand, although in no unkind voice. But it seemed that David had heard her, for slowly his eyes unclosed, and seeing Grace bending over him, he struggled painfully to rise, but could not, for he was sorely hurt. "Grace," he murmured,. "Grace." Then the faintness overcame him, and his eyes again closed. The priest spoke to her, and although she did not comprehend his words, he made her understand that the boy was in his care. Then the French commander came up to them, and, seeing Grace, would have taken her under his own protection, had not the Abenakis chief, who claimed her, angrily refused to give her up.

And thereafter she was given no opportunity of seeing David again, either in their progress up the river, or while the French, with their Iroquois, tarried in the Abenakis village. For when they reached this village they found awaiting them a hunting party of Micmacs, and it chanced that Great Eagle, chief of the Micmacs, saw Grace, and being pleased with her beauty, and her fearless eyes, desired to adopt her to be a daughter to his old squaw in the place of one she had lost, and at length he concluded a bargain with the Abenakis chief, paying for her two belts of wampum, an old pistol, and a bottle of rum. And soon thereafter, Grace, too sick at heart with grief for her father, and anxiety for David, to rightly appreciate the constant kindness of Great Eagle, was taken by the Micmacs to their own country in what is now named Nova Scotia.

* * *

The lodge of Great Eagle was in the Micmac village, on a beautiful lake among the Blue Mountains; and here Grace, each year adding to her loveliness, grew to young womanhood. She had become as dear as the light of their eyes to the old chief and his squaw, Kushaqua. For her use the chief curtained off with deer hides a space in the lodge, and therein made her a couch of pine boughs covered with a great bear skin; and Kushaqua prepared many delicacies for her palate, unaccustomed to their rougher food. They gave her entire liberty, and treated her with unvarying kindness, and in return the girl served them faithfully, and repaid their care with ever growing affection. When Kushaqua went forth to gather faggots, Grace, or Star Eyes as she was there named, went also with her, and relieved her bent shoulders of much of their burden. Side by side in the springtime they tilled the ground and planted corn, and later, gathered the harvest

"Paddled their Canoes on the Lake."

Among the Indian girls Grace was

well liked. One in particular, a young girl with supple, lithe body and soft eyes, named Wild Flower, was, when no work engaged their hands, her almost constant companion. They gathered the berries in the forest, and paddled their canoes on the lake, often sending them over the dangerous rapids, where the waters of the lake found their outlet.

In summer also, during the time between the planting and gathering of the harvest, the lodges in the village were vacated while the whole population went down to camp by the sea shore for long weeks of delicious idleness.

And in the time after harvest, and during the long winter, while the braves were absent hunting, the two girls sat often with Kushaqua, who told the traditions of her people, and tales of their daring. So the months passed, not unhappily, until came the sixth year of Grace's captivity. And in that year the old chief, Great Eagle, sickened and died; and went forth to dwell forever more in the Happy Hunting Grounds of his people. Kushaqua covered her face, and sat many days silent in her grief, and Grace also mourned for him sincerely.

Then the young Wattawando, nephew of Great Eagle, became chief; and thereupon became an unhappy time for Grace. This young brave had long desired her to be his squaw, but had theretofore been restrained from annoying her by his fear of Great Eagle, perhaps even more than by the kindly falsehood of the gentle old priest who kept the mission at Les Mines, and who twice a year came to their village. This priest had told the young Indian that Star Eyes had been vowed to perpetual virginity, and that the Great Spirit would punish with death the breaking of the vow. From him also Grace had hoped to receive news of David, and although he had promised to learn of him if possible, this in the distant Micmac mission was not easy.

Now Grace looked forward to his visit after the harvest with great eagerness, hoping for his protection against the chief. And when at last the time for his visit arrived, and his white tent was set up in its accustomed place, she was about to go to him, when Wattawando, in all the glories of his holiday attire, came and squatted upon the ground before the entrance of the lodge where she sat with Kushaqua. After smoking for a time in silence, he said:

"To Camp by the Sea Shore."

"The old soft voice black robe has gone a long journey; and a hawk eyed black robe has come to visit Wattawando. The hawk eyed black robe speaks good words. He will talk with the Great Spirit and turn his anger away: and Star Eyes shall be the squaw of the great Wattawando."

"But," said Grace, bitterly disappointed, "the black robe cannot do that."

"Ugh!" the chief grunted, "Star Eyes shall see. Star Eyes will come now to talk with the black robe chief. It is his word."

Grace arose and went with the chief, not indeed following him as is the custom of squaws, but walking before him like a princess; and he found it no easy matter to maintain his pompous strut and at the same time keep up with her swift steps.

Without the tent, before a crucifix fastened to a tree, knelt a tall priest, and beyond him stood a young man, robed in a cassock. To his face, therefore, seeing the priest kneeling, Grace lifted her eyes, and with sudden, overpowering joy recognized David. She reached out her hands to him, while her lips, inarticulate with gladness, sought to utter his name. But he looked at her with the careless eyes of a stranger, although she knew that he was David—David with his curls cut close, and his lips become thin and severe, and with the strength and dignity of manhood.

As the priest arose from his knees Wattawando came up, and looking at Grace, he asked, "My son, is this the woman you would take to wife?"

"It is so," he answered briefly.

"But it is not possible," cried Grace, in her excitement speaking in the long unused English. "Surely you must know that it is not possible for me to marry an Indian."

The priest answered her in her own tongue. "My daughter, you speak with too much heat. While the old chief lived, it was perhaps well for you to remain with him and serve him. Now it is natural that you should marry." Then with greater severity, "You are not a Catholic?"

"No," and as he turned angrily to speak to the chief, she raised her eyes, filled with intense pleading to David's, and continued. "I am the daughter of John Willard, the Protestant minister who six years ago was murdered by the Indians at the village of Casco, and I shall always remain faithful to his teaching."

Still David looked at her without recognition. Then indeed she had to struggle to repress the tears of disappointment and pain, for David was evidently altogether lost to her; he had forgotten, or did not wish to remember, her very name, and doubtless he was a priest.

These thoughts so filled her mind that she paid little attention to the words the priest spoke to her, but finally she heard him say, "You have made your heresies too long a stumbling block to these people; you must make your confession at once, and after your marriage your husband shall instruct you in the true religion."

Whereat, even through her unshed tears, Grace could not forbear to smile, and this still further enraged him, and he said sharply to the chief:

"On the third day from this, when I return from the upper village, she shall be given to you in marriage."

"Ugh," grunted Wattawando, "it is well. Come, my squaw."

But with a cry that should surely have reached the forgetful heart of David, she sprang away, and fled swiftly toward the village. The dignity of the chief would not permit him to follow her at that pace, and he therefore contented himself with the certainty of her speedy possession.

Grace went direct to the lodge of Kushaqua, and flinging her arms across the old woman's knees, wept long without restraint. The wrinkled hands stroked her hair softly, but from the wisdom of her many years the old squaw could counsel only submission.

The young girl did not sleep that night, but spent the long hours in bitter grief because of David's forgetfulness, and seeking to devise some means of escape from Wattawando. Freedom, with David lost to her, could give her little happiness, and there was a sure refuge, if no other could be found, in the deep waters of the lake. When the dawn was near at hand, she arose, as was her custom, and passing silently out of the lodge, went through the rustling dead leaves of the early autumn to her bath in the sheltered cove, sacred to her use. The cool water seemed to renew her spent vigor, and after dressing she wandered in the solitude by the lake shore. Having gone but a little way, she saw through the still uncertain light, David coming swiftly toward her, his eyes shining with delight, and his lips tenderly calling her name. In a moment she was in his arms, while he gently raised her face to his, and kissed her closed eyelids. At length, drawing herself somewhat away, she asked shyly, "Then you did not recognize me yesterday."

" A canoe hid in yonder cove."

"Not recognize thee, sweet? But surely. Have I not come hither to seek thee? Months ago I learned from Father St. Croix of your presence here, and then gave myself up to schemes and deceptions, in order that I might be sent thither with Father Thury. And yesterday I went cold with fear lest you should let him know that we are known to each other, for then indeed I would have been at the end of my wits. I have spent four years in Quebec Seminary to little purpose if I cannot keep my face from telling tales. No," he said, reading the question in her eyes, "I am not a priest, though they had hoped, and still intend, to make me such. But we have little time now for the many things we would say to each other. We must escape from here before the time fixed for your marriage—now may the saints keep me from the profanity I would fain utter—to that awful Indian. Listen well, dear Grace. To-morrow night Father Thury will be at the village further up the lake and when he goes I must be left behind, for some sufficient reason. I will have a canoe hid in yonder cove, and thither you must come before the moon rises to-morrow night, and if we can get clear away, and if we can reach Port Royal, we will there find protection. You will not fail, Grace? And now I must go, for Father Thury will soon awake, and I must not be absent." So, holding her little brown hand a moment against his cheek, in his old caressing fashion, he turned and hurried back to his tent, and Grace slowly returned to the village.

During the day she did not again see David, but she met Wild Flower, who, on hearing her tale, agreed, despite the pain she would feel in the loss of her friend, to a plan for aiding her escape. And that night Grace slept peacefully, not knowing that without the entrance to her lodge sqatted Watawando all the night through.

The next day passed without event, although Grace noticed that wherever she went the chief was always not far distant.

When at last evening came, and the forest grew dark, she bent tenderly over the old squaw who was already dozing in her corner, and kissed her wrinkled forehead, with grief that she must leave her alone in her childless age. But when she raised the curtain of skin from the entrance, and was about to go forth, she saw Wattawando sitting there, placidly smoking.

"Has the great chief come to speak to Star Eyes?" she asked calmly, although her heart was beating wildly.

"Me great chief," he answered, without haste. "Me sit here till sun come. Little squaw sleep now," and he waived her back imperiously to the lodge.

Sick with disappointment and anxiety she withdrew to her own sleeping place, and drew the screening skins closely. Her breath came quickly, and she looked like some wild creature suddenly caged. But presently she remembered the knife in its sheath at her side, and cautiously drawing the couch from the side of the lodge, inserted the sharp point of the knife in the tough hide which formed the wall, and silently cut out a piece large enough to permit her body to pass through. Looking out through this she saw that the forest beyond was still and dark, and cautiously crawling through, then paused to pile against the opening some pine boughs that were near at hand. When this had been done, swiftly but silently she took the well-known way through the solitary forest to the sheltered cove, reaching which she parted the screening branches and beheld just at her feet the outlines of a canoe and its motionless occupant. He, David, at once reached up to help her in, speaking no word in his intense anxiety, and then pushed out into the open waters of the lake, paddling swiftly in silence, and Grace, also, as soon as she had somewhat recovered her breath, although her heart still beat almost to suffocation, took a paddle and helped him. As they neared the rapids David whispered, "Would it not be best to make the portage, rather than go over the falls in this darkness?" And Grace answered, "We will go ashore and send the empty canoe over, for another is waiting for us below, and if the Indians see this canoe broken, under the rapids, they may think we have perished, and so not give chase." "Good," he said briefly, and they landed on the opposite shore. David took from the canoe the food he had brought, and his gun. Grace threw into it her little cap with its tall, upright feathers, and they shoved it into the lake, where it could not fail to be carried over the rapids.

Then, helped by the faint light of the moon that was just rising, they made their way around the rapids and along the river bank, to the place where Wild Flower's canoe awaited them. They paddled, with scarce a pause for rest, all that night, but when morning came a bend was reached in the river, which, if followed, would lead them from their destination, and therefore they drew ashore, and now gave themselves leave to meet each other's eyes with hope, and with gladness beyond words. And Grace was pleased to see that David now wore, in place of his cassock, the buckskin coat and leggings of a hunter. But they were not yet safe, and therefore, having partaken of a portion of food, the canoe was loaded with stones and sunk in the river. Then joyously, despite their lingering fears, they took their way through the beautiful October forest in the direction of Port Royal. For many days they journeyed, often hungry, when David failed to procure a bird or two for their supper, and often very weary, but these were small matters to their youth and happiness.

When at length a place was reached

where the clearings ahead were visible, and knowing that just beyond was their long sought refuge, each felt that despite its fears, hunger and weariness, the time had passed all too quickly. But still they went forward, and presently from a little knoll bright with October foliage, they saw a beautiful bay and upon its shores the fortified town of Port Royal, now Annapolis. And above the fort, and from the mast of the great ship in the harbor, floated, oh, blest assurance of safety! the English flag. For a moment Grace could not speak because of her strong emotion, and David was scarcely less moved, although he said, gaily, as he took her hand to lead her down the hill:

"I am now only concerned to know wherewith I may find money to buy for thee the many gowns, bonnets, and furbelows for which thy soul, oh sweet Indian maid, will presently long."

But the further story of the safety which they found, and of their most useful and happy lives, cannot now be told. The reader may find it elsewhere if he will; but as for this tale, it endeth here.

IMPERIAL NATIONAL CURRENCY.

BY W. MYERS GRAY.

WITHOUT in any way entering into the merits or demerits of the Monetary discussion which is at present agitating the world in general, and our very restive neighbors south of the 49th degree of north latitude in particular, would it not be in order, in the light of the present gravitation towards closer Imperial and Intercolonial relations, commercially and politically, to take up and discuss the question of an Imperial National Currency?

Imperial Confederation has called out numerous eloquent speakers and many patriotic writers. Imperial and Intercolonial free trade has exhaustive and powerful advocates. The subject of a National flag to float over the comparatively Greater as well as the positively Great Britain, gives food for contemplation to many a thoughtful mind and loyal heart. And why should not the question of a British Imperial National Currency also be taken up and discussed in connection with these very interesting and absorbing subjects? These have all been more or less before the public during the last few years, but the latter I do not remember to have seen or heard touched upon by either writers or speakers of any note.

This seems all the more unaccountable when we consider the importance of the subject, and the fact that our household and every-day business affairs and relations are all so closely connected with it. If we buy a pound of sugar from our grocer or sell a cargo of lumber or a car-load of fish abroad, the question of currency comes up on each occasion. Here in Canada we trade in dollars and cents, but if we deal with the Mother Country we must trade in pounds, shillings and pence. It would certainly be much more convenient if the whole British population of the world would trade in one currency; and I propose, as a means to that result, that they should adopt a uniform decimal currency, based on the current coin of the realm.

Now-a-days, I premise, that none but the veriest of old fogies would in the face of the ease with which decimal calculations are made, be in favor of adopting pounds,shillings and pence for a universal currency. Fancy adding pounds, shillings and pence to pounds, shillings and pence; subtracting pounds, shillings and pence from pounds, shillings and pence; multiplying pounds, shillings and pence by pounds, shillings and pence, and dividing pounds, shillings and pence by pounds, shillings and pence. Why, only just to think of it makes one's head ache! But, all the same, pounds, shillings and pence are here, and very much here. They have been here quite a while, and they are going to stay a while longer. The old Lady in Threadneedle-street has her pockets full of them. Every nation on the face of the earth pays tribute to this same old Lady, and whether they pay in reals, rix dollars, francs or farthings, as soon as the coins drop into her pocket they are metamorphosed into pounds, shillings and pence.

Well, what do we propose? If we are to be one Empire, surely we should have one currency. At first glance it would seem to be a Herculean, if not impossible, task to induce the Mother Country to change her ponderous and complicated mode of reckoning for no weightier reason than that some of her offspring have adopted an easier and simpler method; and yet I have the conviction that the change can be effected without any revolution, by making only a few slight concessions, and at the same time leaving the old pounds, shillings and pence remaining for those who prefer them and the cumbersome calculations they involve.

The £ s. d. is "English, you know," conservative English, ingrained English, dyed in the wool English, and I am prepared to admit the difficulty of convincing the ordinary Englishman that the American $ sign is at all to be compared with the English £ s. d. signs; and without attempting to do so, I would only suggest that in these days of labor-saving expedients it would appear to me that where one sign can do the work of three, and one dot the work of four, the odds are in favor of the $ sign.

And now to commence upon the proposed change. I may say that although the $ sign may be American, *i.e.*, United States of America, the dollar itself is not, but is either Spanish or Mexican. Every one who has given the matter any attention knows that the currency of the United States of America was originally based on the old Mexican or Spanish silver dollar, and that dollar varied in value according to the price of silver per ounce in gold. There was a time in the first half of this century when silver was worth six shillings and eight pence sterling an ounce. At that time the Mexican dollar was worth a fraction under four shillings and two pence sterling gold, and at that time the United States of America coined their first gold. Their eagle was worth ten Spanish or Mexican silver dollars. Their half eagle $5 was worth about £1. 0. 8., sterling, so that the relative values between an English sovereign and an American $5 gold coin were as $4.86⅔ is to $5, or in other words, an American $5 gold piece has about eight pence worth more gold in it than a sovereign.

When the old British North American Provinces, before Confederation, changed their £ s. d. method to a decimal currency, Upper and Lower Canada and New Brunswick all adopted the United States' gold standard as theirs, while Nova Scotia much more sensibly adopted the £1 sterling as $5, and until that Province entered into the Dominion of Canada the coin of the Realm was the currency of the Province. A most convenient currency it was, and in all humility I submit that it is the only feasible currency to be adopted as an Imperial National Currency. We find that the United States of America adopted a foreign nation's—Spanish or Mexican—silver dollar for its standard, and made its gold coin to match. The majority of the Canadian Provinces adopted a foreign nation's—the United States of America—gold dollar for its standard, and has no coin to match, while Nova Scotia adopted the English standard and had all the coins to match it, and was compelled, as thoughtful and generally right minorities usually are, to submit to the heedless and generally wrong majority, to adopt the Canadian mongrel system, and give up their simple and convenient currency, which was as follows:

In gold coin the	Sovereign	£1 =	$5.00
" "	½ "	10/ =	2.50
In silver coin the	Crown	5/ =	1.25
" "	Florin	2/ =	.50
" "	Shilling	1/ =	.25
" "	Sixpence	/6 =	.12½

With a subsidiary of 10c., 5c., and 1c. pieces.

In all round number calculations, either in Canada or the United States, when pounds sterling are spoken of, the pound is invariably counted as ($5) five dollars, and seriously speaking, why should it not be in reality so? Why should we in Canada base our currency upon the gold coin of a foreign nation, and depreciate the coin of the Realm by nearly three per cent.? Why should not all the British people in the world use the British coin as their currency and calculate it decimally according to the old Nova Scotia currency? Who, if anybody, could lose anything by it? The banks, possibly, who would have to take sovereigns for $5, and would thereby lose the chance of shaving anywhere from one and two-thirds to six and two-third cents from their customers off of every golden sovereign they deposit. This opportunity they have now, with a currency based on an imaginary gold coin which does not exist, and to fit which they tell their customers they must make this deduction from the sovereign. Notwithstanding the fourth section of the "Currency Act" fixes the value of £1 sterling at $4.86⅔ Canadian currency, I think I am safe in saying the usual price paid by banks for sovereigns is $4.80 to $4.85, consequently of this we may rest assured, Canadian currency as now fixed by statute, will never become the Imperial National Currency.

If Canada had adopted Nova Scotia currency in 1866, in all probability the Mother Country and all the Colonies where British money circulates would by this time have come to use it. This seems a bold assertion to make, and yet it is not more bold than this which is a fact. In 1860, Nova Scotia passed an act in its Legislature called a "Practice Act," giving legal and equitable jurisdiction to all the Supreme Court Judges, and generally simplifying the procedure of the Court. And thirteen years afterwards the Parliament of Great Britain passed the great Judicature Act of 1873, which was and is nothing more nor less than an adaptation to the wants of that great country of the Practice Act of Nova Scotia. If, then, the great legal minds of Great Britain did not hesitate to appreciate the humble efforts of the small legal minds of an insignificant Province like Nova Scotia in a matter of so great moment as the practice and procedure of their important Courts of Law and Equity, why should we not reasonably expect the bright and intelligent business men of all the British possessions to appreciate the ease and effectuality with which the present coin of the realm can be converted into an Imperial decimal currency?

Now, as to the practical working of the proposed system, I should recommend: 1st, all subsidiary coin below 25 cents should be local to suit the needs of the different countries; 2nd, the English Florin and shilling are both near enough in value to the Canadian half and quarter dollar to pass current for 50 and 25 cents each respectively; 3rd, crowns, half crowns and sixpences should not circulate outside of the British Isles; 4th, a silver coin equal to two florins should be coined, to be called a dollar or a "governor." I should recommend the latter name, and the use of the sign G. instead of $. And 5th, the coining of a double sovereign, to be called an "Empress" or "Emperor," and the decimal point always after the "Governor." Thus, in gold coin :

1 Empress =	2 sovereigns =	G10.00
1 Sovereign =	1 sovereign =	5.00
½ Sovereign =		2.50
In silver coin		
1 Governor = $1.00 =		G1.00
1 Florin =	½ =	.50
1 Shilling =	¼ =	.25
Subsidiary coins (local)		.10
" " "		.05

These suggestions are made in all modesty and with a view, not so much as to having them adopted as to drawing out better qualified writers upon this important subject than I profess to be, and who will, I trust, take up these crude remarks of mine and handle the subject more adroitly and more effectualy than I have done.

In concluding, I might say that the names I have suggested as being appropriate for the new coins I have proposed to be added to the new currency, occurred to me in contemplating the peculiarity of the name of the present English pound gold coin. It is called a Sovereign, so is Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, but we want a double sovereign, a gold coin of the value of two sovereigns, to be called an Empress, to remind us whenever we are fortunate enough to be able to look upon its image and superscription that our Most Gracious Sovereign is Empress of Greater Britain of which Empire we are a living and loyal portion. The name "Governor" as a substitute for "dollar" is suggested by analogy, as the Rulers of Empires and Kingdoms are styled Emperors or Empresses and Sovereigns ; so the rulers of the Dominion of Canada and other Colonies are styled Governors, and so the ruling coins should have co-relative names.

UNSOLVED.

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,
Disdaining kinship with my fellow man ;
Alike to me were human smiles and tears,
I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream ran
Till, as I knelt before my mouldered shrine,
God made me look into a woman's eyes ;
And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine
Knew, in a moment, that the eternal skies
Were measured but in inches, to the quest
That lay before me in that mystic gaze.
"Surely I have been errant : it is best
That I should tread, with men, their human ways."
God took the teacher, ere the task was learned,
And to my lonely books again I turned.

—John McCrae.

THE CANADIAN COPYRIGHT BILL.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

IT is time that Canadian writers should pay attention in their own interest to the Canadian Copyright Bill. Hitherto the matter has been in the hands of the publishers or printers, while the writers, who were equally concerned, were not being consulted, and appear hardly to have known what was going on till the controversy about the ratification of the Bill by the Imperial Government arose. The Minister of Justice, speaking at Toronto against Imperial interference with Canadian legislation, coupled Canadian authors with Canadian publishers in a way showing that he supposed the interests of the two classes to be identical, and alike opposed to those of their British rivals. This proves that the Minister is himself ill-informed as to the effects of the bill. It might have occurred to him that the interest of the native producer of literary wares could not, any more than that of the native producer of any other wares, be identical with that of the importer of the same wares unpaid for, or paid for under their proper price. In the United States, before the introduction of international copyright with Great Britain, American authors suffered as much as American publishers gained by the pirating of English works. The American publisher, of course, found it better worth his while to steal from English authors than to pay his own. The progress of American literature was retarded, and a spirit of anti-British bitterness, arising from resentment at unfair competition, was infused into American writings. The effect on native literature will probably be the same here. The assumption, therefore, that in regard to this copyright bill the Canadian author is in the same boat with the Canadian publisher, is not true, but the reverse of the truth.

That the bill is injurious to British authors and publishers is not denied. The Minister of Justice himself compares it to the Protective Tariff, which, he admits, is adverse to the British producer. To say nothing of justice or regard for the rights of our fellow subjects of the Empire, the literary interest of Great Britain is powerful, and largely controls British opinion through the press. The same may be said with regard to the same interest in the United States, which is equally threatened by the bill. It seems hardly worth the while of Canada to provoke two such enmities for the sake of furthering the commercial objects of a few individuals or firms.

But we are now told that it is too late to discuss the merits of the Bill. Let it be as mischievous as it may to British publishers and authors, or any one else, having been passed by the Canadian Legislature, it is the will of Canada, and the will of Canada, right or wrong, is final. This doctrine is propounded in language bordering pretty closely on defiance. The power given in 1867 cannot, we are told, be withdrawn in 1895. This implies that the power was given to Canada in 1867 absolutely. But it was not. It was given, like all the other powers of Legislation, subject to an Imperial veto which is as much a part of the constitution embodied in the British North America Act as any of the powers thereby delegated to the colony. The reservation of the Imperial veto was indispensable, Canada being a member of an Empire. She may have a right, as the Minister of Justice says she has, to misgovern herself, but she has no right to use her delegated powers in a way injurious to the Empire, or to any other member of it. If she does, she ought to be restrained, and either to put up with that restraint, or to declare herself independent. The case of the tariff is hardly parallel. The tariff is injurious to the British producer, and of that fact the British producer may some day show himself practically sensible. But it is not a direct confiscation of British property, while it may be excused by financial exigency, and by the general necessity of adjusting tariffs to local circumstance. Let us have one system or the other; independence, with its sense of responsibilities, or control. We have the disadvantages of the two systems combined, if the Parliament of Canada is to be relieved of its responsibility by a nominal control, and is yet to be practically unrestrained. Whatever our views as to the future relations between the Colony and the Mother Country may be, in arguing present questions and determining existing rights, we must all take the consitution as it stands. Our constitution, as it stands, is the British North America Act, passed by the Legislature of the Imperial Country.

Canada, in the present stage of her progress, is not a publishing country. Works of purely local interest, such as Canadian biography, archæology, or topography, may be brought out here, though, generally speaking, they are not published, properly speaking, but brought out by subscription, and peddled from door to door. For works of general interest, our market is not, nor is it likely soon to be, at all sufficient. "Canada" for this purpose, means "Ontario." The French cut off Ontario from the Maritime Provinces, intellectually, as well as geographically, while, of course, they buy no English books themselves. Many years must elapse before the North-West affords a literary market. To tell an author that unless he prints and publishes in Canada, he shall forfeit his work to the first person who chooses to appropriate it, is, therefore, a circuitous form of confiscation.

Whatever we may feel as to the agricultural or commercial capabilities of Canada, it is preposterous to think that she can be placed on a level with Great Britain or the United States as a literary market, and entitled to a copyright arrangement of her own. As well might a separate copyright arrangement be claimed by a single State of the Union. The Copyright Bill was framed in 1889. What important books other than of local interest have been published in Canada since that date?

A ten per cent. royalty is to be payable to the author. But this arbitrary rule, depriving the author of freedom of contract, is in istelf manifestly unjust, and is in fact a modified measure of confiscation. The royalty is to be collected by the Department of Inland Revenue. But the Government is not to account for any royalty not actually collected. How is a dishonest publisher to be forced to render a true account? Experience indicates that the attempt would be hopeless. In the case of Canadian publishers there might be the moral security of local opinion; in the case of interlopers there would be none. Besides, the author, even if he got his royalty, would lose all control over his own work. He would have no means of preventing it from being reproduced in a mutilated or interpolated form. That this is no imaginary danger is shown by the treatment of more than one English work in America before the introduction of international copyright.

By the fifth section of the Bill the power is apparently taken of excluding the rightful owner of the work from the Canadian market so long as a license of unauthorized re-publication is in force. This seems the acme of injustice.

The American copyright law, it is true, obliges the author to print in the United States, a rule which, laying an embargo, for the benefit of the mechanical producer, on the spread of knowledge and the circulation of ideas, is discreditable enough to the United States legislature, or those by whom the action of that legislature is controlled. But the United States are an immense market in themselves; and the practical result is, that books intended both for the American and the British market are printed in the United States, and exported to Great Britain. This involves injustice to the English printer, but to the author or publisher it does comparatively little harm.

It seems to be taken for granted in the discussion that we shall have to do with Canadian publishers only. But what is to protect us against American interlopers? Would it be possible under this Act to prevent Canada from becoming the resort of literary piracy? We have good authority for saying that there has always been a tendency in the past to import cheap editions of American copyright works into the United States by way of Canada, of which American owners of copyright books have complained. American publishers generally look upon the possibility of Canadian editions as the most dangerous thing to be apprehended from the measure, and they agree in thinking that the eventual outcome would be that the United States Government would give notice that the international agreement was at an end as regarded Great Britain. The British author would then lose what has become to him during the past few years a market of the highest importance. The Canadian author of a book of general interest would lose what is in fact his one good market, and Canadian literature would suffer accordingly.

It is not unlikely that in course of the controversy there would be a dispute with the Government of the United States; in which case Canada would have to abandon the high language of national independence, and throw herself upon the support of the British Government.

By insisting on the ratification of this bill, we should at the same time be doing our best to defeat the agreement of nations on the subject of copyright, which is welcomed by literature, art and science, and towards which the first steps were taken in 1883 at the Conference of Berne. And all this for what purpose? Practically for the purpose of enabling a few Canadian firms to reproduce on terms favorable to themselves English and American works of fiction. Some less costly and embarrassing way of attaining this object might surely be devised.

If Canada is to have a separate copyright law, is every other member of the Empire to have the same? Is Australasia to have seven or eight, and South Africa another? Is an English writer to be required to print and publish in each of those Colonies if he wishes to retain his property in his work?

It is understood that amendments of the bill are being contemplated by its framers. No amendment will be of any use without the excision of the manufacturing clause. But the only satisfactory settlement of the question would be the adoption of one copyright for the whole Empire, with a uniform relation to the other countries. If the Empire is an Empire indeed, why should not this course be taken? There is nothing local in a copyright, as there is in a tariff.

Before anything is finally decided let Canadian authors as well as publishers and printers be heard!

THE IRISH GENTLEMAN, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(Dedicated to Ruby.)

MUCH do I love the good old song in merry England's praise,
And prize the hospitality of good old English ways;
But I've another theme to which I dedicate my lays,
'Tis Erin's Emerald Isle in her glorious olden days,
And the fame of Irish gentlemen,
A hundred years ago.

Such joy, such pleasure then was hers; Oh! that such change should come;
Her sons ne'er thought of leaving her, through other lands to roam,
The peasant lov'd his cottage then, the peer his princely dome,
And good old hospitality was always found at home
In the hearts of Irish gentlemen,
A hundred years ago.

Rare Claret, and prime Usquebaugh and "Mountain Dew" were glowing
As brightly as Killarney's Lake, as freely, too, were flowing,
And lighting up the Irish heart with joys well worth the knowing;
Thus landlords reaped a hundred-fold the pleasures they were sowing
In the hearts of Irish peasantry,
A hundred years ago.

Old Erin then was justly called the Atlantic's proudest gem;
The very spot that Freedom prized—it was her diadem;
Of all Earth's nations, then, was she first flower of the stem;
Renown'd for beauty were her girls—her boys—well, what of them?
Why, by nature they were gentlemen,
A hundred years ago.

And why should not prosperity still bless this favored nation?
Because the rich have taken up in other lands their station.
And what is worst of all, the nerves, just now, are just the fashion,
So if you ask them home again, they talk of "Agitation,"
Unlike the Irish gentleman,
A hundred years ago.

Our patron saint was kind enough, and all for Erin's ease,
To banish from our happy Isle, toads, snakes and things like these.
If he would benefit us now, I'd go down on my knees
And cry; "St. Patrick, just bring back all Irish absentees,
And make us just as happy now
As a hundred years ago."

Toronto. —PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

THE LOVE STORY OF A POPE.

BY KINMOUNT ROY.

(An Authenticated Piece of History.)

THE following story, almost word for word, was told not long since, in a country house in England, the home of one of the most distinguished statesmen of the present time; and as the chief actors and those nearly connected with them have now passed "beyond these voices," there can be no harm in making known this very human episode in the career of a distinguished man.

The Bishop of an Irish See, it appears, was travelling with his family in Italy, and his daughters, Beatrice and Hellen, beautiful and vivacious girls, were the recipients of much well-merited homage. In the course of their travels they met many agreeable and distinguished persons, and among them a certain Count Alfieri, whose handsome person and fascinating manners soon made a deep impression on the impulsive and romantic children of Erin. The youngest, Beatrice, was the particular object of the Count's attentions, and the innocent and trustful girl was soon deeply in love with the charming and accomplished Italian.

Of course there were many and serious difficulties in the way. The Count was a devoted member of the Church of Rome, and the lady the dutiful and well brought up daughter of a Protestant Bishop of Ulster. When, however, was an Italian lover at a loss for arguments to overcome such obstacles as the religious belief of the woman he loved, or her father's unwillingness to give his consent to their union for such a cause?

The wily Count knew full well that the heart of the beautiful girl was in his keeping, and his penetration told him that the Bishop loved his daughter too much to wreck her life for a creed however precious and venerable. Without her father's consent he was well assured she would never become his wife, and whilst he inwardly chafed at the limitations which her filial affection imposed upon his power over her, he outwardly accepted it as altogether proper and commendable. In his better moments he told himself that such a dutiful and devoted daughter could not fail to make a loving and loyal wife, yet the tyrant in him was conscious of some inward wrath that in any degree his power was not absolute over her. The Bishop's consent was at last obtained, and the marriage soon followed with all the pomp and solemnity of two great historic churches, and the Bishop left the happy pair to begin life together in the beautiful city of Florence. Alas! for human faith and human felicity. In an almost incredible short space of time the Count forgot his vows, tired of his beautiful wife, whose heart he had won, and not content with playing the gay Lothario, he even added personal cruelty to his otherwise many sins. She was alone in a strange country: she was young, and had never known unhappiness in her Island home. She had made few friends among the many she had met, and none to whom she could speak of the misery which now overwhelmed her; nor could she bring herself to disturb the peace of her early home by the recital of her misery. With calm and dignified patience she sustained the shock of her altered life. She made no loud complaint; she was at once too stunned and too proud to upbraid the human monster to whom she had before God and man plighted her solemn vow. All the springs of her young life seemed arrested at once, and the love which was her glory and strength, converted into a badge of shame, until her life was filled and measured by days of shuddering wretchedness; all the more terrible because the agony which oppressed her was inarticulate. Her lonely misery was more than she could long endure. The spirit indeed was willing but the flesh was weak. She might have said to herself—

> " Tis our woman's trade
> To suffer torment for another's ease.
> The world's male chivalry has perished out,
> But women are knight-errant to the last."

She had bravely braced herself to suffer in silence, but the strain was more than her loving nature could bear, and before a year of her married misery had passed she had fallen into a state of gloomy despondency, from which nothing seemed able to recall her.

About this time the Count fell ill; whether his illness was occasioned by over-indulgence, or, as some hinted, from a wound received in an affair of honor, is not certain. Nothing serious was apprehended at first, but dangerous symptoms developed with such amazing rapidity that, before the grave nature of his case was fully understood, death had put an end to his ill-spent career.

Even this sudden and wholly unlooked-for event failed to rouse the unhappy wife from the stupor of deep melancholy that rested upon her. She passed through the funeral pomp and solemnities like one in a dream, without apparently realizing what it meant, and without evincing either sorrow, pity, or a sense of loss. Her physicians became anxious, as time passed without sensible improvement, and informed her father of her state, suggesting that a sister or some near member of her own family should visit her, in the hope of bringing back some sweet and wholesome memories of her early, happy life. Her sister responded to the call with eager affection; but, before leaving, the Bishop made her solemnly promise that under no circumstance would she ever consent to marry an Italian.

She promised with all her heart to obey her father in this matter, the more willingly as she knew something of her sister's sad story. Her visit was crowned with the happiest results; the Countess began to awake to the ordinary affairs of life, and in little over a year her recovery was quite assured, and they were soon pronounced the most charming and accomplished women in Florence.

Amongst those they frequently met was a certain Count Mattei, a really fine and noble example of an Italian gentleman; and it was soon apparent that Helen, all unconscious of her charms, had captivated the heart of the noble Italian; but her vow, her solemn, sacred promise to her father, her sister's sad experience, of course she could not, must not, dare not return the Count's ardent love. Still, her heart had other arguments, and she could not fail to hear the whispering of love, in despite of all reason and promises to her father. She was too noble a girl to conceal the true state of matters from her father, and Count Mattei was too loyal and upright a gentleman to compromise her in any way, or influence her against her father's will. The Bishop was angry, and alarmed and perplexed beyond measure, and, leaving at once for Italy, he telegraphed his daughters to meet him in Rome. The ladies hastened to meet him with unfeigned delight. They had not met for many months, and their attachment to their only remaining parent was full of respect and tenderness. The road to Rome, however, was as open to Count Mattei as to others, and without delay he directed his steps toward the Eternal City, and openly renewed his suit under the very eyes of the Bishop. The Bishop was angry and obdurate.

No Italian, whatever his rank, wealth, or status, should marry his daughter with his consent; and consent he had determined never to give to such a marriage under any circumstance. In this heroic mood he gave orders to pack up their belongings in order to return to their native land. They prepared to obey. They loved their country, and were not unwilling to leave even sunny Italy for the green isle of their birth: but the thought of parting for ever from her Italian lover was too much for Helen, and by the time they were ready to depart she was far too ill to accompany them. The physicians shook their heads, and indicated that her case exceeded the limit of their art. They could not minister to a mind diseased, and, in their opinion, if the Bishop could not release her from her vow and give his permission for her union with the Count the chances were he should leave her in Italian earth, or take her inanimate form to her motherland. This was a new and startling view of the case, and the Bishop felt that circumstances were cruel and against him, but he could not be the virtual murderer of his own child; and consequently the Count was sent for, and made happy with the news of the Bishop's blessing on their true love. It was desirable for many reasons to hasten the wedding day, and all preparations went forward merrily. Count Mattei saw his *fiancée* frequently during the brief interval, coming and going at his own pleasure. Society knew enough of the romantic story to whet their appetite for more, and the wedding day was looked forward to by many outside the families concerned. The Count spent the evening of the day preceding the bridal morning at the residence of her father. It was a happy evening. Their true love had certainly not run smooth, but difficulties that seemed insurmountable had fortunately been overcome, and a few hours more would add the sanction of the Church to their faithful love, and send them forth hand in hand through the peaceful Eden which their ardent affection saw in the future. The Count left early in the evening, as much remained to be done before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony next morning.

The bride arrived with her father almost punctually, and the officiating clergy were robed and ready for the marriage service. The bridegroom, however, was late, and the bridal party waited, wondering but still patient, until half an hour had passed, when it was thought well to despatch a messenger to ascertain the cause of so unlooked-for a delay. The messenger returned with the startling intelligence that the Count had not returned home the night before, that his household had waited for him in vain till dawn, and their perplexity and alarm was unbounded to find that he was absent. The bride was carried fainting to her home, and foul play was the only theory for such a remarkable disappearance which anyone could advance. The absence of any known motive was an additional mystery. All that trained detectives could do to throw light upon the event was done, but in vain. Count Mattei had disappeared on the eve of his marriage as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. It was, of course, a nine days' wonder, and then passed from men's minds, to give place to some new wonder or tragedy; but the unhappy Helen never recovered from the shock for a single hour, but drooping like a flower nipped by an untimely frost, she faded daily, and, in spite of all that love and skill could do eight months afterwards she was laid with reverent sorrow to rest in her dear Italy, where she had hoped to live her happy, contented life. She never doubted her lover's faith and honor whatever the mystery might be; and it comforted her heart to think that their souls were one, and would remain in pure and perfect union somewhere, notwithstanding the dark cloud that rested upon their earthly life.

Time passed, and the grass grew green on Helen's grave. Her story was forgotten by the many, and her friends had learned to think of it as a pathetic but closed incident in their family history, when the lost clew was found in a very unexpected manner.

An awful pestilence broke out in Naples, sweeping off the people by hundreds, and spreading from one district to another, carried death and terror far and wide. Panic was the order of the day; men who had faced death as soldiers with steady nerves, and walked over the ground swept by contending armies with a brave heart after the battle, were completely routed, and fled for dear life in the general stampede; ministers of religion were no exception. Terror and dismay reigned supreme. In this hour of panic and misery a young priest moved about among the sick and dying with a calm and saintly courage which amazed and captivated all hearts. No plague-stricken den was too foul for him to enter, no case too revolting for his care. If he was seeking death, it was in vain, for death seemed to fly from him, and the great plague which had slain thousands, passed, leaving him untouched. His noble conduct could not escape notice, and his rapid promotion followed, until in an unusually short space of time he became Arch-bishop of Ravenna. Some years passed and the then pope died, and the Roman Conclave assembled in due form to elect a successor. Although St. Peter's successor is believed to possess and exercise a mysterious and divine authority, yet the secular powers of Europe contrive to have a voice in the matter, of a purely mundane and diplomatic sort, and in this particular election France and Austria contended for the leading voice in the councils of the Cardinals. Whilst the question was under consideration the French Ambassador was driving through the Corso in Rome with his secretary in attendance. When pointing to a priest who happened to be passing, he asked if he were not the Arch-Bishop of Ravenna. Yes, he was the Arch-Bishop, and the man who, during the great plague at Naples, showed such amazing devotion and heroism. Then said the Ambassador, "My Government wish to see him Pope of Rome," and in due course the worthy and courageous priest became Pope, under the title of Pio-Nono.

Many years afterwards an English gentleman and his daughter visited the Eternal City. They asked and obtained a private audience of His Holiness. When admitted to his presence they found him sad and depressed, and ventured to say that the trials and burdens of his exalted position must be a heavy responsibility to sustain. He agreed that such was the case, but added that such was not the cause of his depression that day, but rather a sad sweet memory of long ago. It was, he said, the anniversary of the death ofthe only woman he had ever loved. It was the death-day of Helen, and Pio Nono was the lost Count Mattei. The young Count had been a lay Jesuit when he met the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Protestant Bishop. This fact was not generally known, and neither the Bishop nor his daughters had any suspicion with respect to it, otherwise it would have thrown some light on the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the bridegroom on that eventful marriage morning. His union with a heretic was viewed with disfavor and alarm. The Count's affection was as ardent as Hellen's own, and not easily turned aside, but the disciples of Loyala were not to be gainsayed when the rules and discipline of their order was at stake, and a young man's passion for the queen of his heart was nothing to the men of cool intellect and iron resolution, before whom kings and princes had often confessed defeat.

When he left his intended bride on the eve of their wedding day, his Order had decreed that he left her forever, every step of his way was shadowed by watchful and determined men, who, at the appointed spot, sprang upon him, pinioning him so securely that resistance was hopeless, and forced him toward a carriage which stood waiting. Once safely in the carriage it was explained to him that he was seized by authority of the Jesuit Order and must submit to their decision. They offered to set him at liberty if he would give his solemn pledge to abide by the will of his Superior, and never attempt to see the Bishop's daughter again. The Count would give no such pledge. Stunned and confounded by the sudden arrest of his life plans, torn away from the woman to whom he was passionately devoted, he had no gentle words to bestow upon the authors of his misery. The carriage drove on through the night, changing horses at certain points, but making no further delay. About dawn a halt was made at a wayside station, where a train could be caught for a convenient seaport, where a ship was found bound for an African port. No questions were asked. A party of Catholic missionaries, under vows of silence and obedience, excited no special wonder, and Count Mattei, wearing the habit of his Order, and closely guarded and girt on every side by pitiless and silent men, was helpless and amazed at the sudden wreck of his own happiness and the happiness of the beautiful and trustful girl who had promised to be his bride. The constant, exasperating hopelessness of his condition at last wore him out, until from sheer despair he seemed to acquiesce in his banishment.

So soon as it was known that the grave had closed over the unhappy Helen, force was no longer required, and the Count was free to return to Italy, but not to communicate with her family, or in any way lift the veil which henceforth hung over his own life.

"Many a time and oft," he thought of the life he had buried in Helen's grave, and wondered what lay before him in this desolate world until he should meet her in a better land. He was still young and full of life, and the church was open to him; he could yet live for worthy ends, such as she would have approved in another; he could at least worship God through the service of his fellowmen, and so he braced himself for the battle of life. It was in this spirit that the young priest threw himself into the work of ministering to the pest-stricken when other men fled, and it was the memory of a woman's love which gave him the tender and heroic inspiration that carried him through that terrible time, and the dead Helen was still a tender and pathetic memory in the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff whilst he received the homage of the faithful in the "Eternal" City.

THE POET'S DEBT.

A poet sat upon the shore,
And watched the waters flow,
Oh, what a debt, indeed, he cried,
To nature do I owe!
A magazine did buy his rhymes,
And paid him promptly, too;
But somehow still that poet's bill
Is running overdue.

—Jeremy Clay.

MARTIN'S FARM, NEAR MORRIS, MANITOBA.

OUR WESTERN HERITAGE.

BY GEO. H. HAM.

FEW Canadians realize the enormous extent, the varied resources and the illimitable possibilities of their North-West. That a lack of knowledge of, and interest in that region should be shown by foreigners is only natural and reasonable, but that Canadians themselves, who have been made heirs of half a continent, should lamentably fail in the fullest appreciation of its worth is not only a pity, but a shame. It shall be the aim of this article to point out the marvellous fertility and boundless resources of the Canadian North-West, and how all too imperfectly we are making use of it.

There is now being reaped—and before this will appear in print, there will be to a considerable extent threshed—in Manitoba and the Territories, perhaps the greatest harvest that has ever been grown by so few people in the world before. It is estimated that in Manitoba there are 25,000 farmers, many of whom commenced life in this western land without capital a comparatively few years ago, and some of them without that knowledge or experience of farming which is, especially under the conditions of the Province, a calling in which both skill and intelligence are required. And yet these 25,000 farmers have produced this year, according to the Government bulletin for August, 29,139,815 bushels of wheat, 21,887,416 bushels of oats, 5,507,310 bushels of barley, and of flax 1,240,020 bushels, making, with the rye and peas, a grand total of 57,861,621 bushels of grain. This is an average of something over 2,300 bushels for each farmer. And this great crop has been produced without the expenditure of a dollar for artificial manures, and with a very small outlay for wages, as the Manitoba farmers generally have done their own seeding and breaking. The wages of an extra farm hand for about five thousand of the farmers during the two months of stacking and threshing about represents the wages outlay for this enormous crop. The greater number of the rest of the farmers did their own work with the aid of their families, and by "exchanging" with their neighbors.

In addition to the production of grain there has been a magnificent root crop—potatoes, turnips, cabbage, beets, onions, and garden vegetables of all kinds; and while the bulletin does not report the probable yield of these important products, it must amount to nearly 10,000,000 bushels, and this can be safely said that for the production of roots of every variety Manitoba is equally as well suited as it is for cereals.

These figures show the product of Manitoba only, but, besides, there are five rich Territories, embryo provinces, all of which are included in the general term "The North-West."

The average yields of grain in Manitoba this year, according to this bulletin, will be of wheat 25.5 bushels; oats, 45.3 bushels; barley, 35.8 bushels; peas, 25 bushels; flax, 15 bushels; rye, 22 bushels. But the harvest reports from all parts of the province indicate a much higher yield of everything than does the bulletin, the compilers of which took the minimum reports, in every case, of their 600 correspondents, and allowed for a considerable shrinkage which later events go to show has not taken place. The average yield of wheat per acre over a series of years in the principal wheat growing countries is about as follows: Great Britain, 25 bushels; France, 17; Germany, 22; United States, 14; Russia, 12; India, 8 to 12; Argentina, 8 to 9; Spain, 12; Austro-

CATTLE YARDS, WINNIPEG, 2,000 IN YARD AT A TIME.

Hungary, 11 to 12; Roumania, 18. In Great Britain, and practically in France and Germany, wheat is grown on land for which an annual rental is paid greater than the amount for which a purchase outright could be made in Manitoba, and then it has to be heavily fertilized to secure the production of the high yields not uncommon in those countries. Even then the quality is greatly inferior to the No. 1, Hard, of our western land.

But wheat, while still King, is not the only source of western prosperity. The cattle shipments are looming up magnificently. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has orders for cars for the shipment of 10,000 head since the first week in July, the greater portion of which are for direct shipment to England, and this branch of industry is second only in importance to wheat growing itself. The grasses of the broad western prairies possess that nutrition required to bring animal life to its highest development, and these cattle are as fat and sleek and make as succulent joints and juicy steaks as the stall-fed beef of Ontario, Quebec and the East. There is a great future for this country as a beef producer if proper advantage be taken of the conditions.

A WHEAT FIELD AT ST. JEAN, MANITOBA.

Here, too, is almost an ideal place for dairying, as the rich grasses bring an enormous flow of milk in the summer while the abundance of hay and cheap coarse grain makes it possible to keep up the supply well through the winter. During the last two years Manitoba has sprung into prominence as an exporter of dairy products, and there appears to be no limit to its capacity in this important branch of agriculture. There are now nineteen creameries in operation with a daily output in the summer months of 8,300 pounds of butter; and besides these are all the private dairies. The indications are that this number will be doubled next year and the output of those already in operation considerably increased. The number of cheese factories operating this year is 43, and the daily product is about 22,000 pounds, with the assured prospect of a large expansion another year.

A good deal of attention, too, is being devoted to hog raising, and in some parts of the province farmers have from fifty to one hundred hogs fattening for the fall markets. With such an abundance of oats and barley, hogs can be fattened very cheaply, and the only wonder is that the farmers have not sooner awakened to the benefits of this branch on an extensive scale.

Sheep do remarkably well in any part of the country in which they have been kept in anything like a proper way.

There is no product in the north temperate zone, in fact, that will not grow or thrive in Manitoba, and in greater abundance and of a better quality than perhaps in any other part of the world. Tomatoes will not ripen in Great Britain, and yet the people of Manitoba have been eating this luscious fruit or vegetable—which ever it may be—from their own gardens since the 20th of August. In small fruits, wild as well as cultivated, it is the housewife's paradise.

That the country has its drawbacks no one will deny. No new country is without them.

But it has fewer than, perhaps, many an older settled region. The coldness of the winters is more than compensated by their healthfulness, and in the bright, sunshiny days of summer when their rigors are forgotten, many a Manitoban will asseverate that with the Snow King comes the not least delightful part of the year. But allowing for all its present and prospective drawbacks, it is unquestionably the finest region on earth which is not now thickly settled, and offers greater chances to the average man, to make with the minimum of labor a comfortable home for himself, than any other country is now doing.

One great advantage this land possesses over the North-western States of the Union as a settlement region, is that the pioneering has been done. The railroads are built, and every section of the country can boast of its

REAPING OATS—SCENE NEAR WINNIPEG.

STACKING—SCENE NEAR MORDEN, MANITOBA.

schools, churches, post-offices, and the other adjuncts of civilization. The settlers in the Western States had to precede the iron horse, and often to battle with the Indian for their lives, and it was in many cases years before there was any market at all for their surplus products. In view of the

FALL WHEAT—A FIELD 10 MILES FROM WINNIPEG.

wonderful progress of the States of Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, it seems too much to claim that our western domain is their superior; but there is good reason for doing so. Consider the unprecedented growth of these States, and yet twenty years ago an American statesman on the floor of Congress questioned the ability of the whole State of Minnesota to produce enough in ten years to feed a grasshopper, and such was the prevalent ignorance regarding that State that his statement was not discredited by many. To-day, Minnesota boasts of a population of nearly one-and-a-half millions, and its average wheat yield is larger than that of any other country except Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Seventy years ago, an officer of the United States army reported to Washington that Fort Dearborn should be abandoned, for the reason that the surrounding country was of such a character that it would be impossible for it ever to support a population large enough to justify its maintenance, and yet in the short space of time not beyond the memory of living men, there has grown up on this very spot the most wonderful city of any age, with a population of over a million and a half, and being the local point and centre of 90,000 miles of railway, and the greatest distributing point for food products in the world. It is no unwarranted statement, but one made after careful study and travel, that in the Canadian North-West there is a country capable of maintaining just as dense a population, producing just as many bushels of grain, and as much live stock as were raised last year in the large area tributary to Chicago, and from which she drew the trade necessary to make her one of the richest and most progressive cities in the world. Let any one travel over the ground and view the expanse of prairie and plain in the Canadian North-West, compare its soil with that of the Western States, and the practical immunity from the droughts, insect pests, and cyclones, from which unfortunately our cousins across the line

THRESHING WHEAT IN SOUTHERN MANITOBA, 28 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

KEEWATIN MILLS.

are sufferers, and, more decisive than all, the supreme test of average yield of the principal crops in both countries over a series of years, and the fact is established beyond doubt that in everything that goes to make a great agricultural country, the Canadian North-West is equal if not superior to the best of them.

Reference has already been incident-

HARVESTING NEAR MORDEN.

ally made to the climate of this magnificent region, and on this question the greatest misapprehension exists. The impression prevails amongst many that the winters are almost unendurable. But this is fallacious. Jack Frost, it is true, is no weakling in this northland, but he is without terror to the warmly clad and comfortably housed; and owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, the low markings of the thermometer, which make Eastern readers shudder and shiver, are sadly misleading. A Western "thirty below" is scarcely equal to a zero day in the more humid East. The summer days are warm, but the nights are cool and refreshing. How different it is with the intense heat of Argentina, Australasia, Africa, or even some of the Western States, which no artificial means will guard against, and where hot winds, laden with miasma and fever, carry off annually thousands of their people, and sap the constitution of the living. It is an established fact that the further north grain will grow, the better the quality is, and the same is true of men. The northern races have been the conquering races, and have given the world nearly all it has of everything that distinguishes civilization from barbarianism. There can be no doubt but that there will grow up in the fertile valleys of the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan valleys a superior civilization. The settlers will be of the northern races—Anglo-Saxon, German, and Scandinavian.

With a land incomparable in its richness and fertility, with free institutions, wise laws justly administered, with educational facilities from which no children are barred—here, too, will rise a Greater Britain — a worthy offspring of the grand old Motherland across the sea. The only lack is population, and the statesman who solves the problem of peopling these untenanted lands from the congested districts of the East will have done his country inestimable service. Let anyone consider for a moment what a tremendous impetus would be given the trade of Canada, if instead of there

A MAITNOBA HOMESTEAD.

being in Manitoba 25,000 farmers producing 60,000,000 bushels of grain, and a corresponding amount of other products, there were 200,000 farmers producing 480,000,000 bushels of grain, and $100,000,000 worth of meat and dairy products. How many thousand more operatives would be required in the factories of the East! Then no cry would go up from Canadian cities that there was lack of employment for their working people, for the demands of this great wealth-producing army would keep busy every forge, spindle and loom. There are difficulties in the way of securing suitable immigrants, but because the problem is a hard one is no reason why it should be left unsolved. Confederation itself was a difficult problem. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was not unattended with great discouragements and enormous sacrifices on the part of the Canadian people, and surely when Canadians have made these sacrifices to lay the foundation of a great nation, they will not falter and shrink in rearing the superstructure because it is attended with difficulties. Upon the peopling of the North-West, in a large measure, depends the prosperity of the whole Dominion, and upon our public men rests a grave responsibility in the inauguration of a policy which will early bring about that glorious result which every patriotic Canadian desires.

"HOW SHALL I WOO?"

A SONG.

How shall I woo my lady,
How shall I dare confess
The truth of the love I bear her,
The power of my heart's distress.
Would I might win her favor
With jewels of matchless make,
Or cover my head with glory,
Glory for her dear sake.

How shall I woo my lady,
How shall I gain her grace ;
A smile from her lips I covet,
A beam from her sunlit face ;
Would she but only bid me
Some daring deed to try,
I'd do it, if fortune favored,
Do it, or gladly die.

Eyes into mine are gazing
Eyes of the softest hue,
Reflecting my heart's fond passion,
They challenge my courage too—
Fondly I clasp her to me,
And hear sweet words divine,
That whisper the love I'm yearning
Is mine, already mine.

Brantford, Ont. —HASTINGS WEBLYN.

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

BY E. J. HATHAWAY.

"The gods will have it thus,
The choicest of the earth for sacrifice.
Let it be man, or maid, or lowing bull."

It would almost seem that in this passage Isabella Valancy Crawford had unconsciously given expression to the tragedy of her own life. Once again the old story of unrecognized genius and early death was repeated: but in this instance the penalty was exacted from a girl.

Upon the altar of fame there have been heaped many noble aspirations for places among the world's singers, many high ambitions, many worthy productions of unappreciated talent; but few instances are more pathetic than that of this talented young woman who gave to Canadian literature some of its choicest gems, but died before the reading public had awakened to a recognition of her genius.

During the ten years previous to her death, in 1887, she contributed much, both of verse and prose, to the local press and also to Frank Leslie's publications in New York, and had she lived she undoubtedly would have occupied a place in the world of letters with the very best of her time.

Miss Crawford was born in Ireland and spent her earlier years in France, but for many years her home had been in Canada, at first in the town of Peterborough and afterwards in Toronto.

From time to time, during several years, there appeared in the columns of the *Evening Telegram* verses of sentiment, of description and of heroics, and, although they attracted some attention, few of the many readers knew anything of the writer beyond the fact that her name was Isabella Valancy Crawford. These verses bore the stamp of genius and showed a true poetic instinct. They were copied at times by the provincial press, and the name of their author soon became widely known as a writer of marked ability.

About the year 1885 a serial story by her, entitled "A Little Bacchante, or Some Black Sheep," appeared in the Toronto *Globe*. This was an honor which few local writers had ever received, and the success of the novel proved the wisdom of the selection. Short stories also appeared in the *Globe's* columns at intervals, and at the time of her death she had almost completed another lengthy novel—"Married with an Opal"—which subsequently appeared in the *Fireside Weekly*.

But it is as a poetess that Miss Crawford's name will be remembered. Among the first to recognize her ability was John Ross Robertson, of the Toronto *Evening Telegram*, and her published poems appeared only in the columns of that journal. In 1884 she issued a modest, blue card-board covered volume of poems called "Old Spookses' Pass; Malcolm's Katie, and other poems." This volume contained only pieces which had never yet been printed, and it came into the world without even the dignity of its publisher's imprint. But whether it was that its unfortunate name was against it, or no effort was made to push its sale, the fact is that it almost dropped from the press. Scarcely anybody but the critics noticed the little book, and when, some two years later, the authoress died, many attributed her early death to the neglect which her book had suffered. She was a passionate, high-spirited girl, and, though many kind expressions of appreciation were afterwards made, they arrived too late—the poor authoress had died, possibly of a broken heart.

Miss Crawford appeared to be about 30 years of age, somewhat stout and a little below the average height. Her dress was poor, at times almost shabby, and it was not until she spoke that one was at all impressed with her personality. Her features were not beautiful, but in conversation she lighted up and her eyes sparkled with vivacity to an unusual degree. She was a clever conversationalist and an accomplished linguist, and her animation and versatility made her a delightful companion.

The only volume which appeared bearing her name was the little collection of poems "Old Spookse's Pass, etc.;" the limited Canadian market and the unfortunate laws regarding copyright making it unprofitable to publish in this country. But it is probable that had she lived a larger volume containing these, in addition to much that had never been published, and among which was some which she considered her best work, would have been issued in England.

This little volume, however, contains one of the most delightfully varied collections of poems ever issued by a Canadian writer. Though not of Canadian birth, she had become strongly imbued with loyalty to the land of her adoption. The spirit of Canadian freedom pulses throughout the pages, and though her themes are not always local, they everywhere bear the impress of a sturdy independence. The first piece in the book, "Old Spookses' Pass," is a remarkable picture of western life; a little drawn out, it may be, but stirring and powerful throughout. Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, wrote, congratulating her on her work, making special mention of this particular piece. Many of her scenes and characters are drawn from Canadian pioneer life, and expressed in the dialect of the frontiersman or the recognized speech of the rural inhabitant. "Old Spookses' Pass," a ranchman's midnight experience with a stampeding herd, is a vigorous descriptive poem and full of action. A vivid picture is given of the night in which the stampede takes place. The dark sky overhead; the thick oppressive night air, in which one feels intuitively that something fearful is to happen; the deep breathing of the mustang and an occasional quiver of his flanks; the great white moon throwing its river of brightness over the mighty herd.

"Tearin' along the indigo sky,
  Wus a drove of clouds, snarl'd an' black;
Scuddin' along to'ards the risin' moon,
  Like the sweep of a darn'd hungry pack
Of preairie wolves to'ard a bufferler,
  The heft of the herd, left out of sight;
I dror'd my breath right hard, fur I know'd
  We wus in fur a 'tarnal run thet night."

In a moment

"The herd wus up!—not one at a time,
  Thet ain't the style in a midnight run,—
They wus up an' off like es all thair minds
  Wus rolled in the hide of only one."

The narrative is carried through the somewhat lengthy poem with the same vigorous swing. There is masculine strength in it; and it seems almost incredible that so vivid an experience could be described by one who had no part in it.

"Old Spense" is another descriptive poem of great merit. It is inclined to be wordy, perhaps, and is a little artificial, but the writer has hit off some capital pictures of human life. This passage is an excellent example of its style:

"An' ef a chap on Sabbath sees
  A thunder cloud a strayin'
Above his fresh cut clover, an'
  Gets down to steddy prayin',
An' tries tew shew the Lord's mistake
  Instead ov taklin' tew his rake,

He ain't got enny kind ov show
  Tew talk ov chast'ning trials;
When thet thar thunder cloud lets down
  Its sixty billion vials;
No! when it looks tew rain on hay,
  First take yer rake, an' then yer pray.

"Malcolm's Katie" is a love story from backwood's life, and is told in an effective manner. It tells again the old, old story, of which poets delight to sing—of the brave youth who goes forth, axe in hand, to win a home from the broad forest for the maiden whom he has wooed and won; of the jealous rival who comes to her with a story of her lover's death; of the lover's return at a critical moment and the happy denouement.

Seldom have finer gems been seen than these little verses from "Malcolm's Katie":

O, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-wing'd cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea—
And if Love build on golden strand—
And if Love build on rosy cloud—
To Love these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear
On cloud or land, or mist or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere.

Her descriptive poems are redolent of exquisite beauty. Everything that was beautiful on the earth seemed to appeal to her for adoration. The great forces of nature had no terrors for her—rather did they fill her soul with nobler thoughts.

"The rain is in the air.
O Prophet Wind, what hast thou told the rose,
That suddenly she loosens her red heart,
And sends long, perfumed sighs about the place?
O Prophet Wind, what hast thou told the swift,
That from airy eave, she, shadow-grey,
Smites the blue pond, and speeds her glancing wing
Close to the daffodils?"

Her address to "March" is a masterpiece. It is an appeal to the month of wind and storm to tell what power in earth or heaven will bind him. Thor and Vulcan are both appealed to, but in vain.

"Shall Jove the Thunderer,
Twine his swift lightnings
With his loud thunders,
And forge there a shackle?"

But even the mighty Jove is powerless. The great Samson still shakes himself in defiance. There is, however, another power, greater than all the gods of the ancients, and to him she now turns:

"Past the horizon,
In the palm of a valley,
Her feet in the grasses,
There is a maiden.

"She smiles on the flowers,
They widen and redden;
She weeps on the flowers,
They grow up and kiss her."

If there is one element in Miss Crawford's writings more distinctly visible than another it is that of power—virility it would be called if applied to a man. Her work throughout is characterized by bold, vigorous treatment, purity of thought and felicity of expression.

"Roses, Senors, roses!
Love is subtly hid
In the fragrant roses,
Blown in gay Madrid.
"Roses, Senors, roses!
Look, look, look and see
Love hanging on the roses,
Like a golden bee!
"Ha! Ha! shake the roses—
Hold a palm below;
Shake him from the roses,
Catch the vagrant so!"

There is something peculiarly attractive about these lines. They even seem fragrant themselves with the perfume from that sunny land. The writer has caught the spirit of the scene, and in fancy we see the great circus with its tiers of gaily-dressed people watching eagerly to see the "bold bull bleed," and in our own ears there rings the sweet refrain of the flower girls song.

"Roses by the dozen!
Roses by the score!
Pelt the victor with them—
Bull or Toreador."

Her versatile pen turns frequently to the gay land in which she spent her youth, to the brave warriors of ancient Sparta, to the old days of chivalry when men fought hand to hand for the honor of their country and the favor of their lady love. But hers was a noble love of bravery.

The warriors of old appealed to her poetical nature; but she was by no means unmindful of the brave men of to-day who go forth with bayonet and musket to fight the battles of their country and return again to receive the smiles of their fair ones. Her verses on the return of the volunteers from their campaign against the rebels in the Canadian North-West, entitled "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," is a splendid tribute to present day chivalry.

"A welcome? oh yes, 'tis a kindly word; but why will they plan and prate
Of feasting and speeches and such small things while the wives and mothers wait?
Plan as ye will, and do as ye will, but think of the hunger and thirst
In the hearts that wait, and do as ye will, but lend us our laddies first!
Why, what would you have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks
Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a Nation's Thanks."

CONAN DOYLE'S NEW BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOYESEN, in the October *Cosmopolitan*, says that among the first rate novelists of the day are: Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Rudyard Kipling and Thomas Hardy, all British; and Howells, Cable, Miss Wilkins and Miss Murfree, American. But he asserts that these are not the novelists that are attracting the dollars and attention of the great reading public of this continent. The popular novels are those written by those he terms second and third-rate writers, viz.: Haggard, Doyle, Weyman, Crockett, Gunter and Laura Jean Libbey. He laments this because these writers are only romancers and story-tellers, apostles of shallowness and superficiality. He further laments that few people appreciate "the profound, spiritual insight of George Eliot, the masterly character-drawing of Thackeray, the incomparable vividness of realistic presentment displayed by Balzac (at his best), Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant, and the noble soul-searching vivacity of Tolstoi, Gogol and Tourgueneff." In his opinion "what above all distinguishes the greater novelists from the lesser is their grip on the great and potent realities of life—their power to deal largely and securely with large subjects, their penetrating insights into the dusky recesses of the human heart." He claims that the romantic novel represents a juvenile and lower intellectual development than the realistic novel—the novels that chronicle important places of contemporary life, embodying in their leading characters typical phases of the intellectual life and aspirations of their century.

I have been trying A. Conan Doyle's latest book, "The Stark Munro Letters,"* by this standard, and I can hardly conceive why he should be placed among the romantic rather than among the realastic novelties. I cannot state clear reasons why he should be classed distinctly at all. He has the unfortunate luck to be popular at present in Canada and in the United States, and on this ground he can be accused of pandering to the popular taste rather than writing so as to be upon a height up to which the people may be invited to climb. If, however, his previous books have justified Mr. Boyesen in placing him in the second-rate class, this latest work spoils, to my mind, the classification.

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*Longman's Colonial Library. James Bain & Son, Toronto.

The book contains a series of letters—the most interesting series I ever read—supposed to be written by Dr. Stark Munro, a new English licentiate in medicine, to a friend of his in the United States. The first letter opens up with a description of a friend of Dr. Munro's named Cullingworth, an eccentric young doctor. He was a man demonically clever, heroically dashing, pugnaciously quarrelsome and deliberately unscrupulous. He worked up a huge and profitable practice in a manufacturing town by his eccentric and daring treatment of his patients, but after a run of success finds that his popularity has waned and that he must have new fields for operation, which he hopes to find in South America.

Dr. Munro, himself, is a young doctor looking for a little nook in the world's social machinery, into which he may retire to enjoy what he can gain by easing or curing the ailments of others. His first experience is as medical attendant on a young aristocrat, but a quarrel with the young man's mother over some advanced opinions loses him the position. He then took a position with a Dr. Horton in a busy and dirty coal mining town at a salary of £70 a year. He soon left this to take a partnership with the eccentric Cullingworth, only to quarrel with him in a few months. Then with his experience and £15 he starts out to build up a practice for himself in another strange town. His long and severe struggle for a foothold is admirably and touchingly told. What is more, it is an accurate reflection of the struggle which every young man, without wealth or influence, must undertake before he becomes independent.

Because this book depicts the struggle for a competence, for fame and for success, made by a young man it ceases to be eligible for classification among the books of romance. It is a piece of human history and that of a human of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Competition in the older countries is exceedingly keen. The young man must learn to labor and to wait, for earned success comes very late in life. Mr. Doyle has pictured this laboring and waiting with a realism which would be less romantic, were it less real.

But this book has another claim to be classed among those books which reflects the contemporary life of the period. In his letters Dr. Munro gives, in an off-hand conversational way, his ideas on the great religious movement of the times. He has his doubts as to the existence of such a thing as evil. He thinks that nature

> "Still working on the lines of evolution, strengthens the race in two ways. The one is by improving those who are morally strong, which is done by increased knowledge, and broadening religious views; and the other, and hardly less important, is by the killing off and extinction of those who are morally weak This is accomplished by drink and immorality. I picture them as two great invisible hands. hovering over the garden of life, and plucking up the weeds. Nature has her devices, and drink is among them"

Again, he says, speaking of the heaven's panorama of stars:

> "Just to look out at them, must remind a man of what a bacillus of a thing he is—the whole human race like some sprinkling of impalpable powder upon the surface of one of the most insignificant fly-wheels of a monstrous machine. But there is order in it, Bertie, order in it! and where there is order there must be mind, and where there is mind there must be sense of injustice. It is strange, when we look upon them, to think that the churches are still squabbling down here as to whether the Almighty is most gratified by our emptying a tea-spoonful of water over our babies' heads, or by our waiting a few years, and then plunging them into a tank."

He preaches progression in man's religion just as in other phases of civilization. He says:

> "I do believe that Christianity in its different forms has been the very best thing for the world during all this long, barbarous epoch. But when you say that is the best

and *last*, you are laying down the law a little too much."

Again:

> "It is not true that religion reached its acme nineteen hundred years ago, and that we are forever to refer back to what was written and said in those days. No, sir: religion is a vital, living thing, still growing and working, capable of endless extension and development, like all other fields of thought. The Almighty has not said His last say to the human race, and He can speak through a Scotchman or a New Englander as through a Jew. The Bible is a book which comes out in instalments, and 'To be continued', not 'Finis', is written at the end of it."

The book is bright, clever and thoughtful. It is a reflection of the life and thought—a small reflection, certainly, yet a reflection—of the people of the dying nineteenth century. As such it is not an imaginative romance only, but an artistic piece of work that may live to perpetuate the thoughts, aspirations, errors and truths of 1895, to be read by those future generations which may know more of man, man's work and man's nature than we do. In character-sketching it is powerful, even if at times fanciful.

AN ESTIMATE OF CANADIAN WOMEN.

BY STEPHEN BLACKBURN.

PERHAPS the most interesting development of the present age, apart from the advances made in science and mechanical ingenuity, is the evolution of the modern woman, refined, educated, æsthetic, not only claiming co-equal companionship with the man as regards the arts and higher education, but in some instances seeking to precede him in certain lines of study. As linguists, few of the sterner sex can claim the advantage; as translators of modern languages few men can excel. In artist's work women are often to the front, though they fail in regard to artistic composition. In sculpture they are admittedly behind. The classics of Greece and Rome are now no longer sealed books to the female sex, and some even with a show of reason, assert their right to take their places as critics, not merely on ancient classic literature, but on the living languages of the East. Whether they are prepared to converse and write in the dialects of China and Japan is doubtful, except in rare instances. The science of geometry is quite an easy study to many college girls; some often affect to be adepts in astronomy, and we all know that the gypsies of the East have for centuries sworn by their aptitude in astrology.

Moral philosophy, whether Christian or Pagan, is a favorite study with the advanced woman, and on which she is pleased to dilate. The science of quantity, or of magnitude or number, otherwise mathematics, gives merely an agreeable zest to the higher class female mind. We must admit, however, that in Canada political economy is not a favorite topic, though some of their English sisters are quite enthusiastic over the fortunes of the "Primrose League." But then they belong to the Conservative ranks, and performed famous work in the recent general election. The freedom given to the educating of girls at the higher schools, and at such institutions as Gerton College, England, has certainly raised the mental status of English women.

The wide field of literature has been

occupied by the advanced woman of superior brain. The philosophy of George Elliot can compare with the writings of most men in novel literature; while as authors of novels, light sketches and transient brochures, women admittedly excel, as in biography and books of travel. The passions and foibles of poor humanity find no better illustrators, and as analyists of character and inquisitors of motives women are certainly not to be over-matched. Some of the most astounding books of the day dealing with passion and intrigue come from the pen of the advanced woman. As musicians they are generally pleasing, often effective, but as composers of music they are quite behind. No woman ever composed an opera that could bear inspection, but many light compositions of the ballad order are credited to the weaker (?) sex.

Whether women are the happier for all this extra knowledge is a matter for settlement amongst themselves; but there is no question, now, that the evils which have accumulated from keeping them out of their proper position in society have passed away. Some, who have neither the brains nor the inclination for advanced acquirements, covertly sneer at those of their sex who put forth those higher pretensions. They declare in no unmeasured terms that their married sisters would be better employed in attending to the wants of their husbands and the claims of maternity, if they happen to have been blessed with children. Whether the higher cultivation unfits women for these duties which pertain more particularly to their own sex, we are not prepared to discuss; doubtless, they make more agreeable companions to their husbands and brothers. Such, however, is the smallness of some men's minds that they frequently dislike a woman who has attained superiority in education, or who can battle with her male opponent on the obstruse field of logic. In such cases a woman generally has wit enough to employ the acts of concealment, and to disguise. If her superiority is too marked, she can take refuge in commonplaces rather than air her acquired accomplishments to the injury of the poor man's *amour propre.*

There does not appear to be a disposition on the part of the female sex to enter the political arena in competition with men. As a rule they hate politics, and they say they neither understand nor desire to know much of what is passing in that direction. It is difficult to get any ordinarily informed or well-read woman to take more than a languid interest in worldly political affairs. A party election appears to the ordinary female mind to be particularly a man's affair; women smile at the eager zeal and puerile conduct of men when their political passions are in full vigor. They are willing enough to leave all such questions to the men; and as to voting, the mere exercise of the political franchise and the ballot-box have no charms for her. And yet politicians at Ottawa, during the recent session, sought to concede the franchise to the female sex. A bill to that end was voted down, and the subject was one only for passing amusement. Of course we must except the American-rights' woman, who tears passion to tatters and is teary on the old theme of the tyranny of the "monster," man. Happily, there are few to be found in Canada of this type; women with us are so free, so untrammelled, so secure in their personal and property rights that no cause for complaint arises. The political woman is a little laughed at by her own sex, and magnanimously patronized by the other. Sometimes she proves valuable as a political canvasser, but then her very eagerness often serves to defeat the end in view. On the other hand, as an organizer of church societies and philanthropic efforts generally, she far surpasses her male friends, who, if the truth must be told, are willing enough to let her have her own way there.

But as with men, so with women. Nature has not bestowed wonderful gifts and faculties upon all. The work of the every-day world and of domestic life has to be undertaken, and women are alike the guardians of the social system, the mistresses of the home, the arbiters of manners and morals, the directors of fashions, and the queens of society. The drawing-room is woman's arena, and she decides all questions of etiquette and propriety, she establishes the modes and customs for her own sex, and determines the limitations of the other. Woe to that female who attempts to contravene the settled code of ethics which her superiors in station have laid down. It must be conceded, however, by the best women themselves, that with all their advancement they are not quite deaf to the voice of flattery, and that, as the poet Dryden remarks—

> "This at the peril of my head I say,
> A plain, blunt truth—the sex aspires to sway."

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

OURSELVES.

BEFORE proceeding to give a few of the current thoughts of the month, allow me to thank the many friends of this magazine who have expressed their pleasure at the opening up of such a department. One gentleman remarked, the other day, that he took several magazines, but the only one he read was THE CANADIAN. There are undoubtedly many thoughtful and intellectual Canadians who prefer this periodical simply because it is of their national flesh and blood. Because this is so, the management is anxious to make the contents as broad, as varied, and as comprehensive as possible. A brief summary of the current thoughts of the world, as exhibited in the leading periodicals, seems therefore to be timely, and it is hoped, beneficial.

Owing to internal changes, some errors crept into last issue, especially in Mr. Galt's article on, "The Financial Incidents of War," on page 454, line 23, "1841" should have been "1814."

On same page, line 25, for Allison, read Alison; on page 456, for conflagration, read conflagrations; on same page, line 27, for decreases, read deserves.

A NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

To convince one's self that a national sentiment is growing very strong in this young Dominion—for it is yet a comparative infant among nations—one has only to notice the patriotic tone of the newspapers and to listen to the general comments of the talking public. A feeling of thorough confidence in the resources and possibilities of this country has been engendered by the stability and progress of the past two years, and this feeling is both strong and universal. The patriotism evinced is neither loud nor boisterous, but it is both true and deep. Blessed with an expansive territory, unlimited national resources, an invigorating climate, a rational and democratic system of government, a people intellectually and physically strong, there is every reason to believe that Canada will at no distant day be a peer among the great nations of the earth. As our orators and writers have said, let us be French or British, Roman Catholic or Protestant if we wish, but let us be Canadians first—Canadians in thought, Canadians in words, and Canadians in action. Let us continue to sing in chorus, from ocean to ocean:

> "God bless our Queen and Heaven bless
> The Maple Leaf forever."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

From the article on Professor Huxley, by Richard H. Hutton, editor of the London *Spectator*, which appears in the September *Forum*, we learn of the man from one who knew him well. He states that the genius of the man was less naturally attracted to speculative reflection and that meditative chewing of the cud which made Charles Darwin so great, than to practical discussions in which inimitable lucidity, intellectual audacity, ready humor, happy irony and fascinating vivacity were his characteristics. Mr. Hutton thinks that had he made political life his main object he must have become a great leader of men, for there was no abler and more accomplished debater to be found in the British House of Commons.

He points out that Huxley delighted to bewilder his opponents by saying strong things in a vivid way. It was this desire which led him to say that if a frog has a soul at all, it must have two souls, just as the spinal cord has a twin purposive action. It led him to attempt to show that Christians have no *physiological* evidence that death had ever taken place in the body of our Lord, whom he called "the greatest moral genius the world has seen" and "the realized ideal of almost perfect humanity." He thinks that a great deal of Huxley's scepticism was a kind of habitual expression of the eager combativeness of his nature.

If Mr. Hutton is right in his estimate, we can re-read Huxley's writings with new understanding and fresh pre-conceptions.

PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTIONS.

We, in Canada, always take great interest in Parliamentary dissolutions. When the political air is full of rumors of an appeal to the country it is the sole topic of voting citizens and the leading news in the daily papers. "The Anecdotic Side of English Parliamentary Dissolutions" is the title of a charming paper in the September *Forum*, by Martin J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa. He shows that great interest was manifested as far back as 1680, in the time of Chief Justice North and the Duke of Lauderdale, but that the populace did not begin to take a really keen interest till the beginning of the modern political practice in 1784. In that year the precedent was established that if the ministers chosen by the Crown do not possess the confidence of the House of Commons they may advise an appeal to the people and have Parliament dissolved. The article gives a brief and racy account of the circumstances of all the dissolutions which have since taken place in England.

WANTED—TEACHERS.

However great Canada's educational system may be, as compared with those of other nations, the fact that it is and has been sadly deficient is patent to all who have read the disclosures of the past year. Some of our Separate Schools have been presided over by men who, whatever their other qualifications may have been, were not up with the times in their methods for inculcating knowledge. Contemporaneous with this discovery by the public comes the announcement that the laity and the clergy of the Catholic church are united in their efforts to have the best teachers procurable. This will, no doubt, lead to a demand for carefully drilled and instructed teachers—but they are not to be found in Canada in any number. Our educational system may be liberal in theory and grand in its conception, but when teathers can earn only an average of

$200 for a female and $350 for a male, and these are outside figures, then it must be concluded that they are "unskilled labor." The digger of ditches and the scrubber of office floors earns better pay. The coal-heaver would scorn "a dollar a day." What then must be the value of the services given when the teachers in our Public and Separate Schools cannot command higher wages? The only way to elevate the standard of Canada's educational system, and it sadly needs elevating, is to provide the thoroughly trained and fully equipped teacher with a salary large enough to purchase sufficient food, physical and mental, to keep his energy, ambition and enthusiasm above freezing point. This practice of allowing boys and girls not out of their teens to do the most important work of the century is one that cannot be too strongly denounced or unsparingly condemned. The teacher must possess a mature mind as well as a liberal education.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

THE world has had its summer holidays and has settled down to business at the old stand. But the work goes along better. People seem nicer. Worries are less annoying, and everything moves more easily as a result of the impetus that has come into most lives. The spice of variety has disguised the flatness, the staleness or the downright unpleasant taste of life as some of us have to live it, and we rate our stock in this concern of Life & Co. at a full hundred cents on the dollar. But where are the men or women who wouldn't have sold out for fifty cents the day before they went away?

It's new blood we have, these autumn days. Extract of wind and sun, condensed happiness and solidified fun have been compounded into the best of tonics. We are stimulated and strengthened, and attack our special ditch-work with a brand new force behind the pick and shovel.

That's the practical side of this autumn season, as we live it nowadays, in the scramble and rush of everyday life, where the very air is heavy with work and plans for work. But there is another side—we stir our poesy of thought and say to one another that it is the waiting time of the year—the doleful days, as some are dreary enough to remind us. We prate of the cheeriness of open fires, the cosiness of warm-hued hangings and pretty bright gowns. The sadness of it is that, like ice-creams and North Toronto water, there aren't enough of these things to go round. But of work, the blessing and bane of life, there is always plenty and to spare.

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Isn't it queer — this scramble for water? Isn't it likely to lead to the foundation of habits to be deplored, on the part of the more timorous men? The tap water is said to be somewhat of a curiosity, even if it is not fit for use. One gentleman has a small aquarium stocked with a great variety of creepy-crawly creatures, which were snared in a filter. His wife says he has had two evenings "solid enjoyment" out of it already.

What unsatisfied creatures we are to be sure, and how very prone we are to shift our desires to the contra side of circumstances. Just the other day we all objected to the water carts going along the streets without warning us. We scouted the rattle, which was the next step, and the horn we find too much for us. If the man would blow the horn at intervals we might be able to bear up, but he gets a boy to do it, and there are no intervals. Many a sleepily, vindictive person must have wished at six o'clock this morning that a blight would have fallen upon his young and altogether too vigorous vocal chords. It did occur to me that, perhaps, after the first day the youngster would get hoarse and weak, but as I live, I believe they got fresh boys every new morning.

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Irving and Terry have come and gone. The wild rush for seats is over. The heart burnings and envy caused by not going, or not going to the extent of the greatest possible number of dollars, have passed away. The young man with a sweetheart feels easier in his mind, and more scrimped in his pocket. It only remains now for the nagging crowd to ask the disappointed throng, separately and before company: "Did you see Irving and Terry?"

The honest ones will say "No." The others will add the stock excuses: "Was sick," "busy at the office," "out of town," "couldn't get seats," while the specially untruthful and bombastic ones will shrug their *blasé* shoulders and drawl that they "saw them so often in London, they rially didn't cahw to gaou, you knaw."

How the horizon has widened for the English actor of to-day. He can play the seasons through, night after night, day after day, month in and month out, to fresh audiences of people who speak his English tongue.

America, most of all, is glad to be the Mahomet of these star mountains. She revels in the good things they bring across the water on these flying (and sometimes) farewell visits.

Irving's title is new this year and who isn't glad? A title is best worth the wearing when it is the laurel of genius. Most of us have more true respect for it in this case than we could have for those that were in the first place only favors bestowed, not honors won, and having been handed from one generation to another, have lost lustre from much handling.

Irving has power—call it genius or art or magnetic force or mere strength of will, which bends the auditor to him. His superstitious horror in "The Bells," his crafty plotting and merited undoing in "The Merchant of Venice," his stately, simple grandeur in "King Arthur," his unearthly torturing in the fiendish role of Mephisto, reflect themselves upon the minds at his beck. We shudder with his fright, leer with his cunning or bemoan with him his fate. We stiffen with his pride and take part in his fiend nature, for the master of portrayal spirits us into the very thick of the fight, and his cause is ours for the time being.

Ellen Terry charms us. I wonder where is the young woman who would not take a few of the artiste's years to be able to run with her grace and freedom in Nance Oldfield? The delicate, yet masterful face, the winsome smile that seems to be a glimpse of her woman's heart and soul—these are the things we love to watch in Miss Terry, the things we rave over and revel in.

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We have very much of the sheep's inclination to follow the bell. Somebody jumps a log, or ambles over a fence, and directly the whole of us are going through just the same antics. We must read what others are reading, eat what others are eating, wear what fashion orders, and go where, when and how other folks go. We rebel, but most of us get whipped into line and go on screaming like refractory children, just as much afraid of the lash of criticism as the youngsters are of the birchen switch.

Habit of thought, of course, has a good deal to do with our likes and dislikes, but habits of thought, unless

A 1 quality and proven strict, are not commendable. Our thinking apparatus needs a good course of gymnastics to keep its vitality up to the proper mark. Settling into "little ways" of thinking makes us more than disagreeable and pokey; it weakens our ability to see things as other people see them and consequently to see ourselves as they see us. It mayn't be very pleasant to share the eyes of others in this respect, but it's good for us—depend upon it. Most things are that are disagreeable. That's one good way to tell.

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What a curious feeling it is that impels us to take our broken china and glassware to be mended, when the cost of repairing it amounts to nearly the cost of new. It is all very well to talk of "broken services." We like the things we have handled or cared for, or that people who were dear to us were fond of. Sometimes we shrink from acknowledging it, even to ourselves, so we make a great deal of the ten or twenty cents we have saved and declare that we rather like rivetted china. Most of us are humbugs in one way or another, but admitting it even to ourselves mitigates the offence; so own up.

The womanly woman is the best type of woman under the sun. She is the woman whose influence makes for good. She may be a "new woman," or a voting woman, or a bicycling woman. She may be beautiful, brilliant, witty or wise, but if she be not womanly, she is, in good old scriptural phrase, "but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." To be at her best she must be thoroughly womanly. If womanliness will go hand in hand with her fads, her whims, her ambitions, then they will not hurt. If she loses the woman out of her soul, she has lost her chance to be her best self. The essentially womanly woman is a solace in trouble and a pattern when the skies are fair.

Women are brave sometimes and bravery is good; they are forgiving and forgiveness is well; they are patient and patience is to be desired.

Much is said of women nowadays. They are urged to be this, become that and strive for the other till it seems they are driven to be everything except women. Presently we shall find that the frailer sex is beside itself, and, not content with its own good heritage, is making itself over into an imitation of man.

GABLE ENDS.

CANADA AND YACHT-RACING.

(*From the Toronto Globe.*)

Canada's efforts to win the American Cup are interesting, as they marked the close of the earlier period, when there were real yachtsmen, who were in the sport for its own sake rather than for attendant social prestige.

* * * * *

Evidently Canada is now out of the race, but she can look back, not without a feeling of amusement, on the time when different conditions obtained. This time was coming to a close when in 1876 the Countess of Dufferin, built at Cobourg by Captain Cuthbert, and sailed by him in the race with the Madeline, was a competitor. The American yachtsmen, who were by no means limited in the matter of expenditure on finish and rig, had unlimited fun over the Canadian craft. The Countess was described as having a nutmeg-grater finish. When the Atalanta, the second and last Canadian competitor, was in the slip at New York, a facetious critic thought that if she could sail, it was not worth while taking the bark off the planks in future. It was freely asserted that there were numerous fishing boats along the coast fit to meet and defeat the Countess of Dufferin in any weather. But although the Canadian yacht afforded no end of fun in the matter of exhibition in the slip, her critics grew most decidedly serious over the race. The Madeline was incomparably superior in the finish of her hull. Her rigging and sails were also fitted out with greater generosity. But against these advantages was that skill born of real enthusiasm which so often gives the long string of fish to the boy with a primitive outfit of tackle. The Canadian yacht was confessedly better sailed, and her canvas was better handled. Both were schooner-rigged, shallow-draught, centre-board yachts; the Countess of Dufferin measuring 91 feet 6 inches by 23 feet 6 inches, and the Madeline sufficiently larger to make a time allowance of about one minute. Over the course of the New York Yacht Club the Countess of Dufferin was beaten 9 minutes 58 seconds in a race which was sailed in 5 hours 25 minutes. This was Canada's best attempt for the cup, and, considering the time in which the race was sailed, it was about as good an attempt as has yet been made to take the trophy from the United States. The second on the following day, 20 miles to windward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return, had a similar result. The official time shows the Canadian yacht more effectually defeated, but the wind died down after the winner crossed the line.

Canada's second attempt was made in 1881, when the evolution of yachting had put the prize virtually beyond her reach. Disregard of cost had led to the adoption of many improvements in construction out of the reach of old-time yachtsmen. The broad, shallow centre-board yacht had not been improved on, but the days of cheap and primitive construction were past. The Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, with headquarters at Belleville, had scored many victories in Toronto and elsewhere along the lakes, and were determined to attempt the capture of greater honors. The Atalanta was built at Belleville, Captain Cuthbert being again the designer and sailing master of the challenging yacht. She was a single-master, 62 feet 10 inches long on water-line, 19 feet beam, and 5 feet 6 inches draught, without the centre-board. Although the Americans had been making many improvements, the second Canadian challenger was even more primitive than the first. She was ballasted with iron ore, which may have given encouragement to a national industry, but was not conducive to national honors in sport. There was no lack of local hope and enthusiasm as the iron ore was thrown into her at the Belleville docks, the sailing-master and bystanders readily lending a hand. With such ballast, rough planking, canvas new and unstretched, and rigging generally primitive, she entered against the Mischief, the fastest American sloop selected after many trial races.

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The races were sailed in November, 1881, the Mischief winning by 21 and 38 minutes.

* * * * *

We put up a good race in the days when success was possible, and must rest content with the satisfaction of effort.

MARRIED TO HIS FLUTE.

Charles Dickens, of pleasant memory, presented to the world through his books, many old and curious places of trade and commerce that existed on streets and squares hardly known to the general public in that great world, the City of London. He told of old business houses, having connections in every part of the commercial world, of shippers, bankers, brokers, and general traders—where it were possible to purchase any and every article produced or manufactured, and to charter ships for any port in Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Such vast business houses required many clerks and amongst these could be observed many that had grown grey in the service, having sat on the same stool in the same little den for over half a century.

In 1890, the *Lake Huron* had amongst her passengers leaving Liverpool for Montreal, one of those old clerks. He was a thin, frail old man, over 70 years of age; yet very sprightly. He was making this voyage with the hope that the benefit he would derive from it, would enable him to return to his desk with renewed health.

He was my room-mate, and our long conversations day by day, as our good ship forged her way west, became very interesting. He told me he had gone as a youth into the house of —— 53 years before, and with the exception of two weeks' holidays every summer, he had never been absent from his desk during all those years.

He was a bachelor, and his little home was managed by a maiden sister, two years younger than himself. Although they were within the sound of Bow Bells year after year, he confessed that his life though uneventful, had been a happy one. He prided himself on the accuracy and cleanliness of his books, and smiled with delight as he told me that in his early years at the office he had charge of the petty cash book, and, that when he was raised to a higher position, the head of the firm presented him with a watch (taking it out of his pocket and caressing it), telling him that his books showed a correct balance on the evening of every day of the three years that he had held that position.

"Did you never find your work monotonous all those years?" I asked.

"No," said he, "It was my living. I knew my duties and performed them," "And," added he, "Work, well and carefully done, brings its own reward."

On the third day of our voyage, I was reading in our state-room, when the old clerk came in and sat down on the sofa beside me. He appeared restless as if he was anxious to speak, so I put my book down and turned to him.

"Many people on deck?" I asked.

"Yes, nearly all of our passengers."

"How is the weather?"

"Warm, with a rather stiff breeze."

"What are the people doing?"

"Some reading, some playing quoits, and others shuffle board."

"Why don't you join in?"

"I am not quite sure of my limbs, and, indeed, I think sometimes I have sat so much on a wooden stool and neglected exercise, that my limbs are not as strong and as robust as they should be.

"But, Sir," said he, "I have a favor to ask of you. Would you have any objections to my playing my dear old flute two hours a day in our room, one hour in the morning and another hour in the evening?"

"Certainly not," said I, "play as long as you like and I shall enjoy your music.'

"Will you, really," said he, grasping my hand impulsively with a smile.

"Yes," I answered, "give me a tune now."

He at once clambered up to his berth and took down a well worn leather case, from which he extracted a quaint silver mounted flute in three pieces. He screwed them together with a touch as soft as that of a woman's hand caressing her babe, and commenced to play. The tune was "Then you'll remember me."

I have heard music in many lands and on many instruments, but this old clerk was a master. Our confined cabin appeared to be floating on music, and, when he played the softer notes, the waves could be heard as they swished against the ship's side.

What a change came over the old man as he warmed to his work. His face became brighter and the wrinkles disappeared as he turned from one piece of music to another. "Annie Laurie" seemed a favorite of his, and one day I ventured to say: 'Mr. Garton, you put so much poetry and love in your rendering of 'Annie Laurie' that I can hardly understand your living a single life."

"Mr. Frankland," said he, as he pressed the flute to his breast and a saddened expression came over his face, "it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. I have loved. But she died, and after that the memory of her bright young life and this my flute have been my only solace. And so they will continue—until I meet her again."

From that day to the end of our voyage, he drew sweet music from his flute for two hours each day—no more. And the dear old man was happy.

As we approached Montreal he called me to his room, and after giving me an old book descriptive of London, he said: "I wish to thank you for your companionship and also for your kindness in regard to my flute. I dearly love that old instrument. *She*, when living, used to brighten the silver keys, and make the wood shine clear. She was content to sit beside me and listen and approve. She has gone over to the other side, and for forty-seven years I have been alone with my flute and the softened memories of her presence. My sister makes a comfortable home for us and so we shall live our appointed time. You and I may never meet on earth again, but in the short future that remains to me you will often come in spirit to my own fireside and have part in my music."

We shook hands with emotion, and after asking him to play "Should old acquaintance be forgot," we parted.

G. F. FRANKLAND.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

BRIGHT SKETCHES.

BESIDES being interested in, Canadians will be proud of, Edward William Thomson's collection of tales, entitled "Old Man Savarin" (Wm. Briggs, Toronto). Most of these stories have been published in leading United States periodicals, but that detracts nothing from their value to those who have not seen them. The first story is thoroughly Canadian in spirit, being a character sketch of French-Canadian life. The description of the fight between Laroque and Sequin is one of the most humorous pieces of writing that it has ever been my pleasure to read. I would like to reproduce it in these columns, but space is limited. Perhaps I may have opportunity later. The French-Canadians use broken English. and our author has reproduced it perfectly, showing him to be a master of dialect. "The Red-headed Windego," is another national tale. dealing with one of the *Canadien* superstitions. But after all, the two stories which stirred me most were "The Waterloo Veteran," and "John Bedell, the U. E. Loyalist." As I read them I forgot that I was supposed to be a critic, and I remembered only that I was a Britisher and a Canadian. My blood coursed more swiftly through my veins. and when I had finished I was a better citizen than ever. If Canadians only knew more of both British and Canadian history, the patriotic fire would be all-consuming and all-powerful.

Of this book the *Critic* says: "Latest among the school of the new short story writers—distinguished chiefly by indifference to the sexual-love *motif*—comes a bright Canadian, Mr. E. W. Thomson, another member of that band of provincial writers whose clever work is produced in the Dominion and published in the States. "Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories" contains fourteen tales, only one of which, "John Bedell, U. E. Loyalist," so much as recognizes the existence of the once omnipotent Cupid. Yet even the most sentimental maiden will not toss this book aside for lack of vital interest. It is intensely human, vividly true to life. The tales are kaleidoscopic—bright bits of human experience, each rapidly succeeding another, hardly any two alike, yet all blending in a harmonious impression."

A NEW EDITION.

Born of British parents, in the city of Constantinople, James Morier, was dedicated by his father, a British Consul, to Britain's diplomatic service. He made a name for himself as one of the principals in the negotiating of the Anglo-Persian treaties of the early part of the century. In 1824, he published a satire. "Hajji Baba," which has been favorably compared with "Gil Blas." and which immediately found public favor. That it has retained, it is shown by the fact that a new edition, with illustrations by H. R. Millar, and an introduction by Hon. George Curzon M.P., has been brought out by Macmillans (Copp Clark Co , Toronto). As Mr Curzon says: "Hajji Baba ' is a Persian of the Persians, typical not merely of the life and surroundings, but of the character and instincts and manner of thought of his countrymen, and yet it is from his lips that flows the delightful stream of naive confession and mordant sarcasm that never seems either ill-natured or artificial, that lashes without vindictiveness, and excoriates without malice." "He delights in stripping bare the sham piety of the austere Mohammedan, the gullibility of the pilgrims to the sacred shrines. the sanctimonious humbug of the lantern-jawed devotees of Kum." Much of history and of local customs can be gleaned from this book on Persian life.

CURRENT HISTORY.

No 2 of Vol. 5 of "Current History," a quarterly magazine published by Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo, N.Y., is to hand. The politician and the citizen—they are distinguishable—will each find in this a most useful record of current events. These are in a volume preservable and readable. Each one is a book of reference for the period it covers. Canadian current history is recorded with that of other countries of greater and of less importance. The Manitoba School Question, the Budget and the Prohibition Commission's report are the chief topics dealt with. The Newfoundland Conference takes up five pages of the number Those interested in British and United States politics will find all the leading questions fully, impartially and historically discussed. It is well illustrated and printed on moderately good paper.

POCKET NOVELS.

Macmillan & Co. continue to bring out new titles in their series of pocket novels monthly. "Alton Locke" is to hand. and those who love Charles Kingsley because he was the fearless champion of the laboring classes in their hour of need, as well as those who love him for his noble and vigorous writing, may here, "buy him at one-and six." My favorite chapter in this book is that on "Miracles and

Science." As a piece of reasoning it seems to me to be superb. As a scholarly upholding of my early prejudices, it has always been most pleasing.

ORMOND.

This same firm are continuing their series of Illustrated Standard Novels, which I praised last month. The volume before me is Maria Edgeworth's "Ormond" This Irish Tale was written early in the century, but its character, delineations and descriptions have seldom been equalled. Perhaps Mr. Edgeworth's careful editing had much to do with the polish and delicate finish of the work. But his daughter's plot-weaving, conversation-constructing, and warmth of Irish feeling are quite apparent. (The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

THE NEW AFRICA.

During the past ten years the continent of Africa has been almost transformed by the triumphant march of the civilizing Caucasian. Will Africa ever be entirely populated by the white men? What is the future of the African native races? These are questions of great moment. An American negro, C. S. Smith, has attempted to furnish some data for an answer to these problems in a recent book, entitled "Glimpses of Africa." (A. M. E. Church Sunday School Union, Nashville, Tenn.) Mr. Smith became interested, and he went and saw. What he saw, what he learned, and what he now thinks, may be learned from his well-illustrated and carefully-written volume. In the course of his writing, Mr. Smith calls attention to many abuses and improper practices, of which the civilized world should at once take notice.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

Everything that emanates from the brain of Stanley J. Weyman has, when crystallized in print, a commercial value. His newer stories are having an abundance of success, which marks him as a caterer to and creator of the the public taste. Possessed of a deep appreciation of the interest of history, Weyman has brought the romantic side of past centuries to the public view, with an artist's taste and a scholar's skill. "The House of the Wolf" is an exceedingly interesting story, the plot being laid in France, and the time being the summer of 1572, just after the great peace between the Catholics and the Huguenots had been declared. "The Wolf," a nobleman by the name of Vidame de Bezers, is a wonderful specimen of the free lance of the day. This book has just been received in Longman's Colonial Library. (Copp, Clark Co, Toronto.)

NEW BRUNSWICK WRITERS.

Among New Brunswick writers are enrolled some prominent names, and the stories of their lives and sketches of their work make interesting reading. In "New Brunswick Bibliography; the Books and Writers of the Province," the author has brought together over 500 authors, and the titles of over 1,100 books. There is something there to interest every one, for all will find relatives and friends among those spoken of. Among those who are dealt with at considerable length in the book are the author of Henry More Smith, the late Lieut-Governor Boyd; Bliss Carman, Prof. DeMill, W. P. Dole, May Agnes Fleming, the Canadian Oliver Goldsmith, Prof. Hartt, Tom Hill, James Hogg, Bishop Medley; the author of the Canadian National Anthem; Hon. John O'-Dell, the poet of the revolution; M. H Perley, Prof. Roberts, Robert Sears; the first King's Printer; Geo. N. Smith, H. L. Spencer, Dr. Geo. Stewart; the father of Sir Charles Tupper; and Hon. C. W. Upham, the historian of "Salem Witchcraft." The edition is small, and the price, in paper binding, has been placed at 50 cents. Copies can be obtained from the author, W. G. MacFarlane, Princess Street, St. John.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

In Juvenile Literature, Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., will issue in time for the holiday season a new boys' book, "Vivian Vansittart, R.N.," by Arthur Lee Knight, author of "The Cruise of the Theseus," "Ronald Halifax," etc Also a new edition of "Old, Old Fairy Tales," with colored and plain illustrations; "The One-eyed Griffin," a new collection of Fairy Tales, by H. E. Inman; "On the Shelf," by F. S. Naylor Gobel, with illustrations. They also announce a choice collection of Nursery Literature and Toy Books; among the latter they have acquired the rights to and will issue new editions and styles of the famous Randolph Caldecott Picture Books; also a novelty for the nursery, a "Stand-up Object A B C." printed on movable cardboard shapes, and some new Children's Painting Books.

A LIFE OF GLADSTONE.

The announcement is made that on October 1st a most important book will be published by the Bradley-Garretson Company, of Brantford. It is a work which every lover of British institutions and development; every one who desires to be acquainted with the history of the present century; every one who admires the "Grand Old Man," or his great historic opponent, Beaconsfield, will want to read. In this large volume. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins presents the "Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone," in a vivid and most elaborate manner. Its 500 pages are filled with history, anecdote and correspondence, and cover the political, literary, diplomatic, ecclesiastical controversies of the present age.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, in his Preface declares that "Those who read the story of his (Mr. Gladstone's) life, so admirably set forth in the pages that follow, will have read a period of English history of transcendent interest to Canadians as well as to the Empire." The concluding chapters of the book will review the modern history of the House of Lords, and the Established Church, together with Mr. Gladstone's relationship to those institutions, and will trace the development of the Colonies in the same connection, the positions of the Monarchy, and the late Premier's relations with the Queen. A separate chapter is also devoted to his relations with Canada and Canadians.

REPORT OF BUREAU OF MINES.

Those interested in mining and mineral wealth, either from an economic or a financial standpoint, will be interested in the new volume just published by the Ontario Government. The wall maps which accompany it show a deliberate enterprise which augurs well for the safe-guarding of the country's interests in her undeveloped or partially developed territory, as well as a laudable anxiety to make the geology and the mineral wealth of Ontario generally known and properly appreciated. The report is composed of two parts, Mr. Blue's Report of the Bureau addressed to Honorable Arthur S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and the report of the Inspector of Mines, Mr. Slaght, addressed to the Director of the Bureau. Both contain a fund of detailed information which is very valuable.

COLONIAL LIBRARIES.

James Bain & Son, the King street booksellers, are making a specialty of cheap editions of the popular novels of the day. These are to be found in the popular "Colonial Libraries" of Messrs. Macmillan, Longmans, Methuen, Low, and other leading English publishers, and are printed for circulation exclusively in India and the Colonies. The works of such men as Stanley J. Weyman, A. Conan Doyle, Rolf Boldrewood, F. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, S. R. Crockett, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, G. Du Maurier, and other favorite writers are printed in these series. Canadian booklovers, therefore, enjoy peculiar advantages in being able to purchase the cheap foreign reprints of both the English and American copyright works.

Messrs. Bain & Son import the above "Colonials" in large numbers, and certainly deserve much credit in striving to elevate the standard of reading in pushing these choice editions of choice books instead of many of the cheaper lines, mainly trash, now offered for sale at many of the departmental stores. Messrs. Bain have issued a catalogue of them and make a specialty of attending to orders for these works.

CONFEDERATION DOCUMENTS.

Confederation, consummated in 1867, was the real starting point of Canadian history—up to that point of time, British North America was like the unconnected squares of a patchwork quilt. The proceedings. debates, etc., of those bodies which had to do with the making of that great change are intensely valuable. They show, as nothing else can show, at what the framers of Canada's Constitution aimed. Many of these proceedings, papers, despatches, debates, etc., had never been published, and the public felt their need. Joseph Pope, editor of "Memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald," has put many of them into print in a new book entitled: "Confederation Documents," now published by the Carswell Co., Toronto. To the student of the Canadian Constitution these have an uncommon value, and their publication will do much to arouse a fresh interest in the proceedings of those memorable years in which "The Fathers of Confederation" were making history—perhaps more than they knew. The minutes of the proceedings of the Quebec Conference of 1764, the Quebec Resolutions, the minutes of the London Conference, and the various drafts of the B. N. A. Act, are some of the leading features of their exceedingly valuable, timely and scholarly work.

PRAIRIE POT POURRI."

"Pot-pouri" is very well for a newspaper heading, but as a book title it is out of place. A book should not be so lacking in dignified character as to require such a title. Yet a bright Canadian amateur writer has published, at Regina, N.W.T., a volume of the name of "Prairie Pot-Pourri." While we congratulate "Mary Markwell" on her energy in thus collecting some excellent prose and poetry between one set of covers, we cannot congratulate her on her taste.

But as to the literary value of the contents, nothing but praise can be said. That song of the soil, "Rough Ben," has touched the heart of many a reader of the "Songs of the Great Dominion." "Slumberland Shadows" is a beautiful little Christmas drama for wee ones. "The Light of Other Days" is the longest tale in the book, and deals with the events of the "Rebellion and afterwards."

AUTONYM LIBRARY.

T. Fisher Unwin, the English publisher, has inaugurated some rather stylish books and a few taking series. His "Autonym Library" has been a moderate success. It opened with "The Upper Berth," a ghost story by Marion Crawford. "Mad Sir

Uchtred of the Hills," by Crockett, was also popular. Number nine in the series is "The Spectre of Strathannan," by W. E. Morris, a name well-known to Canadian readers of fiction. This story originally appeared in Unwin's Annual, yet is worthy of its new form.

OUR BOYS.

"Before He Is Twenty" is the title of a pretty volume for our boys and for our boys' parents. Robert J. Burdette writes on "The Father and His Boy"; Frances Hodgson Burnett on "When He Decides"; "The Boy In the Office" is admirably treated by Edward W. Bok, while Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Lyman Abbott deal with the lighter phases of the boys' formative period. The boy is the father to the man, hence the boy's education—I do not mean his school training alone—should be broad, full, rational and developing. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Among our younger Canadian poets no name stands higher than that of Arthur J. Stringer, of London, Ont. He has just had published two companion volumes of his verse, and they are, typographically, the prettiest productions that I have seen for a year or more. It is really surprising to see so much taste displayed in the choice of paper, type, title page, and size of page. The little artistic taste which Canadians possess will, perhaps (my experience leads me to put in that word) appreciate this. As to the poems and songs themselves, space is too limited this month to do them justice. Next month these author's editions will have some pages to themselves.

SIR WM. DAWSON'S BOOKS.

Sir Wm. J. Dawson's booklet entitled "The Historical Deluge," is worthy of much attention. As a student of science, he stands almost without a peer in Canada and as a writer is clear and vigorous. In this little work he discusses (1) the account of the flood given in Genesis; (2) the information afforded by secular history and tradition; (3) the testimony of geology and archæology; (4) the use made of the deluge in the New Testament. This question of the true character of the Noachian deluge has recently been much agitated among archæologists and and geologists, in consequence of the bearing on it of early Assyrian and Chaldean Literature. (25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

His recent book, "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History." is still selling well. It aims to fix definitely the period when human life began on earth, and attempts to reconcile the Bible and Science. ($1.25. The Fleming H. Revell Co.)

SHADOWS ON THE STAGE.

The third of Mr. Winter's collections of his theatrical essays (New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, Copp, Clark Co.) is in some respects more interesting than the two volumes which have preceded it, for the reason that it records the critic's prejudices as well as his appreciations. Mr. Winter has been famous as the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune* for 30 or 40 years. He is the personal friend of most of the great artists of the day, and unlike many writers always hesitates to chasten those whom he loves. Therefore he writes in a vein of undiluted praise whenever he is dealing with Henry Irving, Miss Terry, Richard Mansfield, Augustin Daly, Ada Rehan. or Mary Anderson, and he carries his loyality so far as to persistantly censure any one whose standards he assumes to be opposed to those of his friends. As a critic with limitations, Mr. Winter is a distinguished man; he writes a sweet; though somewhat nerveless style, and his Shakesperian delineations are almost invariably felicitous. He lacks the wit and insight of such British critics as Wm Archer, or G. Bernard Shaw. and such French ones as Sarely and Jules Lemaitre. As a critic of modern drama, he is insignificant, because he keeps up a pose of contempt toward that which is realistic. His dealing with Ibsen is laughable, because Mr. Winter waxes wrathy over a man whom he obviously has never read. The principal value of the volume is the comparison it affords between three modern Hamlets, of Irving, E. S. Willard, and the Italian, Rossi.

POPULAR BOOKS.

Speaking of the popular books in American cities the New York *Bookseller* says that in January and February "Trilby" led all competitors easily, but, its mantle has fallen on "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which, in March, April, May and June, easily maintained its quickly acquired position as the best seller. Next comes Hall Caine's "The Manxman" in point of popularity, its sale being large in every month. "Chimmie Fadden" must take next place. though the large sale in June was of Mr. Townsend's second book. Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda" Crawford's "The Ralstons," and Kidd's Social Evolution," had a good sale in every month but February, and "Degeneration" and "Foundations of Belief" have sold well during the three last months reported The same may be said of "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica." Mr. Bang's other book, "The Idiot," had its big sales in March, April and May.

"The Princess Aline" was not issued till the middle of March, but it sprang at once into popularity, which has been well sustained.

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